The Saturday Evening
POST
June 8, 1957 — 15¢

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THE WORST SWINDLERS: How They Prey on Women

THE TELEPHONE BLACKOUT in Portsmouth, Ohio

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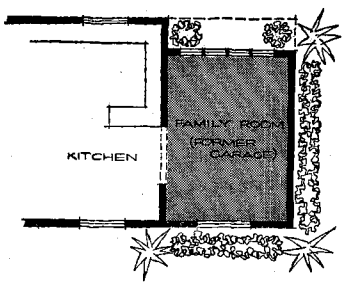
Vinyl-asbestos floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile, Style No. 737 in family room, No. 735 in kitchen. Rug is Deltox—another fine Armstrong product.

the car made way for the family

WHEN a family grows too big for its house, an attached garage often provides a splendid solution to the space problem. An economical one, too, because roof, walls, and foundation are ready and waiting.

Creating this handsome family room, once the dividing wall was broken through, was largely a do-it-yourself affair. The gay Spatter floor of Armstrong Excelon Tile went right down over the old concrete floor of the garage, with only a brush and scissors for tools. It was such a success that it was put down in the kitchen, too, where its ease of care is a real blessing.

Surprisingly, this modern vinyl-asbestos floor is one of the lowest-cost floors you can buy, and it comes in dozens of fashionable colors and designs. Ask to see Armstrong Excelon Tile next time you need a new floor—for any room in your home.



SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET, "New Beauty for Basements and Basementless Houses." In full color, it's packed with exciting decorating ideas. You also get description of this family room and kitchen, with list of furnishings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5706 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

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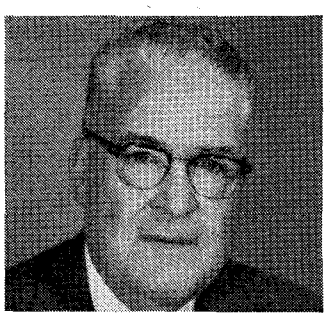
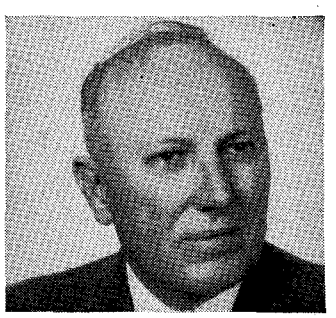
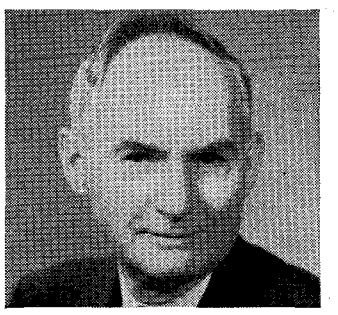
HALF A CENTURY OF SERVICE... Telephone men and women who have been with the business for fifty years



EDWIN A. BIGELOW
Stores Manager
Cleveland, Ohio



CARMEN S. DANIEL
District Manager
Alexandria, La.



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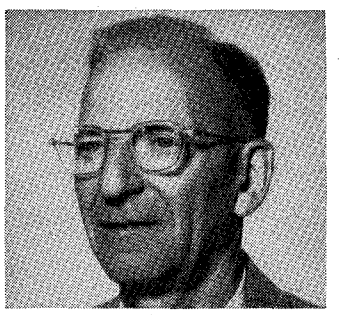
Assembler
Chicago, Ill.

ALICE V. DREA
Chief Operator
Boston, Mass.



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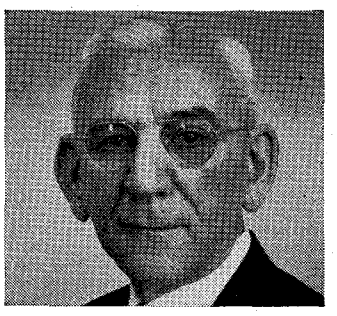
Installer-Repairman
Newton, Mass.

CATHERINE J. FLAHERTY
Disability Visitor
Clifton, N. J.



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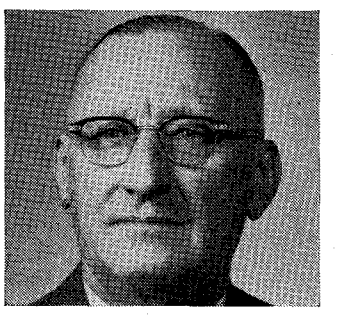
Philadelphia, Pa.



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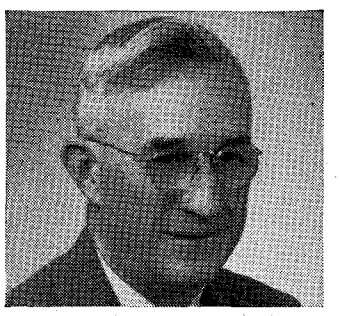

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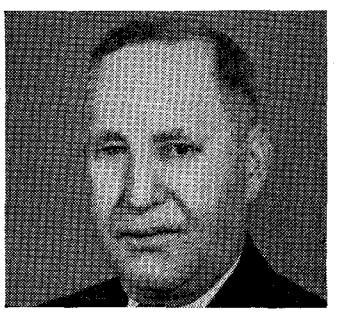
Denver, Colo.



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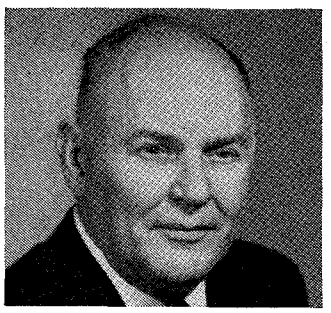
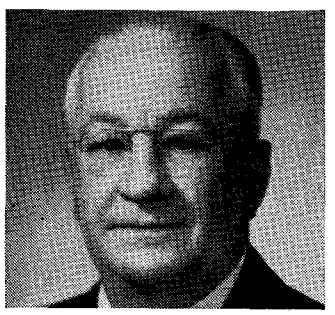
Nashville, Tenn.



ARTHUR LENNSTRUM
Auditor
Chicago, Ill.



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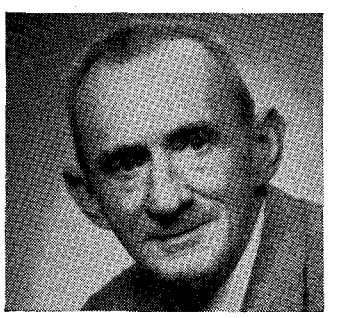
WILLIAM V. MAHER
PBX Repairman
New Haven, Conn.



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Stockman
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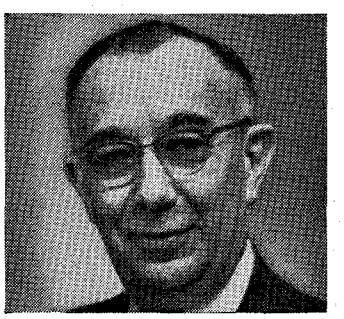
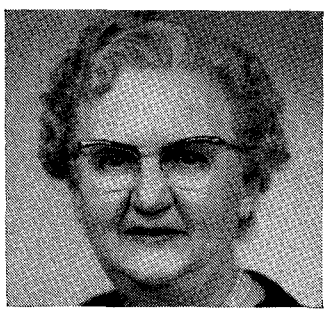
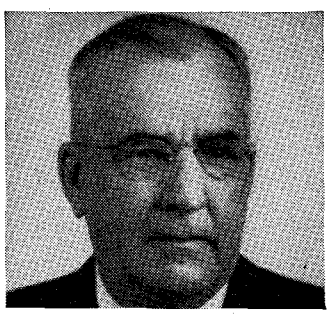


JAMES S. RUSSELL
District Plant Engineer
Salisbury, Md.

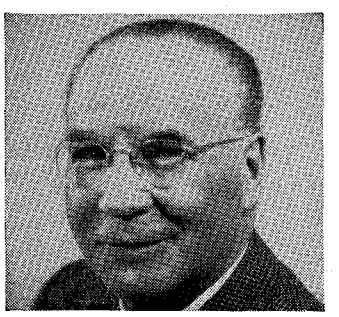


MRS. MARY M. RYAN
Supervising Stenographer
Newark, N. J.



EARL V. TURNER
Manager
Sanford, Fla.

MRS. ANNA WINDHAM
Operator
Dallas, Texas



RAYMOND J. WOLF
Supervising Engineer
White Plains, N. Y.

961 years in all

The telephone men and women pictured here have a total of 961 years of service.

They have been with us for fifty years

Telephone men and women have always been one of the greatest assets of the business. Many have been with us a long time and have found it a pleasant place to be.

As many as 291,100 have ten, twenty, thirty, forty and more years of service. Some, as shown above, have served the public and their companies for half a century.

Singly and together they can say... "I have been part of a useful enterprise. My work has helped to make it grow."

It is the sum of all this experience—in research, manufacturing and operation—that helps you to have good service today and provides the solid foundation for still greater things to come.

291,100 telephone men and women have ten or more years of service

Up to 10 years service . . .	484,841
10 to 19 years service . . .	152,642
20 to 29 years service . . .	68,022
30 to 39 years service . . .	63,027
40 and more years service . .	7,409

Working together to bring people together... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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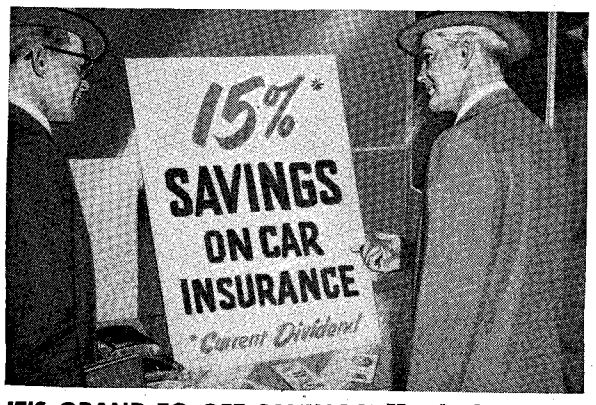
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

Bad accident at midnight and quick help from Liberty

IT WAS A BLACK NIGHT for driving. With a chill, the man behind the wheel pictured having an accident on this forsaken stretch of road. Forethought of doom. Oncoming headlights stabbed around a grove of trees. The driver of the other car misjudged the curve. His car skittered sidewise into the first car like a giant crab. Blackout. When he came to, the first driver remembered that he could summon help from Liberty Mutual at any hour from any telephone. He called from a farmhouse. A Liberty claimsman went to work for him. He was saved from probable serious financial loss.

The Liberty claimsman *expects* you to call when you need help. His job is to protect policyholders from loss. Day and night, Sundays, holidays and week ends — whenever you need it — this service is available to you from 101 claims offices throughout the U. S., Canada and Hawaii.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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THE COVER

It is so stimulating to see a child exert his psychological freedom and earnestly devote himself to creative self-expression. Johnny is creating a place to grow more geraniums. Given more time, he might also move all those loose sidewalk bricks onto the lawn and create a pretty red mountain. Maybe he's too young to turn on the hose and squirt a brook downstairs to help mommy with her wash—but never underestimate the physical and imaginative powers of a little one. Anyway, mother has come, seen, and been stimulated, and John had better retire to his orthodox playing devices at the double-quick. . . . George Hughes' father, George Sr., used to have a back yard like that in Brooklyn; the son, when he was a child, never dug up geraniums, but he turned out creative in spite of it.

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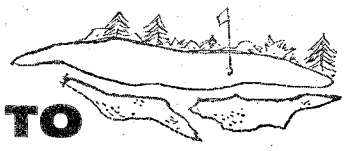

TO THE MAN WHO HAS NEVER PLAYED A TITLEIST

Maybe the reason you string along with the ball you are now playing is because you've never hit a Titleist.

But don't you owe it to your game to try the ball chosen by more Pros and amateurs in the big time competition than any other ball.

Chosen by them for its absolute uniformity; its tremendous length; its sweet click and feel; its ability to stand up under hard play.

There are three Titleists to choose from. Ask your pro which is best for your game. Also ask him about Acushnet putters, gloves and head covers.

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GOLF BALLS
Sold the World Over Through Golf Course Pro Shops Only

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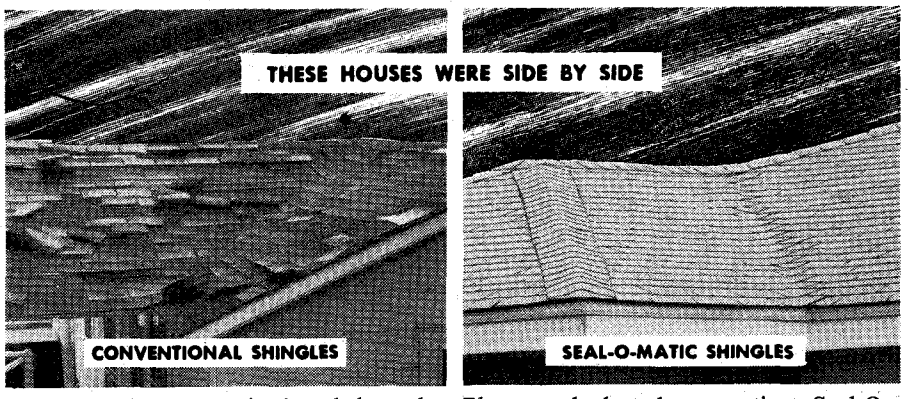
A stripe of special Seal-O-Matic Adhesive is factory-applied to underside of shingle. The sun's heat automatically seals it down.

Patented Seal-O-Matic Shingles have proved themselves on thousands of homes all over the country. They grip tight—stay flat. Wind and rain can't get under the edges. Get this exclusive protection for your home now.



When Hurricane Connie ripped through Wrightsville Beach, N. C. it lifted and tore off conventional shingles.

Photographed at the same time, Seal-O-Matic shingles on the house next door stayed tight, flat, weatherproof.

For free estimate see a J-M Honor Roll Dealer or Certified Home Improvement Contractor —identified by these seals

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET showing Seal-O-Matic Shingles in color. Write to Johns-Manville, Dept. SP-5, Box 60, New York 16, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Co._____ State_____

Johns-Manville JOHNS-MANVILLE PRODUCTS

Letters

Kids Who Look Like Kids

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on OUR YOUNGSTERS DISCOVER AMERICA, by Cherry and Don Cook (May 4) . . . Truly a refreshing number [and the] pictures are adorable.

BERTHA M. LINDEN
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Cheers to the Cooks whose children *look* like children.

We've coiffured, clad and shod our youngsters into miniature facsimilies of mamma and papa.

Any wonder they are confused when expected to behave and respond like children?

MRS. P. R. TOTTEN
Uniontown, Pa.

Man in the Wrong Spot

Dear Sirs:

There is a mistake in the caption to one illustration of the article: MAN ON A HOT SPOT, by William L. Worden, in your May 4, 1957, issue.

On page 33, the correct caption should be Lieutenant General Kharb Kunjara of Thailand. . . . He has held for some time now, and is still holding, the posts of Deputy Chief of Defence General Staff and as well as Director General of Department of Public Relations, Thailand's Government.

C. PRABHA
The Royal Thai Embassy
Washington, D.C.

● *The Post regrets labeling Thailand's General Kharb Kunjara a Pakistani.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

MAN ON A HOT SPOT is wonderful. To help in creating good understanding and closer relationship between America and Southeast Asian countries, we need more men like Admiral Felix Stump, who has won great respect and confidence from many leaders of those countries.

PRADIYAT Y. KOSOL
Chevy Chase, Md.

A "Shocking" Story

Dear Sirs:

NO BLADE OF GRASS (April 27–June 8) blew the whistle on me and put me in a spot as bad as one of those bare things on my lawn. For twelve straight spring seedings I have tried to stamp out the dreaded Chung-Li virus, and have only succeeded in isolating it to my yard. Now my neighbors are casting suspicious glances at my frantic efforts to plant beets and potatoes. . . .

Do you think John Christopher would send me the last installment so I can find out how to save civilization? Otherwise I'll just have to keep building that high barricade around the yard and go right on planting root foods.

J. EDWARD BUCKMAN
East St. Louis, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

On the strength of your notice, I couldn't be lured at any price into reading the tale itself, either by night or day. Why should we increase our tensions, even at a price of 15c? We can get them cheaper in the newspapers. Evidently it did *you* no good.

MARGARET C. NICKEL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

For the first time in forty years of reading the Post I am heartsick over an ugly story, Mr. John Christopher's NO BLADE OF GRASS. Maybe I am ill because it could so easily be the handwriting on the wall.

ANNE M. ROCKENBACH
Cuba, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

How timely can you be? The other night, after chilling through [the] serial . . . I turned to our daily paper, the Lincoln Journal. The first item I read was . . . "Soil Mosaic Infecting Wheat in Five Counties"! . . .

I'm awfully glad that I'm fond of potatoes.

MRS. RAYMOND SNYDER
Lincoln, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you . . . for your warning. I know enough of human depravity not to want to read about it. . . .

If your introduction tells the facts about your story, I'd be ashamed of myself if I published it.

G. T. LEAVITT
Richmond Heights, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

It was with real shock that I read your notice . . . of the degrading story you are printing, followed by its revolting description. . . . I never want the magazine in my house again.

MRS. A. P. CONKLING
Basking Ridge, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

You seem to be inaugurating the shock-treatment type of pseudo-science fiction. . . . So far, it strikes me a bit old hat.

WENDELL A. SCOTT
Akron, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your current experiment with science fiction. . . . As a long-time devotee of the genre, I would greatly appreciate seeing much more.

ROBERT P. HOSKINS
Lyons Falls, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

NO BLADE OF GRASS sets forth graphically that "The uncertainties of life are ever present to the understanding of considerate men," or at least one of those uncertainties. I have read this first part with

(Continued on Page 6)

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isn't it time you tried it?

Welcome Aboard!

Your Evinrude dealer invites you and your family for a free... "REVELATION RIDE"

Isn't it time you tried the sparkling blue world and golden days of family fun afloat? Wishing won't do it . . . but seeing your Evinrude dealer *will!*

He invites you and your family for a free "Revelation Ride" in a comfortable modern boat matched with today's most exciting motors.

Try the new 18 or 35 horsepower Evinrudes that have set new standards of big-load driving ability. Try Evinrude's new starting ease in manual or 12-volt electric starting. Try Evinrude's wonderfully smooth, whisper quiet power . . . available in nine models from 3 to 35 horsepower.

Make a date for *your* "Revelation Ride." Call your Evinrude dealer—look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your phone book. Time payments available. For complete, full-color catalog, write EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4488 North 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

A Division of Outboard Marine Corporation
In Canada: Manufactured by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough

Evinrude
quiet outboard motors

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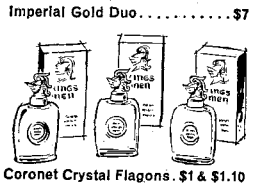
Twin Crystal Flagons.....$1

Coronet Crystal Duo.....$2.10

Imperial Gold Duo.....$7


Coronet Crystal Flagons. $1 & $1.10

Crown Crystal Trio.....$5.25

Imperial Gold Trio.....$10

For Father's Day, Graduation, Anniversary or Birthday—give a KINGS MEN gift set to your knight in shining armor. He appreciates the finest . . . and since KINGS MEN costs no more than ordinary toiletries, why not give him the very best?

KINGS MEN gift sets in sparkling crystal or golden flagons from $1 to $10

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

great interest, and will read it through to the bitter end.

WILLIAM H. JEWETT
Eureka, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I will cling to my faith that God will see me through even an atomic attack, still captain of my soul.

MRS. A. C. SYMMES
Emery Mills, Me.

Dear Sirs:

I finally struggled thru your serial KIOWA MOON without much satisfaction and now have just finished the first installment of NO BLADE OF GRASS and, for one who reads for pleasure, this is more than I can take. I would just like to know why in hell such a story is inflicted on your readers. . . .

John Christopher . . . is probably doing one smart thing by having his book published immediately, for I feel sure it will never be sold after the first installment has been read.

. . . Why couldn't he earn his living without boring us to death?

C. D. INMAN
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Those patches of bare, brown earth behind the house on John Falter's May 4

cover aren't traces of the Chung-Li virus, are they?

Thanks for a very interesting magazine.

PAT WALSH
Owen Sound, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I want to protest your publishing the kind of trash you describe as being in NO BLADE OF GRASS. . . . If this is a sample of future stories, I am through.

W. R. JACKSON
Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Both my wife and I are avidly awaiting the coming installments of John Christopher's "No Blade of Grass."

CARL KLING
Bloomington, Ind.

Naughty Cop

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your May 4th edition except for a slight error in the picture accompanying William Saroyan's THE ACTRESS AND THE COP. Los Angeles motorcycle officers do not take the police motorcycles home with them, nor are they allowed to ride them out of uniform.

Also, any girl riding on the back of a motorcycle in the position shown in the picture is crazier than most Hollywood actresses.

AMOS GARDLIN
Los Angeles, Cal.

Hodgepodge?

Dear Sirs:

[Re. SWINDLER IN THE STATEHOUSE, Part I, by Robert M. Yoder, May 4.]

Was Orville Hodge, perhaps, a member of the Greenback Party? The Prohibition Party? Possibly even a Whig?

On page 21 you have a picture of a leaflet giving his political affiliation as Republican. Do the editors of the Post consider this adequate excuse for not once mentioning the fact in the *text*? . . .

The sort of editorial hanky-panky evinced by omission of the sacrosanct word "Republican" disgusts me.

MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN
New York, N.Y.

● *An unintentional oversight. In the three subsequent installments Hodge's party affiliation was clearly stated.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Several remarks in the article which went from the sublime to the ridiculous—namely, "Thiem began to suspect him (Hodge) of graft . . . in purely conventional form" (page 71). Is there a conventional way to steal? . . .

P. F. KNIPP
Raymondville, Texas

Mumbo-Jumbo?

Dear Sirs:

I do not belong to "Mr. Faulkner's legion of readers." Vacation leisure, plus the Post, plus high-handed hyperbole in touting THE WAIFS [May 4], prompted me to wade through the compound complexities of its parenthetical and interminable (all this and Yoknapatawpha, too) sentences—replete with meandering memos and meaningless mumbo-jumbo and perhaps this sentence qualifies me for a Nobel Prize, too.

L. D. HARLEN
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

This story has me completely baffled.

ALEX GORDON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–U. S. Navy. • 23–Gus Pasquarella, Philadelphia Inquirer. • 24–Fremont Ohio Police Dept., Cleveland Police Dept., U.P., N. Y. C. Police Dept. • 25–Anonymous, U.P., Philadelphia Inquirer, N. J. Penitentiary for Women, Detroit Police Dept., Mail Photo Service. • 26, 27–Harold von Schmidt. • 28, 29–Larry Keighley. 30–Sam Bates. • 31–U.P., Peter F. Petraglia. • 32–Gus Pasquarella. • 33–Billy Graham (Portsmouth Times). • 34, 35–Don Jones. • 36–Two from National Audubon Society; Gus Pasquarella. • 37–Fritz Willis. • 38, 39–Gene Lester. • 40, 41–Peter Stevens. 42–Ollie Atkins. • 43–Three by Ollie Atkins; Bettmann Archive. • 44, 45–Robert Meyers. • 49–Earl Mayan. • 140–U. S. Navy, Larry Keighley, Harris G. Smith, U. S. Marine Corps, Mike Shea.

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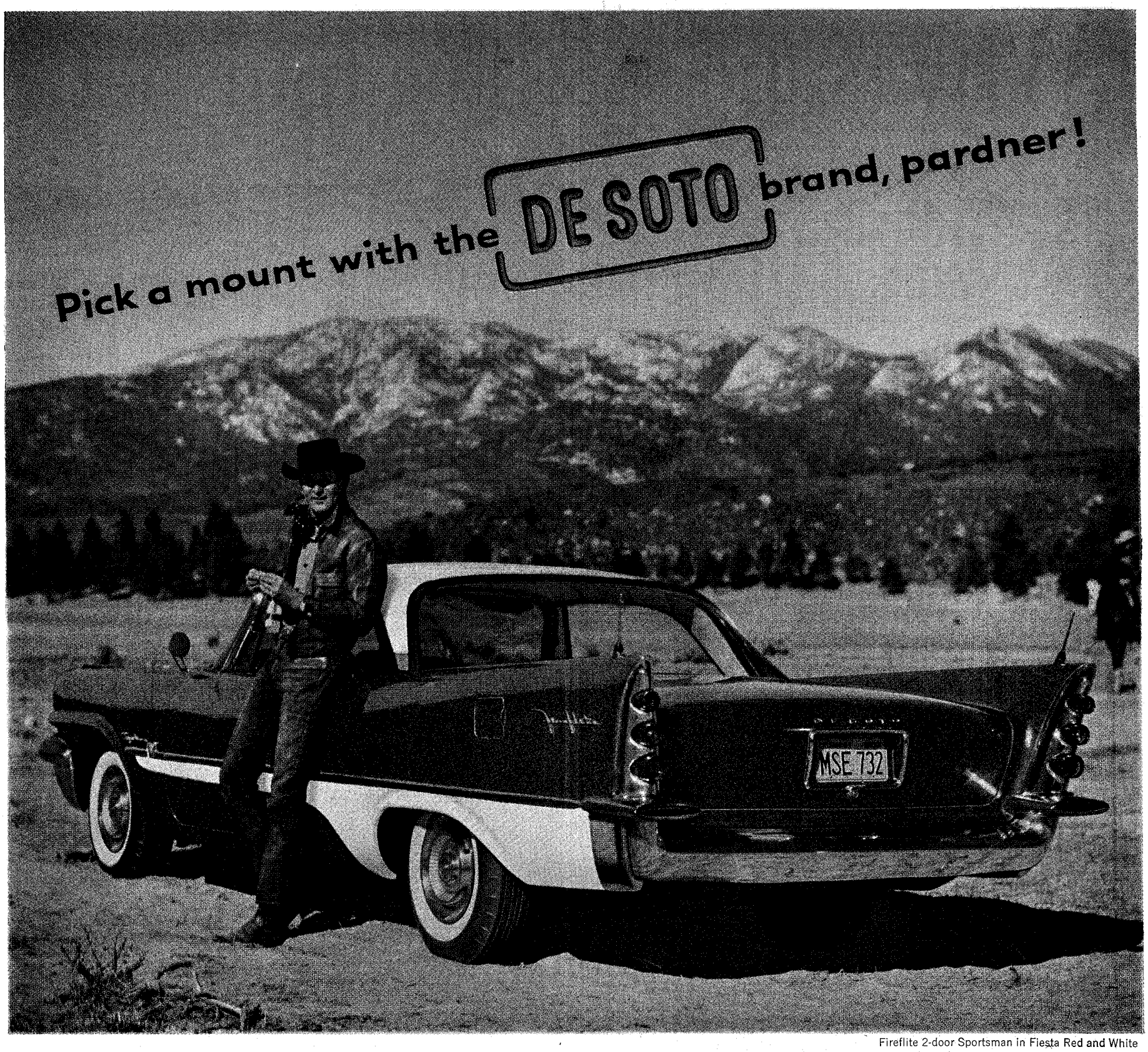


Fireflite 2-door Sportsman in Fiesta Red and White

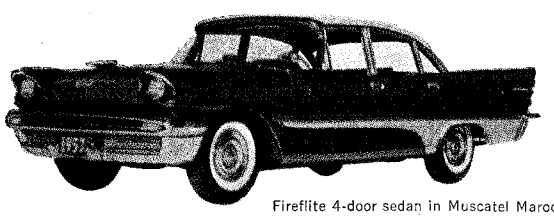
Choose any car in the De Soto corral, and, pardner, you've got yourself a thoroughbred. Just look at that Flight Sweep styling. From hooded headlamps to upswept tail fins, De Soto is the new shape of motion. And wait till you drive this baby. New Torsion-Aire ride makes bumpy roads seem like super-highways . . . and super-highways seem like clouds. Add up all the great features of De Soto, and you've got the most exciting car in the world today. Drive a De Soto before you decide on any car. You'll be glad you did. De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.

WIDE NEW PRICE RANGE...STARTS CLOSE TO THE LOWEST!

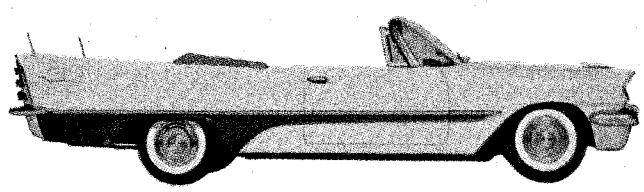
FIRESWEEP—big-value newcomer for 1957—priced just above the lowest. 245 hp.

FIREDOME—medium-priced pacemaker—exciting style and performance. 270 hp.

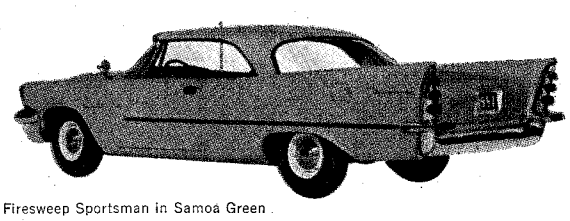
FIREFLITE—high-powered luxury for 1957—the last word in design and power. 295 hp.



Fireflite 4-door sedan in Muscatel Maroon and Sunburst Yellow



Fireflite convertible in Sunburst Yellow, Tamarack Green



Firesweep Sportsman in Samoa Green

DE SOTO...*the most exciting car in the world today!*

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Why some families tour better

ONLY TEXACO CAN SERVE YOU ALL THE WAY— IN THE U.S.A.

Before your trip, your Texaco Dealer will gladly get for you route-marked maps and latest highway information, direct from Texaco Touring Service.

ONLY TEXACO OFFERS NATIONAL CREDIT CARD CONVENIENCE,

under one sign—wherever you see the big red star with the green "T"—from coast to coast, and in Canada. Carry less cash, charge it, pay later.

ONLY TEXACO DEALERS HAVE REGISTERED REST ROOMS

Stop where you see this familiar green and white sign. It is your assurance of touring convenience —*Texaco Registered Rest Rooms— clean across the country!*

ONLY TEXACO PROVIDES THE SAME FINE QUALITY

petroleum products—wherever you drive. Marfak chassis lubricant, Havoline Motor Oil, and many others to assure you top car performance!

TEXACO'S GREAT GASOLINES— SKY CHIEF Su-preme and FIRE CHIEF

Get Su-preme performance with Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme *with Petrox* at Texaco's Tower of Power. For the finest regular-price gasoline get famous Texaco Fire Chief.

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:han others

. . . because they make Texaco Dealers their *Touring Headquarters* all the way! A care-free car is half the fun—so, before you start, stop in.

"Mr. Service," your Texaco Dealer, will check . . . in, under and all around your car . . . send you on your way all set for safer, surer touring.

And on the road, remember, only Texaco Dealers are on the highways and byways of all 48 states . . . car-care specialists ready and eager to serve you well!

TEXACO DEALERS
IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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Editorials

Good Job Offers Haven't Spoiled Our Youth

When your son graduates from college this June, he'll probably have his choice among half a dozen offers of interesting jobs, at $400 to $500 a month, including vacation pay, security and all the trimmings. He can be especially choosy if he has the training to be an engineer.

So critical is this shortage of engineers and scientists that nearly all our big companies and many smaller ones have full-time teams of job interviewers going the rounds from college to college, not only at graduation time but long before.

"It isn't unusual," one such personnel interviewer said recently, "for a top engineering graduate to have as many as twenty-five jobs to choose from." Similar bright prospects appear for business-school graduates, as well. According to J. Douglas Snider, placement director for the Indiana University School of Business Administration, 50 per cent of his mid-year graduates last January had already accepted their first jobs, at salaries higher than last year.

Oldsters, who remember how tough it was to find a job even as a dishwasher not too long ago, may be forgiven for wondering whether such popularity may be healthy for today's young men and women. Are they showing signs of becoming too cocky about their jobs? Those who do the hiring say that the opposite is the case.

A recent (McGraw-Hill) survey of 2596 job negotiations in files of fifty-seven companies demonstrated, for instance, that the one factor which influenced most decisions as to future engineering and technical jobs was "potential growth of the company." Presumably, a large number of these applicants were recent college graduates. Starting salary ranked only in seventh place. Where retirement and pension plans were concerned, this factor ranked only tenth—and that only among applicants forty-five years of age or older.

Ray C. Smith, a personnel man at Allison Division of General Motors, Indianapolis, does a lot of college interviewing to line up engineers for his company.

"They're very careful and serious about their choices, and want to know all the facts. They come to these interviews equipped with notebooks, and they really give us a working over," Mr. Smith says. "But they aren't cocky. With all the jobs that are offered, you can't blame a young man for using his head, can you?"

Mr. Smith says his interviewees are frankly interested in salary, location and chances for advancement. Young engineers are especially anxious to make sure they won't be stuck for years on mere drawing-board jobs, or other work that will not make fullest use of their technical training. His company and most other manufacturers, incidentally, try to make sure in advance that such personnel foul-ups won't happen. Youthful engineers are given tryouts with pay at factories, often get an opportunity to look the place over on summer jobs.

"These kids nowadays are well rounded; they know what they want to do and they've prepared themselves for it," said Ray Smith. "In fact, the more I talk to them in the college interviewing rooms, the more faith I have in the future of this country!"

The Courts Have No Authority to Amend the Constitution

By HAMILTON LONG

Few subjects are surrounded by more confusion than the function of the United States Supreme Court in interpreting the Constitution. There can be no doubt, however, that the Court has no right to change this basic law or to violate the intent of those who initially adopted it or of those who later amended it. Only the people can change the Constitution, by amendment.

For the Supreme Court to try to by-pass this process, by interpreting the Constitution contrary to that original intent, is to usurp power never given it.

The Court's first duty is to protect the people's liberties. This includes restricting the Federal Government to the limited powers granted it by the people in the Constitution. As the then Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, truly stated in his States'-rights speech on March 2, 1930, these powers do not include authority over many "vital problems of government, such as the conduct of public utilities, of banks, of insurance, of business, of agriculture, of education, of social welfare and of a dozen other important features. In these, Washington must not be encouraged to interfere." However, in his 1936 Annual Message, as President, Roosevelt boasted of newly expanded Federal powers which he said, in the wrong hands, "would provide shackles for the liberties of the people."

Although the Constitution has not been amended to increase Federal powers since 1920, the Supreme Court in 1937 abandoned its policy of respecting the original intent of the Constitution—as amended—in defining them. It began to change its earlier definitions of that intent, in order to sanction the Federal Government's exercise of vastly increased powers without amendment of the Constitution. The Federal Government now exercises power in all the fields which F.D.R. in 1930 said it should not invade. Many of these increases might have been made eventually, but the proper method to make them is provided in the Constitution and should have been followed. For the Court to attempt to make them by "interpretation" is government by usurpation, the opposite of constitutionally limited government.

How to restore constitutionally limited government is a major question, especially at a time when concern for the proper limitation of Federal power seems all but non-existent. This generation, like those which preceded it, is the custodian of the liberties of the people and the restraints on government power which alone can protect them. When we permit judges to "interpret" these guarantees so as to make them ineffective, we help sabotage our own and posterity's liberties.

Editors' Note: Mr. Long is a member of the New York Bar and a student of constitutional history.

It Seems There Were Some Advantages to "Colonialism"

In a book recently published in England, In Defense of Colonies (Allen and Unwin), the author, Sir Alan Burns, deplores what he calls the ignorance of the history of colonies by the members of the United Nations Trusteeship Council, upon which Sir Alan represented Great Britain. At the United Nations, Sir Alan found the prevailing view to be that colonies—aside from Soviet colonies—were "places of economic exploitation and political slavery." He felt that most people, including the colonial peoples, have forgotten the "chaos, bloodshed and slavery" which existed before the colonial "civilizers" arrived.

This tolerant view of "colonialism" gained partial support recently from an unexpected source—namely, Charles T. O. King, Liberia's representative at the United Nations. In explaining why Ghana, formerly the African Gold Coast, had surpassed Liberia in certain respects, Mr. King said that Liberia had never enjoyed the blessings of colonialism! "The students from the Gold Coast went to the best schools in England, to Oxford and Cambridge," said Mr. King. Ghana got better roads, schools, harbors, industrial development, agriculture and political organization than "free" Liberia could provide for itself.

Of course the Liberian representative went on to make clear that he was not jealous of Ghana and that he would not exchange his nation's freedom for all the delights of the fleshpots of colonialism. He merely wanted it understood why Liberia was poorer materially than some of her colonial neighbors. No old-school ties, no memories of "fagging" at Eton for a future belted earl, no late suppers at Rule's or teas on the terrace of the House of Commons! For freedom there has to be a price—one which, we assume, Liberians are glad to pay.

Just the same, it is something of a shame that Clive, Lord Milner, Kitchener and Rudyard Kipling could not have lived unto this hour!

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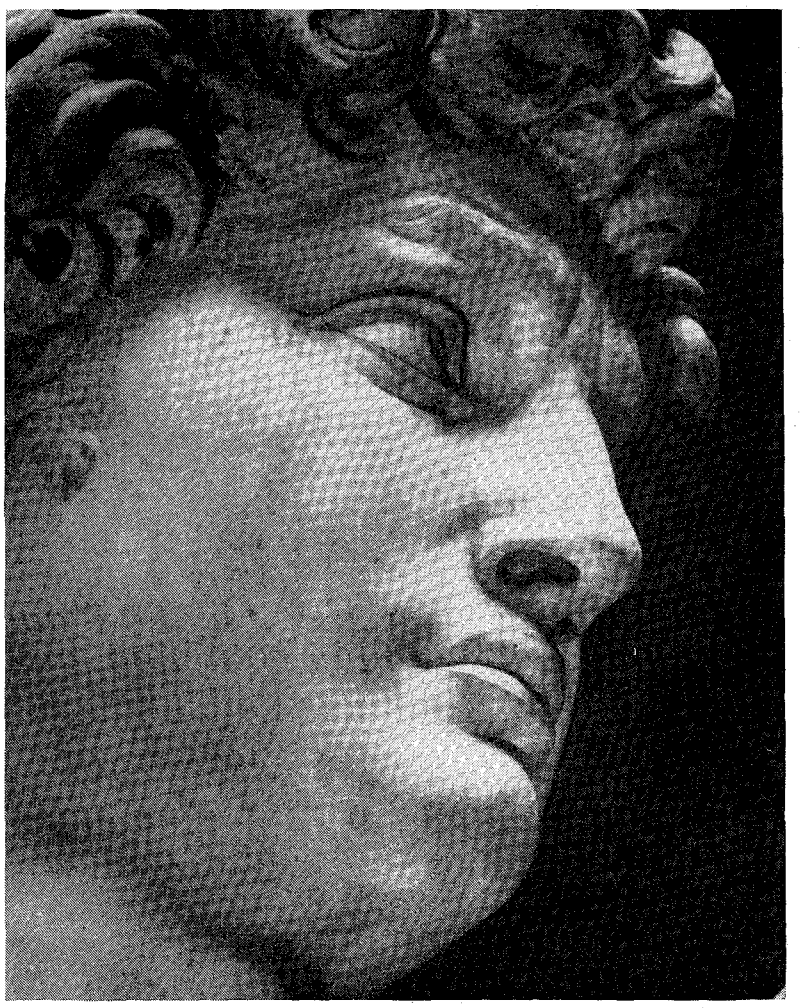

Your body is too important to "swallow" anything but the TRUTH

Now, From Research Comes Truth: Medical Science reports important new findings on BAYER versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added... based on major studies to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset. Yes, this research further verifies that BAYER Aspirin is still the safest, gentlest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get!

THE TRUTH

BASED ON 3 YEARS' RESEARCH

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project to bring greater certainty and absolute truth to the field of pain relief, BAYER sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several of New York's largest clinics.

This specialist began a carefully controlled series of clinical tests—tests on people in actual pain—to compare the action of BAYER Aspirin versus aspirin with a 'buffer' added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain... the findings were checked and rechecked, analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three intensive years, the results were always the same!... bringing to light new and additional verification that BAYER is the safest, gentlest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can buy.

THE TRUTH

—CONFIRMED...

BAYER called for further tests, further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, the two pain relievers... BAYER and aspirin with a 'buffer' added... were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset... tested on people actually suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

Again, the results were the same... adding further confirmation that ever-dependable BAYER Aspirin is still the safest, fastest, gentlest pain reliever you can get!

THE TRUTH

—CONFIRMED AGAIN!

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, BAYER requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new and completely independent study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third and exhaustive study were overwhelming and indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that BAYER is still the safest, most reliable antidote for pain in medical history. You can trust your body to BAYER to feel better fast.

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers—by studying people suffering from real pain.

YES, FROM RESEARCH COMES TRUTH...

The safest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get...

BAYER® ASPIRIN

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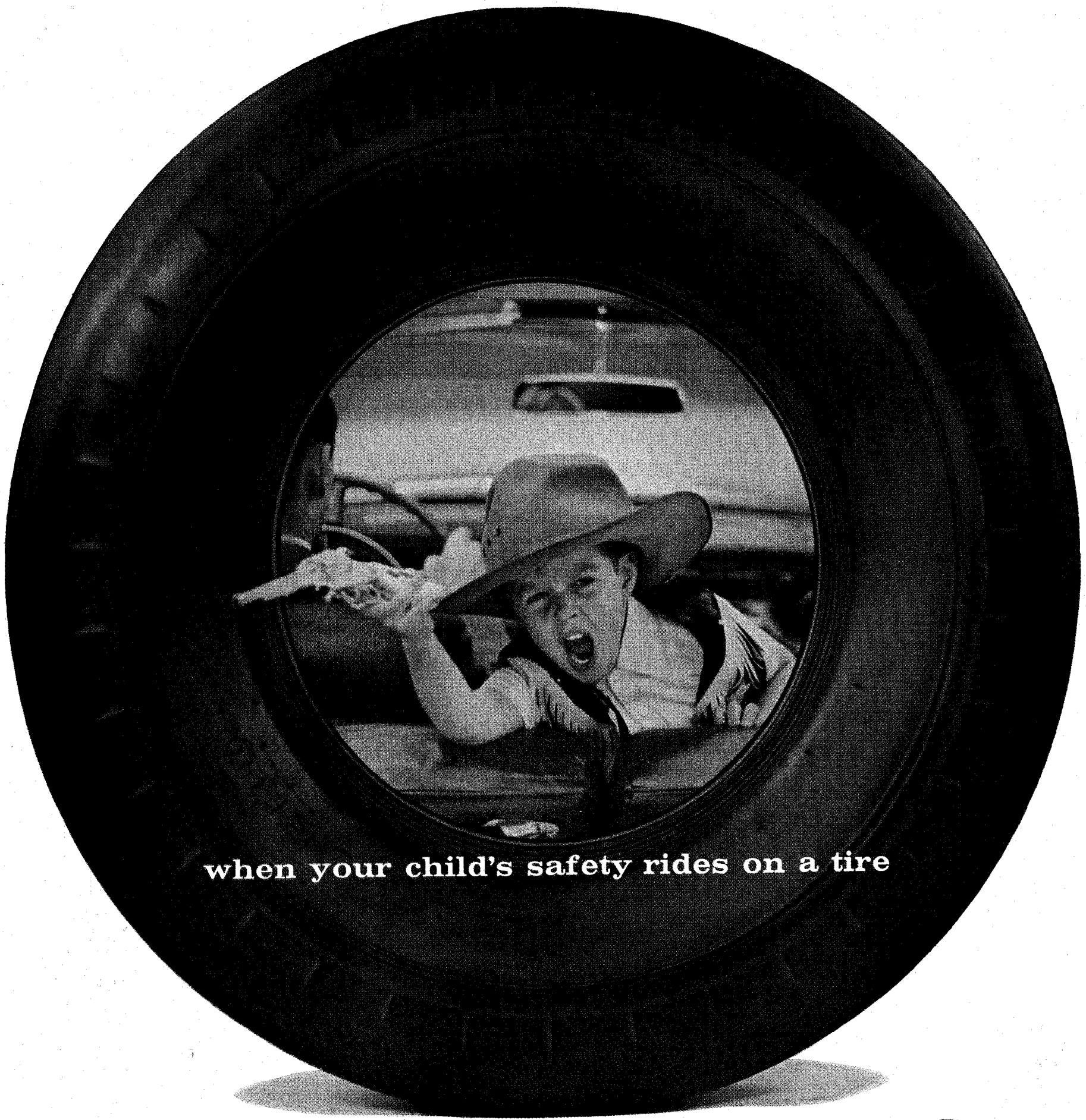

you're safer with nylon

With precious cargo like this, you want your car to be as safe as possible. That's why you're wise to shift to nylon cord tires. This sharply cuts the risk of blowouts.

Here's why: nylon's the strongest fiber around. This makes your tires tougher, better able to withstand damaging impact, bruises, cuts. Nylon gives cord the resilience it needs. This means your tires can take endless flex strain without rupturing. Nylon is moisture-resistant. This means your cords won't weaken due to water seeping in through cuts. Nylon makes the most heat-resistant cord. This means your tires run cooler, won't build up to blowout temperature.

Today, a growing share of the rugged nylon yarn going into tire cord comes from The Chemstrand Corporation . . . one of the major nylon yarn suppliers. Produced in the only fully integrated nylon plant in the country, Chemstrand nylon is as strong, durable, uniform as possible . . . to help make tires for cars, trucks, airplanes . . . still safer running, still better-wearing.

CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

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Announcing New York Life's pace-setting
FAMILY INSURANCE PLAN

Covers you, your wife, your children—all in just one policy with a low monthly premium

Modern as the minute, this new insurance offers "family plan" convenience and economy. Taken out on your own life, the same single policy insures your wife and children as well—even covers children born later. If your family qualifies, here's the protection *each unit* of New York Life's Family Insurance provides:

FOR YOU—$5000 of permanent insurance which builds generous cash and retirement values.

FOR YOUR WIFE—$1250 of term insurance if she's your age—more if she's younger, less if older. Her insurance expires at your age 65* and can then be converted to permanent insurance. If your wife dies before you, her insurance becomes payable and, in addition, you receive $1250 of term coverage until you reach age 65.

FOR YOUR CHILDREN—$1000 of term insurance on each insured child which expires at his age 22 or at your age 65—whichever is earlier. At its expiration the term insurance on each child can be converted to as much as $5000 of permanent insurance.

OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES: Newly arrived babies from the age of 15 days to 6 months are covered for $500—and, after 6 months, for $1000—at no increase in premium. Automatic waiver of premium on you and double indemnity on both you and your wife are also included. What's more, if you die, the term insurance on your wife and children becomes *fully paid up!*

So why not make both present and future more secure for your entire family this easy, economical way? Ask your New York Life agent how you can insure yourself, your wife and your children all under this one new low premium plan—Family Insurance. Or write to New York Life's Home Office at the address listed here.

HERE'S THE LOW MONTHLY PREMIUM FOR EACH UNIT OF FAMILY INSURANCE

Father's age at issue	Premium for each unit	Premium for each unit if under Check-O-Matic®†
25	$10.70	$10.30
30	12.17	11.72
35	14.08	13.56

Dividends can be used to reduce premium payments. Plan available throughout the United States and Canada (except in Massachusetts).

*All expiration dates occur on policy anniversary nearest age shown.

†Check-O-Matic® is New York Life's special monthly premium payment plan.

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THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT IN YOUR COMMUNITY IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

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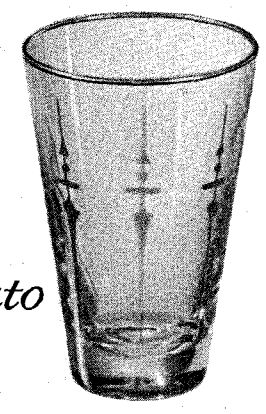
Somebody's having a *and it ought to be*



Staccato

Festive and Fun — a table-round-a-tree sparkling with Libbey's exciting Staccato! Party-perfect glasses your family can enjoy *every* day—each has Libbey's chip-defiant rim.* In 10-oz. and 14-oz. tumblers only about $3.95 for 8-of-a-kind. Pilsners about $5.95. (Iroquois Casual china; International stainless)

THIS IS THE SEASON of outdoor living—just meant for buffet and barbecue fun. And if you're like millions of other Americans, you're planning a party right now. Fine! Owens-Illinois is ready to move out-of-doors with you.

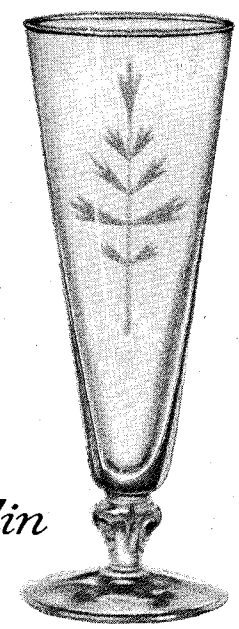
Look, for example, at the table settings on this page. The glassware is Libbey *every*-day crystal. Gracious, casual glassware designed to enhance any table.

And notice the table on the right. So many tasty things are packed in glass, including beer. Your favorite brand of beer comes in these Owens-Illinois Party-Quart bottles—convenient bottles you don't take back. No other convenience package protects beer's true flavor so well . . . keeps beer so cold for so long.

Aqua Tempo

Gala "Spectacular"! Look at the exciting drama you can stage with Libbey's Aqua Tempo! Who would guess such handsome glasses could cost so little—only about $2.00 for 8-of-a-kind sets. In fact, *all* Libbey glass is so inexpensive you'll want 2 or 3 sets. (Iroquois Impromptu "Stellar" plates; International "Scope" stainless)

**If the rim of a Libbey "Safedge" glass ever chips, Libbey will replace the glass. At all leading stores. Prices slightly higher in South, West and Canada.*



Jardin

All Set to Shine at a gala buffet—Libbey's superbly styled Jardin glasses. Every size of these radiant beauties sparkles with its own individual golden leaf. 10-oz. and 14-oz. tumblers only about $3.95 for 8-of-a-kind sets. Pilsners about $5.95. And all beautifully boxed for gift-giving, too! (Franciscan Ware "Fern Dell" china; Oneidacraft "Accent" stainless)

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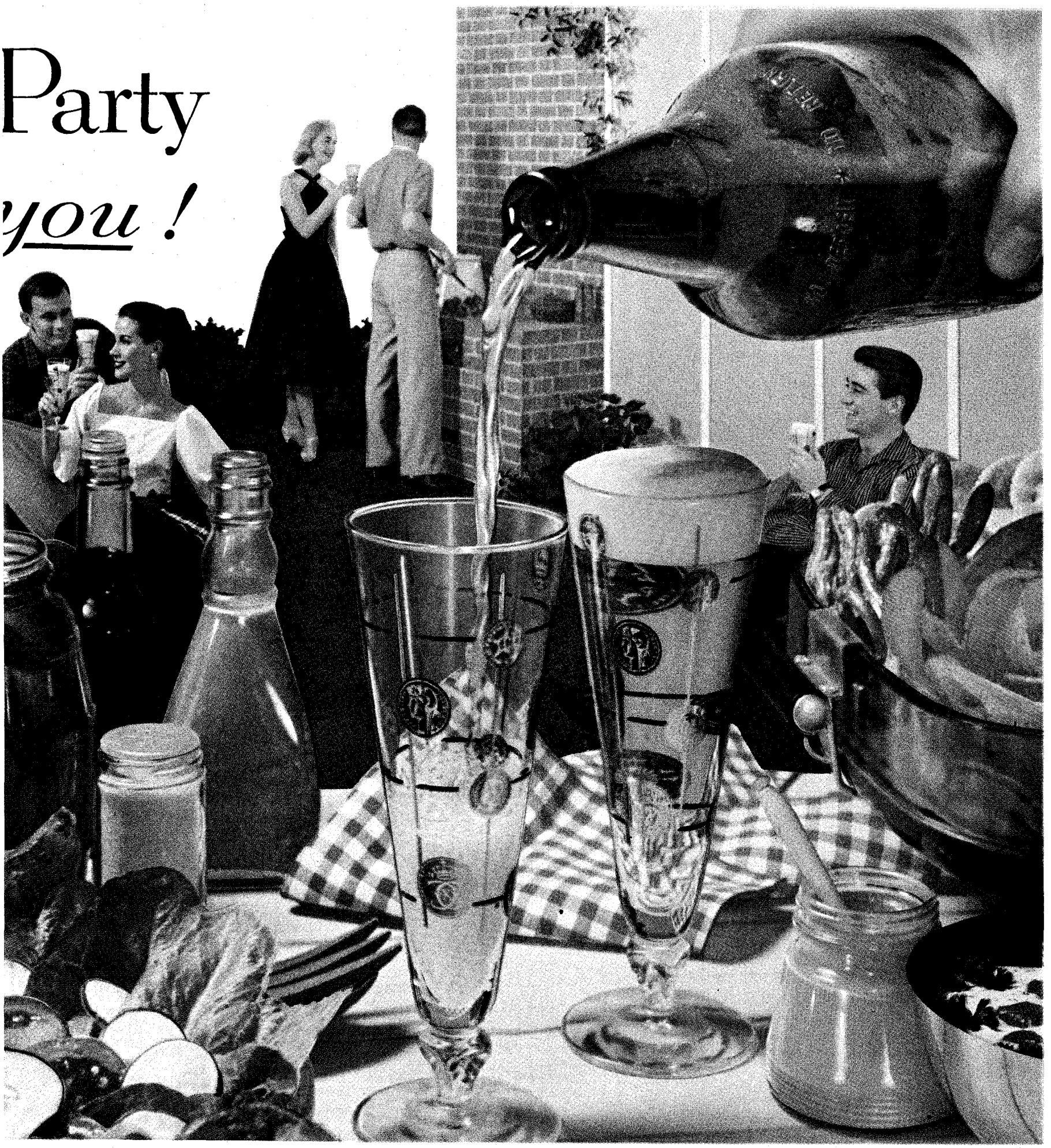
Party *you!*



Pilsners, Libbey's "Old Coins"

Smart host—he knows the A-B-C's of serving beer. "A" means Aeration. Let the beer gurgle down the neck of the bottle *straight* into a glass. Beer won't be fully aerated if you tilt the glass. "B" is for bottles, Party-Quart bottles that serve five full glasses and give you *true* beer flavor in every glass. And "C"—that's for Cold, the way folks like beer served. Quart bottles keep the unserved portion cold longer—93% longer than 12-ounce cans. Stock up on Party-Quart bottles—no-deposit, no-return.

MAKERS OF (O) PRODUCTS

OWENS-ILLINOIS

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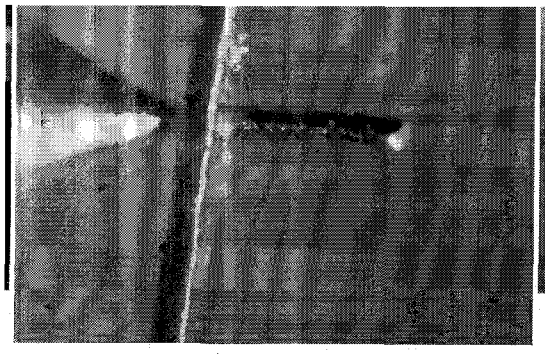
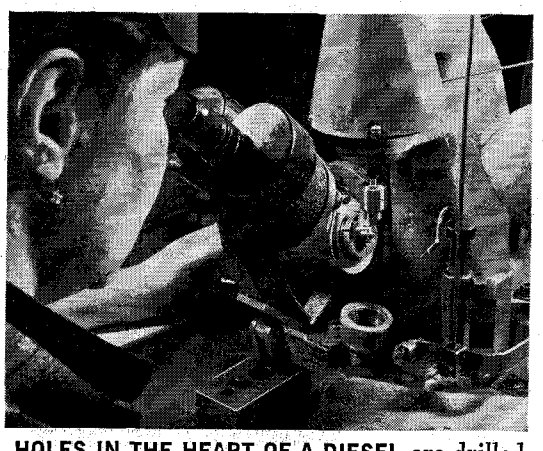


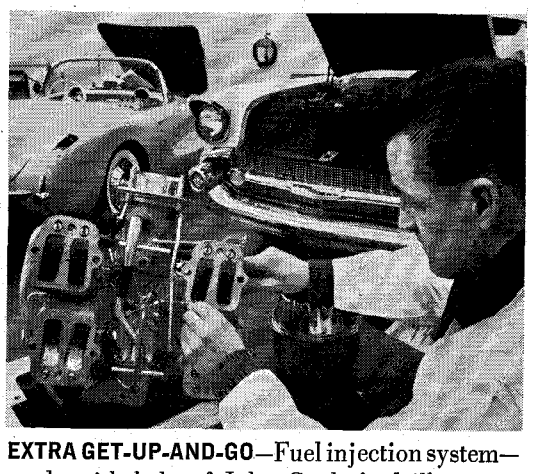
SPLITTING HAIRS—It takes 500 drills—like the one shown here going through a human hair—laid side by side to cover an inch. Yet, this is a "big" drill—others are down to 1/20th its size.

THE MAN WHO PUT NEW SKILLS IN DRILLS – John Cupler developed microscopic drills and the machines to run them. But now he has a fully equipped laboratory instead of a basement workshop. His National Jet Company in LaVale, a suburb of Cumberland, Maryland, supplies tiny drills to GM.

JEWEL OF A JOB is handled by apprentice Donald Johnson using a jeweler's lathe under the watchful eye of drill-making foreman.



HOLES IN THE HEART OF A DIESEL are drilled by Marion Olszanecky at GM's Diesel Equipment Division. Drills used are nearly invisible.



EXTRA GET-UP-AND-GO—Fuel injection system—made with help of John Cupler's drills—gives new Chevrolet engine extra power and mileage.

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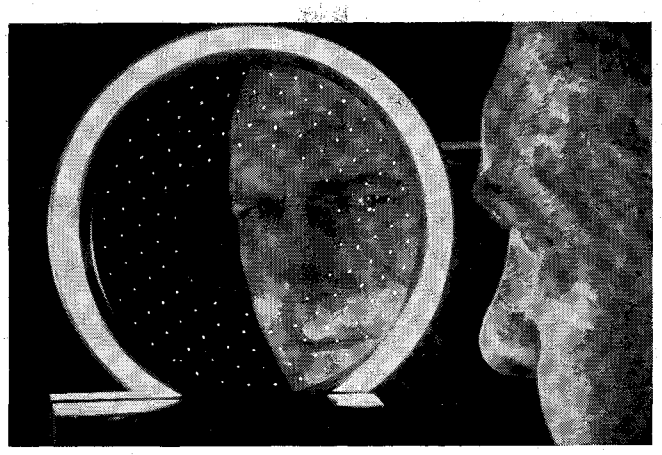

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—which is actually a metal spinnerette used in the manufacture of synthetic yarns—come tiny beams of light. Holes, less than 1/1000-inch in diameter, are made by John Cupler's microscopic drills.

How a tiny drill helped General Motors unlock a huge source of power

IT'S ALWAYS HAPPENED. Let's hope it always will.

In this country—when things are in a jam—there's always some smart, inventive fellow—some Johnny-on-the-spot ready to solve the problem.

Take the time when General Motors' entire production of Diesel power faced a bottleneck. And GM engineers discovered John Cupler, in little LaVale, Maryland.

Necessity is the Discoverer of Invention

TODAY, as you know, Diesel engines power a vast variety of transportation and industrial equipment—from huge locomotives that haul our trains, to cross-country trucks and buses—from tugboats to submarines—from oil drills to sawmills—to farm tractors.

Yet not until just a few years before World War II—when GM engineers figured out how to compact the Diesel's size and devised an efficient fuel injection system to insure clean, economical fuel consumption—was the Diesel widely used. This injection system depends on holes made by drills so small it takes a microscope to use them. So when the war cut off the source of these drills — Switzerland — it was imperative to find a new source — quickly.

Fortunately—a country-wide search discovered John Cupler. He had the answers. For he'd figured out how to make drills so small they could poke a hole in a human hair—yet penetrate the toughest metal.

GM hurried him to Detroit where he helped the engineers at the Detroit Diesel Engine Division of GM design a new-type drilling machine. In turn—they advised him how to set up a production line in LaVale. The bottleneck was broken. And GM was able to produce more than 198,000 Diesel engines—representing more than 45,000,000 horsepower for America's fighting tanks, tank destroyers, landing craft, auxiliary generators, naval vessels and locomotives.

The Tiny Idea that Made a Small Business Grow

SINCE THEN—of course—Diesel power has taken on power jobs in hundreds of industries in our economy. And as Diesel power has grown—John Cupler's National Jet Company has prospered. Today National Jet does business with five GM Divisions. His drills are used for power purposes other than Diesel alone. They help build jet engines for planes and the new fuel injection engines for passenger cars. Besides GM he counts hundreds of companies among his customers.

Right now he's doubling his plant's size—building a new laboratory. And 35 men and women—a big payroll for little LaVale—have steady jobs with National Jet.

The National Jet Company is typical of thousands of companies in small towns and cities all over the United States. By producing what GM needs, they have brought new income to their communities—and as a result these communities in every state of the Union share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that GM takes in.

Small Business and General Motors

Guitar Picks and Walrus Hides

Most of GM's 26,000 suppliers are small businesses with less than 500 employes. Yet, in one year alone, General Motors spent more than 5 billion, 400 million dollars with suppliers — buying such normal items as steel, rubber and glass—such amazing ones as guitar picks, walrus hides and walnut shells.

GENERAL MOTORS — *Good people to work for — Good people to deal with*

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Under water at Florida's fabulous Silver Springs

PROVED SAFEST TIRE FOR THE MAN WHO LOVES HIS FAMILY!

Proved—not even harpoons capable of killing man-eating sharks can make the Seiberling Sealed-Aire tire lose air! Ricou Browning, famous underwater movie stunt man, proved this at Silver Springs, Florida, where a single bubble of escaping air would be instantly detected. Competitive puncture-sealing tires bubbled until the contained air was exhausted—they failed to seal, and on your car would have gone flat. This test and others have proved that Seiberling's tubeless tire invention, "bulkhead" construction, gives Sealed-Aire tires the exclusive ability to seal big, gouging punctures which cause sudden, dangerous tire failure.

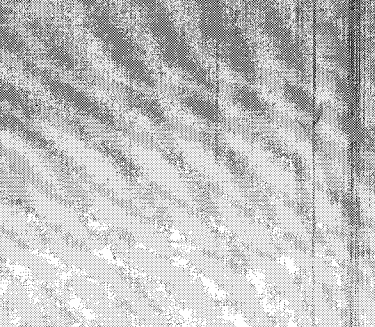
Your Seiberling Dealer will gladly demonstrate these tires for you. Why not see him soon? He will buy the unused mileage in your present tires.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO • TORONTO, CANADA

SEIBERLING

SEALED-AIRE NYLON TIRE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE!



Nothing holds the soft sealing-gum in place. Tire heat and centrifugal force can cause the gum to slide and lump up. Result: Loss of both puncture-protection and tire balance.

"Bulkheads" in Sealed-Aire tires keep the soft sealing-gum in protective position across the full tread width. Result: Lifetime puncture-protection and lifetime balance.

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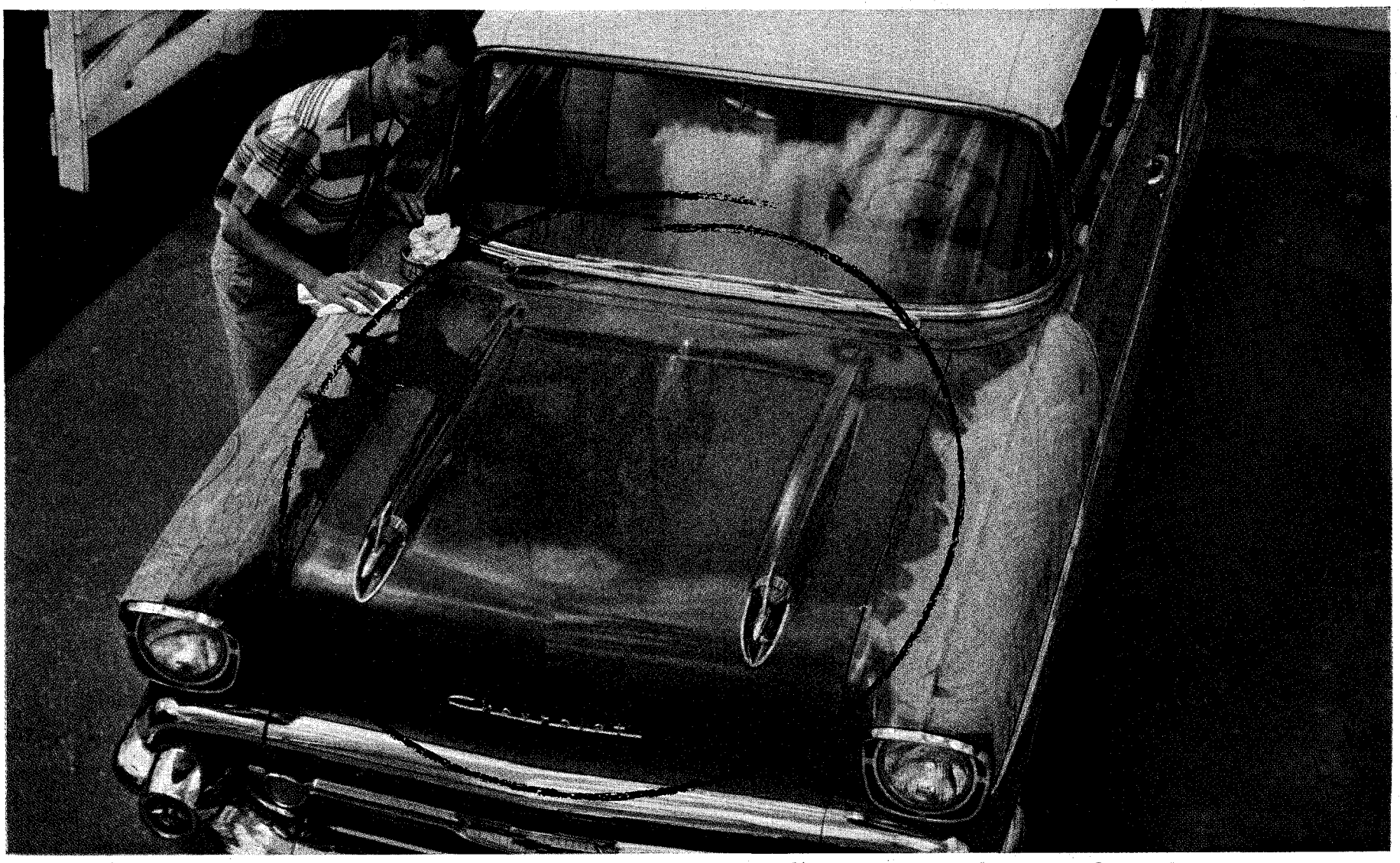
smooth!

new all-in-one car wax and cleaner by Simoniz, so smooth it goes on in minutes, so stubborn it protects finish for months as only paste wax can!

Reason: **VISTA IS TURBO-WHIPPED.** VISTA is tough paste wax, plus cleaner, *turbo-whipped* together. This exclusive mixing process by Simoniz whips hard wax into soft particles . . . makes it possible to clean and wax in one easy application. Designed for today's gay car colors, turbo-whipped VISTA is ideal for *all* car finishes. Try it!



Hood, '57 Chevrolet, cleaned and waxed. **VISTA TIME: 4½ minutes. Duration: up to 6 months.**

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Get facts down cold—with the Dictaphone Time-Master

The dictating machine with the Dictabelt record

NOBODY'S memory is perfect—and neither is anybody's note-taking. Especially anybody who's busy.

That's just one very good reason for having a Dictaphone TIME-MASTER by your desk. When you want to take notes, you simply *talk* them. Done! They're recorded effortlessly, accurately, *permanently* on the DICTABELT record. The same goes for letters, memos, *all* your paper work.

And it goes so *fast*, too. You never waste time trying to find your place—all recording is *visible*. Interruptions can't faze you, either. When you're ready to go back to work, just touch a button and you'll automatically hear the last line you wrote.

DICTABELT records are filable, mailable as a letter, *permanent*. They're the most economical dictation medium going. Sound quality: crystal-clear. Secretaries control tone, volume, speed when transcribing. They like that.

Call your Dictaphone office for a demonstration, or write Dictaphone, Dept. W, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

The Dictabelt record—main reason why the Dictaphone Time-Master far outsells all other dictating machines.

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

Service you can depend on the world around

In Canada, write Dictaphone Corporation, Ltd., 204 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto . . . in England, Dictaphone Co. Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London W. 1. Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trade-marks of Dictaphone Corp.

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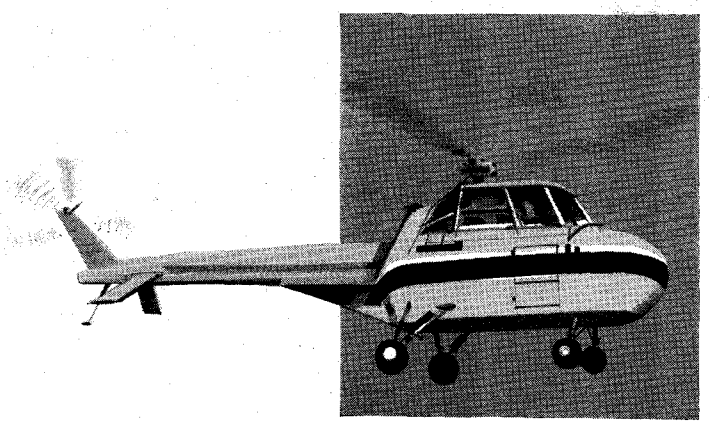
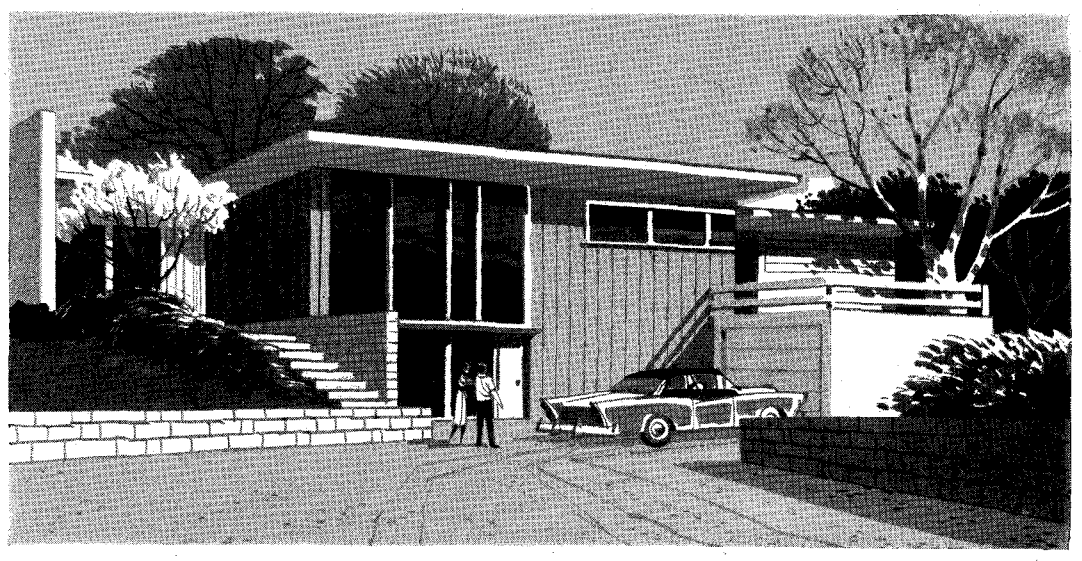


TOMORROW MINDED

All the wonders of the tomorrow you're planning may be lost, if you do not protect them—by making sure your home... your car...your treasured belongings...have tomorrow-minded *protection!* You'll get it, *at a saving*—from your Central agent or broker, the insurance man who plans with your tomorrow in mind.

There are more than 4,500 tomorrow-minded Central agents and brokers throughout the U. S. and Canada. For the name of your nearest Central man, look in the Yellow Pages, or write...



Central Mutual INSURANCE COMPANY

VAN WERT 1, OHIO • *A Friendly Company*

DIVIDEND SAVINGS TO POLICYHOLDERS SINCE 1876

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Like opening the oven itself

AVISCO® CELLOPHANE

...baked goods are that fresh sealed in AVISCO cellophane

Take a deep breath as you unwrap the package.

Get that fragrance? You'd think you were standing by an open oven door.

There's nothing quite so delightful as genuine bakery freshness. And nothing seals it in quite like AVISCO cellophane.

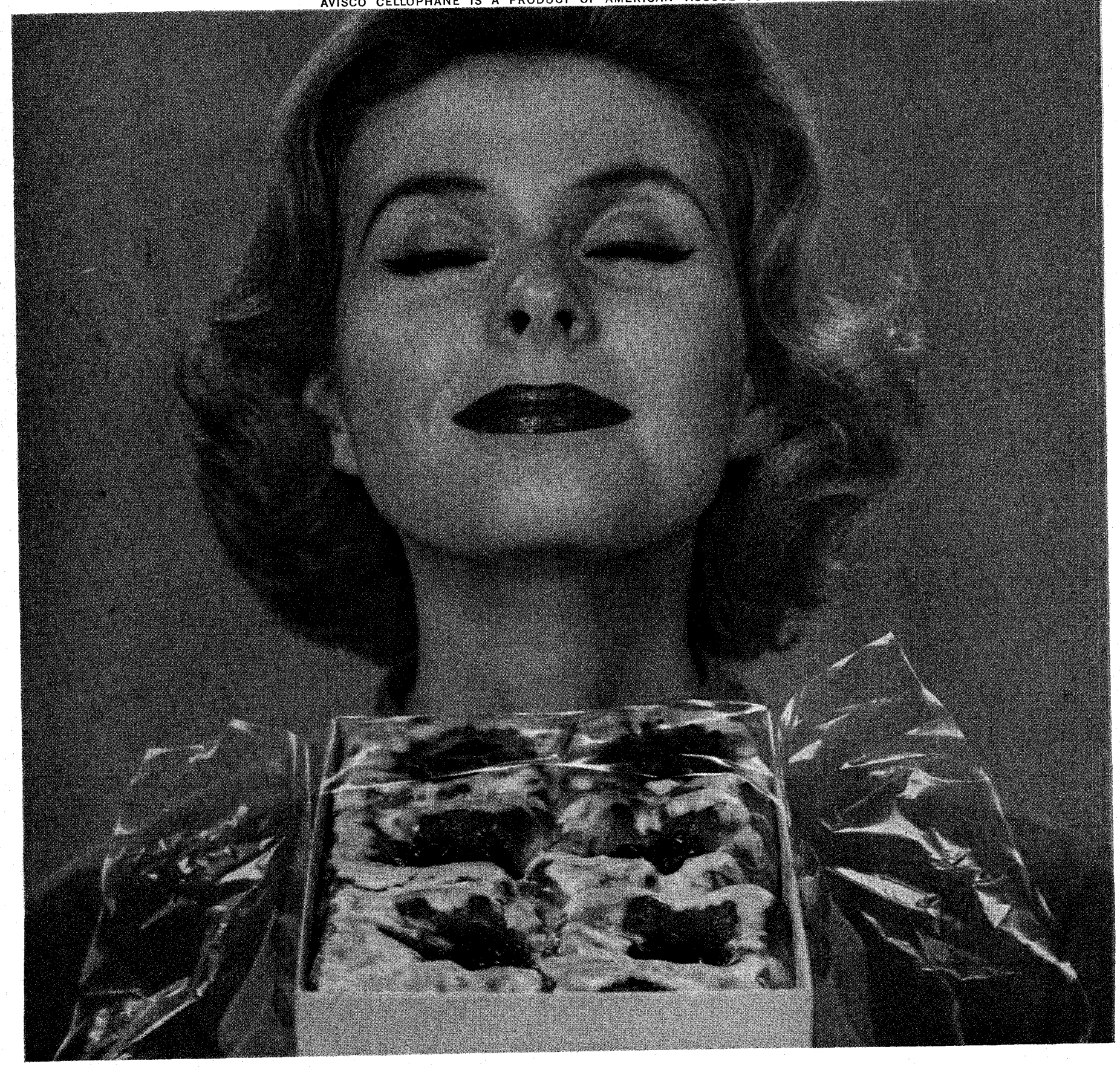
There's a special reason why.

No other baked goods wrapper *shields* like cellophane, shutting out moisture-robbing air and locking in delicate flavors and freshness. Pure, clear cellophane has a unique protective quality unmatched by any other packaging material.

Of course, there's another reason why shoppers like cellophane best, and that's *transparency*. Quality doesn't hide from you. You see perfectly what you want, what you're getting.

Yes, smart shoppers everywhere prefer baked goods sealed in AVISCO cellophane. Don't you?

AVISCO CELLOPHANE IS A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, FILM DIVISION, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.



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The Saturday Evening Post

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin

Flimflam victim: Mrs. Bertha Lare, a 79-year-old widow, tells Philadelphia police how she gave $700 and two diamond rings to two women who promised her a share in "a packet of money found in the street."

"Drag player" under arrest: Mrs. Ethel B. Williams, 32, tries to hide face after being identified by Mrs. Lare.

The Worst Swindle

This vicious confidence game sucks in victims with promises of an easy dollar, then cleans out their savings accounts. Here's how these sordid criminals take $5,000,000 a year from gullible women.

By JOHN KOBLER

Every year, countless elderly women lose their entire life savings shortly after being drawn into conversation by a species of sharper known as a "drag player." Some of them go to their graves never understanding exactly what happened, but any rookie cop could have enlightened them. They were mulcted through a confidence trick so ancient and so preposterous that it would seem nobody, however gullible, could still succumb. The drag game, which is also called the "pigeon drop," "dropping the poke," "dropping the leather," existed in China at least 1000 years ago. Larcenous Chinese immigrants imported it to these shores toward the mid-nineteenth century, and home-grown swindlers, chiefly Negroes, adapted and perfected it. The patter employed seldom varies by a word or gesture; it has been handed down in writing from generation to generation. Yet the drag remains the most prevalent as well as one of the most lucrative of all con games.

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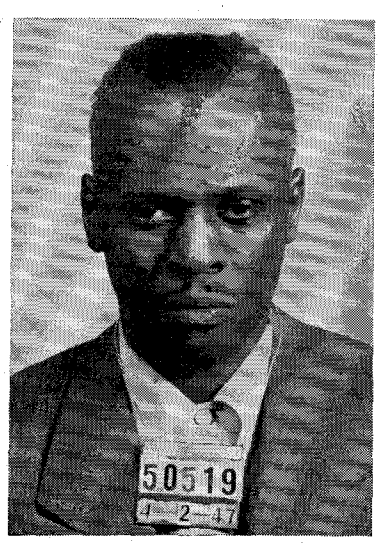
Con girl Sherry Caldwell, nee Kamas, once wife of Boss Caldwell, below.



The late Harvey (Boss) Caldwell, an Old Man, controlled droves of girls.

Senator Estes Kefauver shows how an expert changes her hair, make-up and clothing to avoid being identified by victims. Adept at disguise, Sherry Caldwell was a prize scorer for her one-time husband's organization.

"Constance Ballard," another protégée who helped make Caldwell rich.

The New York Police Department's rogues' gallery numbered, at a recent count, 1255 drag players. During the last five years in New York 363 victims reported losses aggregating $526,000. In Detroit, during the same period, there were 79 cases involving $56,256; in Washington, 67 cases for a loss of $70,000. All told, the "scores," as the players term their booty, reported throughout the country probably total up to more than $5,000,000 a year.

But according to an eminent authority—Daniel Campion, who retired in 1953 as head of New York's Pickpocket & Confidence Squad—such tabulations reflect only a small fraction of the actual total. Shame, shock or fear prevents 90 per cent of the victims, Campion estimated, from complaining. In Glendale, California, a schoolteacher of sixty who had lost $7740, was found dead in her bedroom, her face thrust against an open gas jet.

Although the game itself is ancient, certain current aspects of it are startlingly new. Formerly the drag teams, which consist of two players—usually prostitutes directed by the same pimp, called "the Old Man"—operated independently of one another. Today the bulk of them comprise a kind of national syndicate, embracing as sidelines other con games, gambling, white slavery and dope peddling. It is not yet a tightly knit syndicate dominated by a single powerful chieftain, like the old Capone gang—though some police officials fear it may be ripe for such organizing. It is rather a formless, floating community of criminals held together by common interests.

The Old Men, who pocket the scores, but stay under cover, rarely playing the game themselves, trade their girls back and forth. They support crime schools, staffed by past masters of the drag, to train novices. They share hide-outs, strategically spotted throughout the country. High livers, now flush, now broke, they lend one another money to meet bail fees, hire lawyers, buy off complainants by making restitution, and maintain "umbrellas" or "trees"—that is, police protection.

This novel trend came to light almost incidentally during recent investigations of juvenile delinquency by a Senate subcommittee under Estes Kefauver. It was exposed primarily through the spadework of the subcommittee's associate counsel, Ernest Albert Mitler, a mild, studious bachelor of forty, who was previously an assistant district attorney in Manhattan. Struck by the high incidence of teenagers among the drag girls being arrested, Mitler spent a year interviewing them in jail, tracking down their Old Men and swapping notes with bunco squads.

An Old Man of distinction, he learned, will have a dozen or more girls playing the drag for him, and to consolidate his leadership he lives with them in the same relation as a sultan to his harem. If a girl faces prosecution and seems likely to implicate him, he may marry her, since in criminal law a wife cannot testify against her husband. Quite content, apparently, with their status of concubines, the drag girls turn over their earnings to their protectors, receiving in return occasional bestowals of

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furs, jewels and miscellaneous fripperies. There is always a reigning favorite, and though soon superseded, she seldom leaves the fold unless traded to another Old Man or jailed.

Of late vintage, too, in the annals of the game is its interracial character. For decades the drag—a "short con," meaning one consummated at a single, continuous session, in contrast to "big cons" requiring elaborate staging and protracted negotiations—was played almost exclusively by Negroes on Negroes. The big cons they left to white swindlers with their superior education and financial resources.

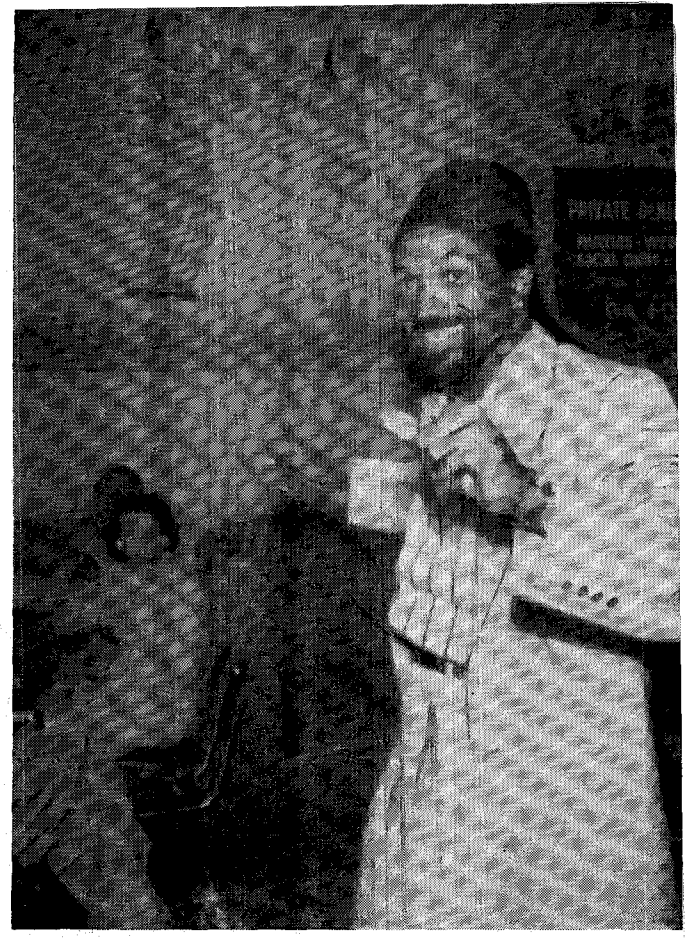
Negroes still predominate among the Old Men, though no longer among their concubines. It occurred to the big wheels of the syndicate that white victims—"vics" in drag parlance—would be likelier to have accumulated substantial savings. It followed that white girls, especially young ones, would stand a better chance of winning their confidence. Today, in many of the syndicate seraglios, white girls, a number of them in their teens, outnumber colored.

They prey upon women rather than men, considering women to be less sophisticated in financial matters, and usually aged women, who are liable to be lonely and starved for friendship, easily rattled and often too shaken afterward to make reliable witnesses. The player who first approaches the vic is called the "catch girl," the No. 2 player the "hit girl." Hunting the quarry is known as "going on the stroll." To illustrate:

While bargain hunting in a Washington, D. C., cut-rate store last June a small, frail widow of eighty-one named Lydia Matthews was hailed by a young woman who looked perturbed. Neither of the players having as yet been identified, we will call them Bessie and Myrtle. Bessie carried a shoulder-strap bag. She wore a bandanna that completely covered her hair and a shape-concealing sack coat, the standard working uniform of the drag girl, designed to confuse identification in the event of capture. (Some of them prefer wigs, spectacles or dark make-up.) Immediately after scoring, they duck into the nearest rest room to change. The large bag serves as a receptacle for both the masquerade and the score.

Bessie wanted to know how to get to the post office. Her little daughter, she went on to explain, had been crippled for life in a bus accident—the play for sympathy—the bus company had paid a sizable compensation, and she planned to invest the money in postal savings.

"You seem like a nice person," she observed, quoting the drag manual. "Do you feel it's a safe investment?" Mrs. Matthews felt it was, and, flattered and touched, warmed to the forlorn stranger. (Continued on Page 80)



"Prophet" Emmett Cobb, one of the more exotic con-game masterminds, combined mysticism with vicious felonies. Said he: "My teachings stress high moral principles according to which I live."

"Mrs. Jane Dickenson" testifies before the Kefauver committee while a prisoner at Clinton Reformatory, N.J. She worked the racket with "Barbara Scott."

Mrs. Linker met one of the women pigeon-drop artists outside a midcity department store. The woman said she found a package filled with money. The accomplice then approached and recommended a three-way split. But first, she added, each would have to post a good-faith deposit.

WITHDRAWS $2000

Mrs. Linker, accompanied by the two women, went to the bank near her home and withdrew the $2000 savings held in a joint account with her husband. She handed over the money after they arranged a meeting place for the split. The women disappeared with the money.

These two paragraphs, from the Philadelphia Inquirer six weeks ago, tell just how the racket works.

"Barbara Scott" learned all the tricks of the trade from Craig Devoe (*right*), who lorded it over a harem of 15 girls. She later described him as her "knight in shining armor."

"Catch girl" at work: The above picture was snapped in 1952 by a street photographer in Dallas, Tex. It shows a young practitioner with her unsuspecting elderly victim. The girl was never caught.

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Let The Arctic Kill Him

He had one last, desperate chance to avoid the death his enemies planned for him.

By ROBERT MURPHY

Behind the little group of buildings that were the company's trading post, the Baffin Island hills rose to bleak and stony ridges that seemed as empty of life as the surface of the moon. The intermittent snow of the past three days, bringing the end of the short northern autumn, powdered the rocks and covered the low-growing lichen, caribou moss and dwarf willow that gave the country its color in softer seasons.

The two men on the front steps of the post manager's house, with their light parka hoods pulled up against the raw wind, were not looking at the hills. They were looking the other way, down the long slope toward the inlet and the gray waters of Cumberland Sound, where the desolation was broken only by a ship anchored a mile offshore and the motor lighter which had left her side a while before and was now approaching the shingly beach. There was a little group of Eskimos and several crewmen from the ship in their darker clothes waiting to unload the lighter, and they moved toward her as she came in.

"That's the last load," the shorter man said. His name was Roberts; he was the manager of the post. "You'll be pulling out now, and I dare say you'll be glad to get back to civilization again. I'll walk down with you."

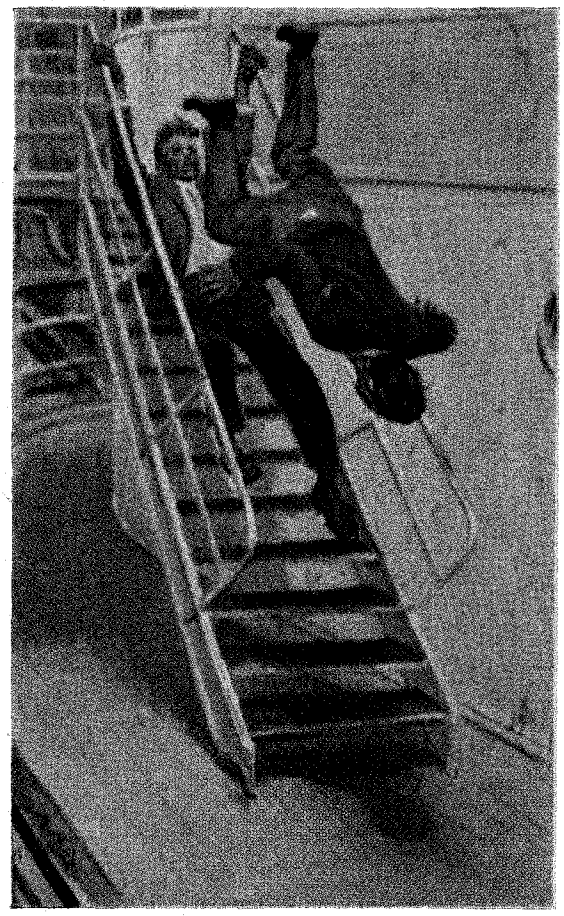
"I'll be glad enough to be heading home," the other man said. He was Griffin Hughes, a tall, vigorous, gray-eyed man, the company's representative on the ship out in the sound. She had been hired at the last moment to service three posts because the company's own ship had been wrecked before she reached them. "Won't you come aboard for a drink?"

"I don't think so, thanks," Roberts said. "I don't much like your shipmates, and they're probably in a sweat to get out. Freeze-up could be any time now."

"The company doesn't like them very much either," Hughes said, "but we had to get to you before freeze-up, and there wasn't anybody else around. It was a scramble to duplicate the orders for three posts and get off."

"I can imagine it," Roberts said, and smiled. "When I first heard of the wreck I thought I'd have to eat snowballs and hold my fur another year."

"You know we wouldn't do that to you," Hughes said. "Even if we had to fly everything up at going rates. Shall we get started?"



The man fell over and past him, crashing to the deck below.

"It seems to me," Roberts said, as they started down the hill toward the beach, "that somewhere in the back of my mind there's a hazy recollection of some trouble that your captain and his precious mates got into several years back. They're an odd crew. How do you get along with them?"

"I've managed so far," Hughes said, "but they're a surly lot. They throw me a word now and then. There's a strange air on that ship, as though everyone were looking out of the corner of his eye at you. I —— Look. Isn't that your clerk? He's coming up here."

A figure in a white parka had detached itself from the group around the lighter and was hurrying up the hill toward them. Roberts didn't say anything; they both increased their pace, and presently came up with the clerk. He was a sturdy, dark young Scot, flushed from excitement and a little short of breath from his fast walk.

"Mr. Roberts," he said, with a burr, "we check out five boxes short, and they say there's no more. And they want Mr. Hughes to hurry, before the tide sets out."

Roberts glanced at Hughes and back to the clerk. "Which boxes?" he asked.

"The most expensive stuff," the clerk said, and then his eyes got a little rounder. "Including the cigarettes and our personal whisky for the year. Now, for sure, they wouldn't have forgotten that in the south when they loaded?"

"It seems unlikely," Roberts said, and looked at the snowy ground for a moment. "Go back, then, and see that all the fur gets on the lighter and is properly signed for. Tell them Mr. Hughes will be right along."

The clerk turned away and Roberts stared after him, obviously waiting for Hughes to speak.

Hughes moved his feet in the snow, and made a sound halfway between a sigh and a curse. "And I'd hoped there wouldn't be trouble," he said finally. "I didn't check the cargo myself, Robbie. It had all been crammed on board when I got there, but I'm sure it was all there."

"So am I," Roberts said. "The company's usually very careful about things like that. Were you ashore the night you were at Frobisher Bay? You stopped there just before here, didn't you?"

"Yes," Hughes said. "And I stayed ashore all night with the post manager, to get away from the ship for a bit."

"There's a new independent fur post farther up the bay at Frobisher, now that it's got to be the crossroads of the whole eastern arctic," Roberts said, "and I've heard some odd talk about it. Do you think they made a deal with the trader and eased the stuff to him after dark, when you weren't aboard? Cigarettes and whisky and our best trade goods. What with all the Air Force and Weather and Dew Line people crowded in there now, it would be nice to have. A gold mine."

"Yes, damn it."

"Do you want me to hold the ship and radio the Mounties to make a search at Frobisher? I've got certain police powers here, you know."

"I know, Robbie, but if the stuff's there, I'm sure it's well hidden by now. The company would be sued

(Continued on Page 89)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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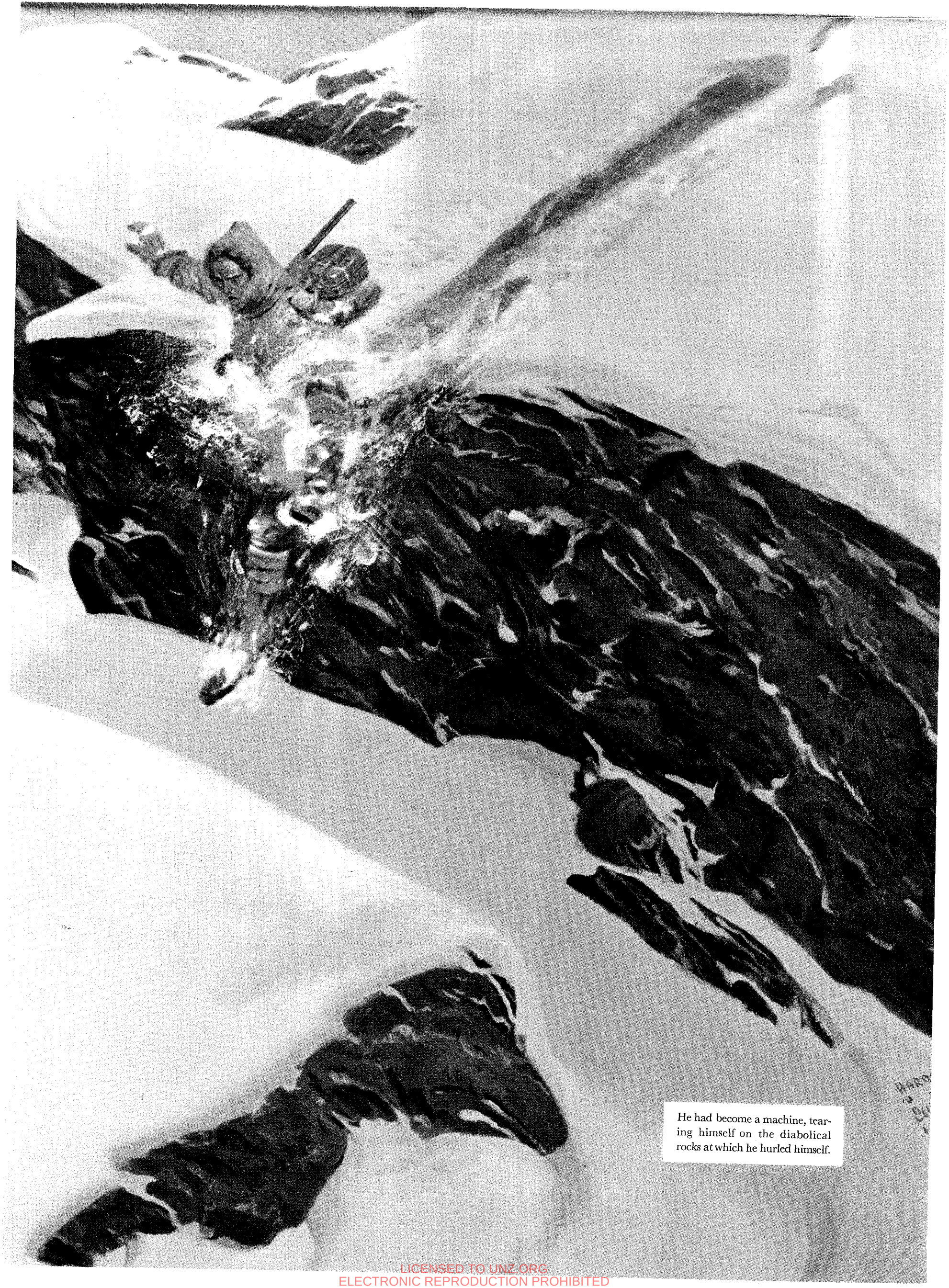

He had become a machine, tearing himself on the diabolical rocks at which he hurled himself.

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Photographs by Larry Keighley

Lee Ahneman of Domestic Service, Inc., pores over applications from European women, all of whom want to do housework in the United States.

Miss Ahneman (on bench) welcomes a batch of new and willing maids and housekeepers. The agency has brought over nearly 6000 servants from Europe in six years.

How to Hire a Maid

By MARGO FISCHER

American domestic servants are vanishing faster than our prairies, but this agency imports foreign help for those hard-to-fill jobs.

Mrs. Harry Paige (right), of Long Island, met her maid, Bridget Byrne (center), at the pier, and then helped her go through customs. Shirly Shaw (left) is another domestic, who is bound for a job in New Jersey.

On January 1, 1955, Mrs. Gerard Decker, a Downingtown, Pennsylvania, housewife—now of Huntington, Long Island—and Alice Millard, a Welsh girl working in a hotel 3000 miles away, were unhappy for different reasons. Mrs. Decker needed domestic help and couldn't find it. Alice Millard wanted to leave England and didn't have the money.

Six months later, both were extremely happy for the same reason; Alice was in Pennsylvania working for Mrs. Decker, who calls her "the most wonderful housekeeper a woman ever had." Here's the story of how she got there:

Mrs. Decker, a young, fair-haired mother of three children, spent a lot of time at political rallies, PTA meetings and civic gatherings of all kinds. She also ran a nineteen-room country home, wrote feature articles for the Philadelphia Inquirer, appeared on the radio several times a week, lectured, and reviewed books. She loved it all, but something had to give. Her five-foot nine-inch frame had already dwindled to 111 pounds.

"You've got to find help," her engineer-husband told her, "or give up some of these activities."

Mrs. Decker began her search. As she looked for a full-time worker, she discovered what housewives all over the country are discovering. Nobody wants a domestic job.

"I just take adults, lady; no kids," stated one gum-chewing applicant.

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Elizabeth Flynn (left) of Ireland and her employers, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Holstein. Mrs. Holstein clutches her new helper with the air of a woman who has found a good thing.

"Do you have television in the kitchen?" asked another.

"I wouldn't go to the country. Too lonesome," said one more.

The last girl Mrs. Decker interviewed wanted sixty-five dollars a week.

She was about to give up when a New York friend visited her and told how she had solved a similar problem. "I brought a girl over from Ireland," the friend said, "through an agency called Domestic Service, Inc., in New York City. Quite reasonable too."

In Bournemouth, England, meanwhile, Alice Millard was working at the Hotel Walmer. She'd been there for three years and the proprietress hoped she'd stay forever. But twenty-seven-year-old Alice, who came from a family of ten children, was restless and unhappy. She could see no future in her present job. Instead, she dreamed of visiting her Quaker cousins in the United States and of somehow settling there. But where could she get money enough for such a trip? She was earning only twelve dollars a week.

Then one day she picked up a local newspaper and saw an ad that read: DOMESTICS WANTED FOR U.S.A. FARES PAID.

Alice answered immediately.

On June twenty-eighth, when the Queen Elizabeth glided into New York harbor, Alice was on it. The next day she began working for Mrs. Decker.

There are a number of organizations engaged in uniting people like Mrs. Decker and Alice. Some bring in workers from the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. Others from South America and Mexico. Domestic Service, Inc., however, is by far the largest and most successful. Since 1950 it has acted as a kind of clearinghouse for Europeans who want to come to this country as domestics, and American women who (Continued on Page 61)

Alice Millard (right) came over from England 2½ years ago, has now mastered the automatic dryer. She works for Mrs. Gerard Decker, near New York.

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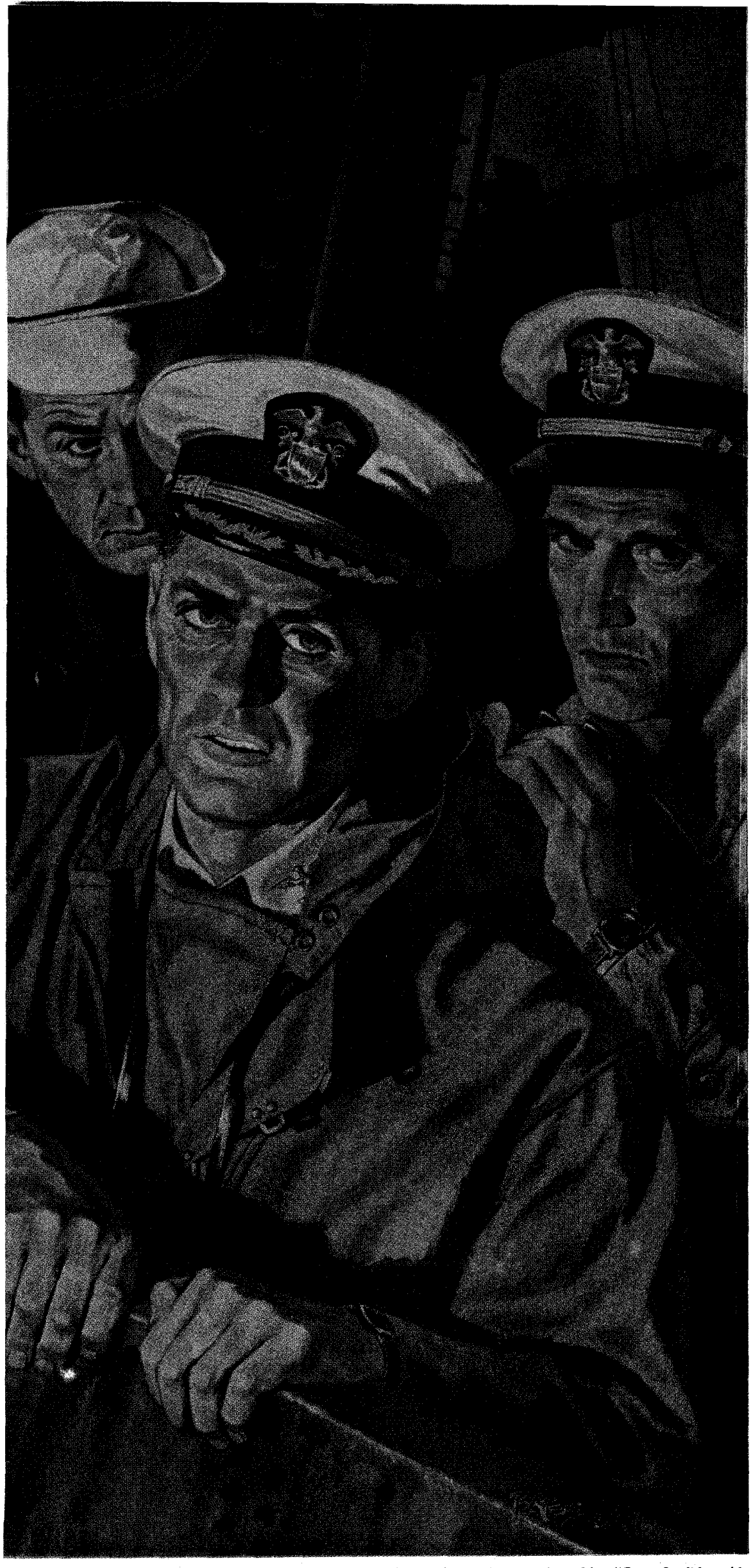

Captain Forest's hands were on the splinter shield, his knuckles showing white. "Open fire," he said.

OPEN FIRE!

The story of a captain who had to order the death of his own son.

By JACLAND MARMUR

Destroyer people are a special breed. They are a brotherhood. At sea, their lean-hulled ships—"the little boys"—take slashing sprays across careening decks when cruisers in the same formation, ladylike in skirts of armor, only elegantly nod against the marching ocean hills. The tin-can people cradle all the sailors of the fleet, and by their walk ashore they know it. Chico, he was one of them.

His name was really Harry Chicone—big, dark-headed. And the sadness lurking in his piercing eyes that you sometimes see in Navy white hats scarred by unforgotten combat. Chico came climbing up the ladder to the landing of the admiral's quarters in Destroyer Leader U.S.S. Theodore Parkinson, lying at her mooring buoys in San Diego harbor. And this girl with the flaxen hair was on the upper rungs of the ladder behind him.

"Buzzman," Chico said to the admiral's orderly, who lounged against the bulkhead, both thumbs hooked in his side-arms belt, "we want to see the admiral."

"Now, ain't that dandy," Buzzman drawled. He didn't stir. Only his eyeballs moved—from Chico to the girl. He could see her shapeliness to her hips. He whistled to himself. He was sure she would have long legs. How did a beat-up, three-hash-mark bos'n's mate—on his fourth enlistment and only first class!—get hold of a dame like her? Buzzman's eyes moved back to Chico. "You want I should tell him you said to knock off everything and hustle himself right out?"

Buzzman's voice had a large disdain. What made an enlisted man think he could just walk in and see an admiral? These tin-can people were all half nuts. Because the skipper of this one had unexpectedly been selected for promotion from commander to captain and had detaching orders, the wardroom officers and the enlisted people were throwing a farewell party for him, dames allowed and all. It was the reason the girl could come aboard. And the whole ship acted proud. It didn't make sense to Buzzman, who had never served in destroyers. This new admiral, he was half nuts too. Must be. Otherwise he would never have come aboard this (Continued on Page 129)

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An Austrian Red Cross worker aids refugees from embattled Hungary during the ill-fated uprising last fall. The Austrians, heedless of possible reprisal, offered instant relief.

Our Neutral Friends the Austrians

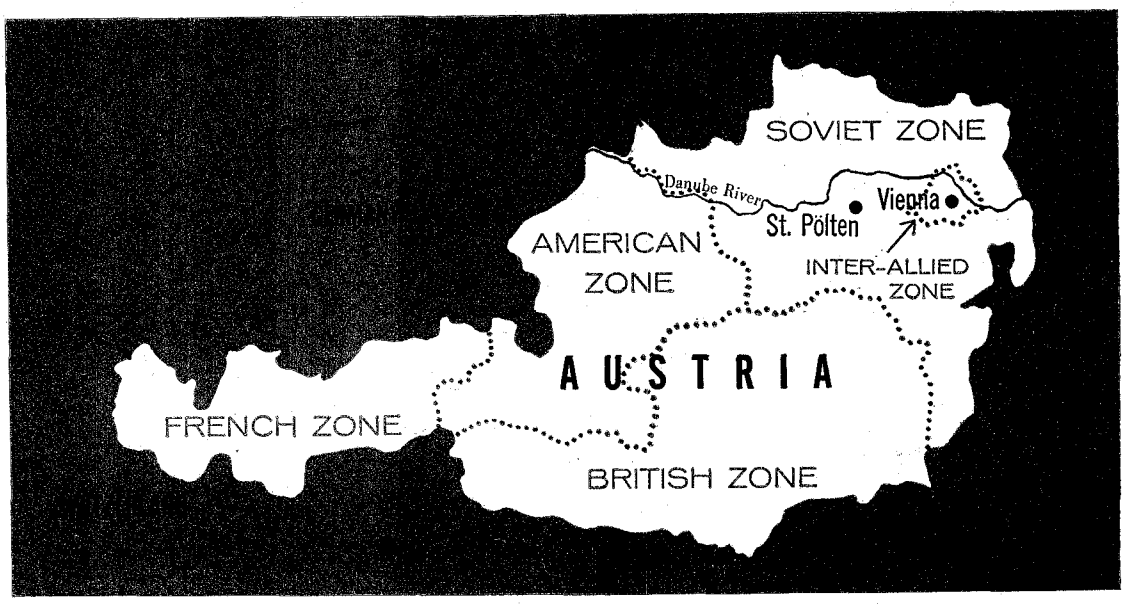
"Neutrality" was Moscow's price for Austrian freedom, but the little country remains stanchly on our side. A Post editor reports from Vienna on how Austria gets away with it . . .

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

VIENNA.

How neutral does a neutral have to be to stay out of trouble? The case of little Austria, which pledged itself to permanent neutrality as a price for its liberation from Soviet troops, has given a new twist to the Cold War. Less than a year had passed since the last foreign occupants had left this country when its neutrality was put to the stiff test of the Hungarian revolt. The way the Austrians came through earned them the admiration of the Western world and, we may safely surmise, the respect of Moscow.

"Neutrality, with us, is not a state of mind," the Austrians explain. "We promised to enter into no alliance (Continued on Page 105)



Austria as it was divided during the ten-year occupation which ended two years ago.

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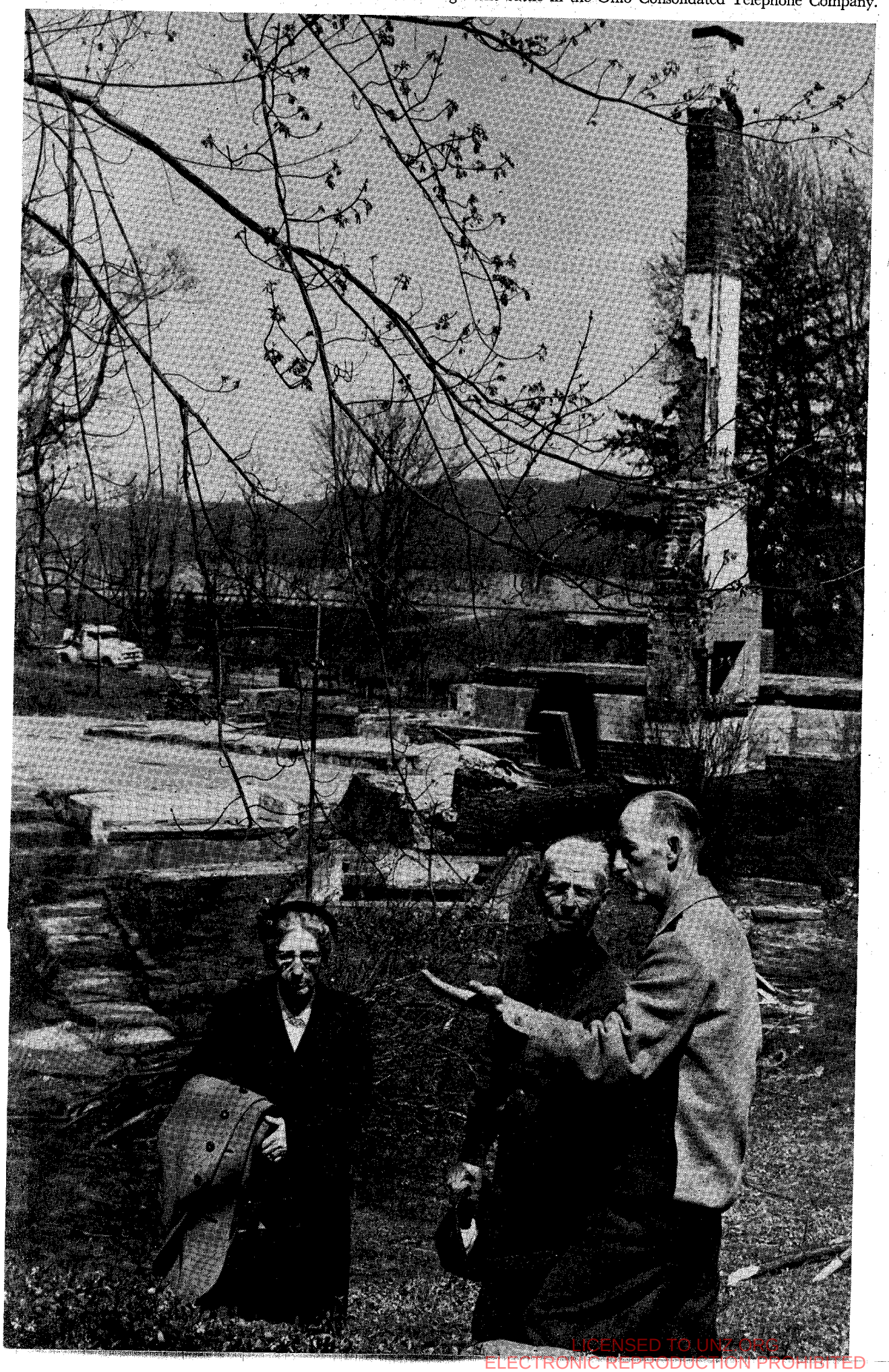
CITY OF SILENCE

How the people of Portsmouth, Ohio, fared during the 61 bitter days when no one could make a telephone call, no matter how urgent the necessity.

By EVAN HILL

Firemen arrived too late to save the house of Robert Nutter (right) and his aged parents near Portsmouth. Their telephone was dead because of the labor-management battle in the Ohio Consolidated Telephone Company.



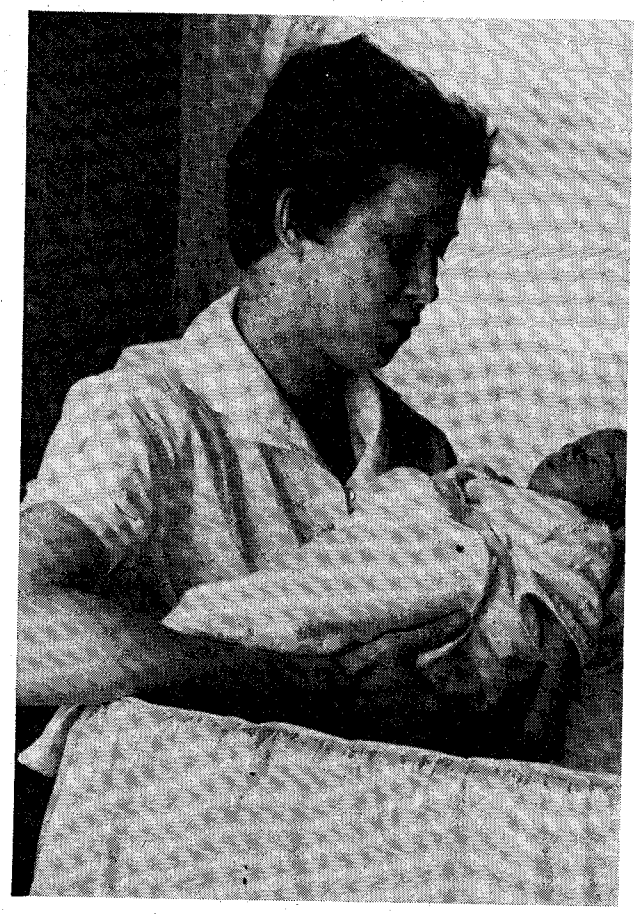
She was awake in her bed, listening now, automatically reaching for the husband who was a hundred miles away on business. She heard the twins toss in their cribs in the next room. Then it came again, the intruder's sound at the kitchen door, the soft slithering of metal against wood.

She padded downstairs to the telephone. "Police," she whispered even as she dialed. But there was no dial tone; the line was out.

For a moment she slumped against the wall, holding the dead phone against her side. Then she walked slowly to the front door and snapped on the porch light. Waiting there, her finger still on the switch, she heard the sudden silence at the back door, and then the soft tread of retreating feet.

Minutes later she crept into the kitchen, flicked the switch of the porch light, then tested the door. It was still locked. She dropped into a kitchen chair and waited for dawn. It was 1:30 A.M., October 16, 1956, in Portsmouth, Ohio.

A mile away at Smith-Everett Hospital a seventy-one-year-old man died in his sleep. A nurse pulled a sheet over his face and went to notify his relatives. But the telephone was out of order. Relatives were informed twelve hours later.



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Strikers under police surveillance picket the Portsmouth telephone exchange. The often-violent feud dragged on from July, 1956, to February, 1957 over the issue of a union shop.

Supervisors who stayed on the job scurry into the exchange. A mob attack on emergency operators ended service altogether for 61 days.

At 7:30 that morning Larry Wear, a high-school senior, tried to telephone classmate Roger Pitts to get a ride to school. But the phone was not working. So Larry ran the block to Roger's house, to be told the Pitts' car was needed because their phone, too, was out of order. At home he begged the family car and drove to school. Both boys were late.

At 7:40 A.M. Mrs. Louis Glick dialed her niece to make arrangements for a Red Cross blood drive. The telephone was silent. She thought a party-line neighbor might have left a telephone off its cradle. "Marty," she said to her teen-age son, "go see who it is, will you?" Marty sprinted next door, but it was not their telephone. Then he ran five doors away. But it was no use. All three phones were on the hook. The line was dead.

This was the morning that every telephone in Scioto County, Ohio, went silent. For sixty-one consecutive days 17,428 telephones did not ring, and approximately 110,000 persons in Southern Ohio and Northern Kentucky could not telephone for a doctor, a policeman or a fireman. For two months they were desperately, sometimes frantically, without a service that most Americans take for granted.

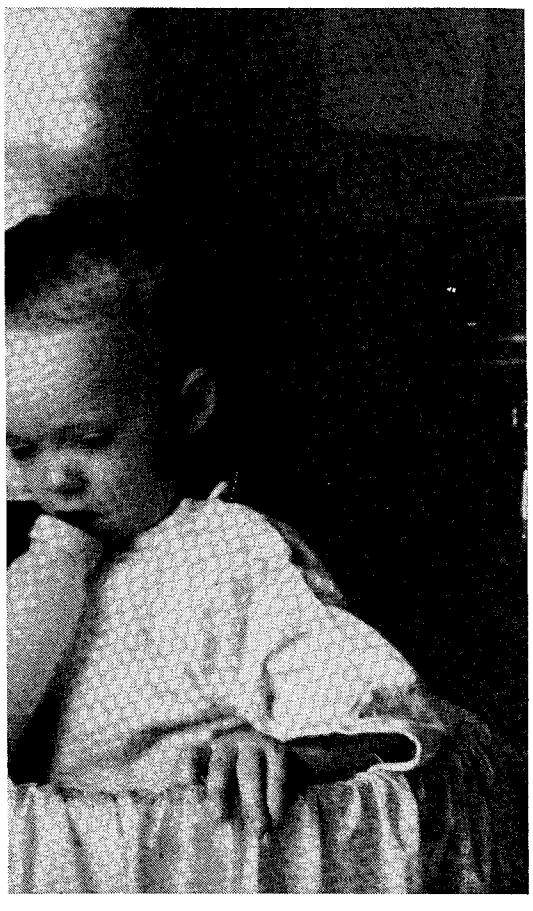
But in Portsmouth, an industrial county seat of 40,000, residents found themselves on the edge of disaster when their telephone voices were silenced by a bitter labor-management dispute.

Trouble had started July fifteenth, when the Communications Workers of America struck against the Ohio Consolidated Telephone Company after two months of futile negotiations. Most of the region's telephone users could sympathize with both sides. Only recently the General Telephone Company had acquired Ohio Consolidated, a company which for fourteen years had operated under a union-shop agreement. Now the new parent company proposed that maintenance-of-membership and no-strike clauses be included in the new contract. The union vigorously shook its head about both proposals, but it was the union-shop fight that was to prolong negotiations.

Townspeople shrugged. "You can't blame the company for not wanting a union shop," they said. "But you can't blame the strikers for wanting to keep it." And Portsmouth, a strong union city with its steel mills and railroad shops, respected picket lines and hoped for quick settlement while it used dial phones kept in operation by automation and supervisory personnel.

But a month later the strike was no longer an impersonal dispute; it was involving every householder, reaching into his home through the copper wires (Continued on Page 108)

A repair crew splices cut wires. Nighttime vandals knocked out 13,000 telephones by severing cables.



Mrs. William Kempton with her baby, who had to be delivered by a substitute doctor during the strike; her own could not be reached in time.

Goons set this supervisor's car on fire in a riot on October 11, just before the long telephone blackout.

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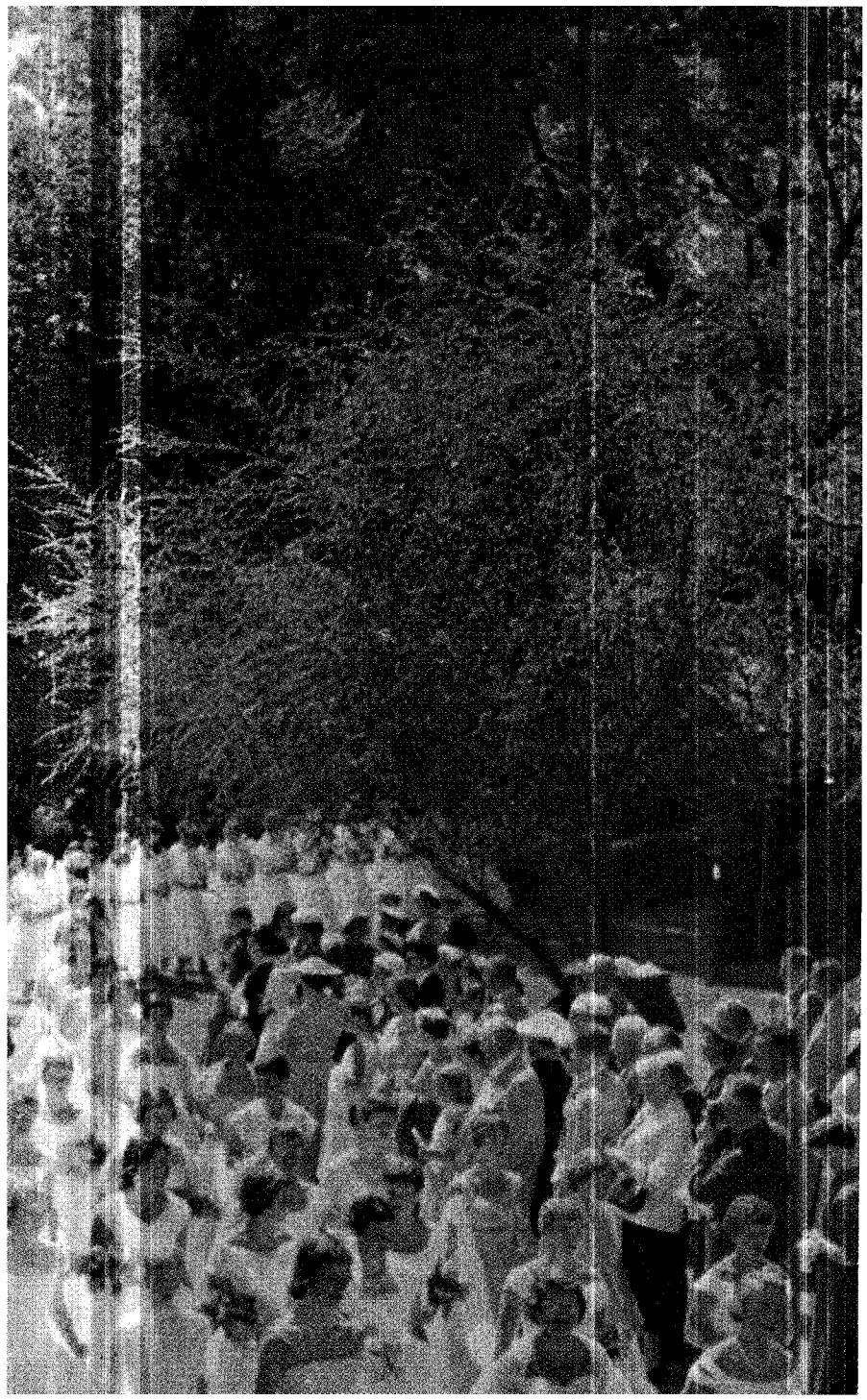

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The Face of AMERICA

On Their Way

Slow of step and damp of eye, the girls in white march out of school and into young womanhood.
This is a day of bathos and bombast, of sentiment and forensics, and the arming of maidens with tight-rolled diplomas: Graduation Day.
Suddenly it's all over too soon. Teachers and restraints and even scholastic grind already are softened and glamorized by nostalgia. The graduates give place as top girls to their juniors in "The Yielding of the Steps," at the entrance to Channing Hall.
The stirring strains of "To Anna Head School We are Singing" pluck at tender young hearts.
It's almost more than a girl can bear.
This week the Anna Head School in Berkeley, California, will send 34 girls on to careers, marriages or colleges. Hundreds of other schools across the nation will offer their own displays of formalized emotion. For a view of another of these commencement rites, see page 42. ● Photograph by Don W. Jones

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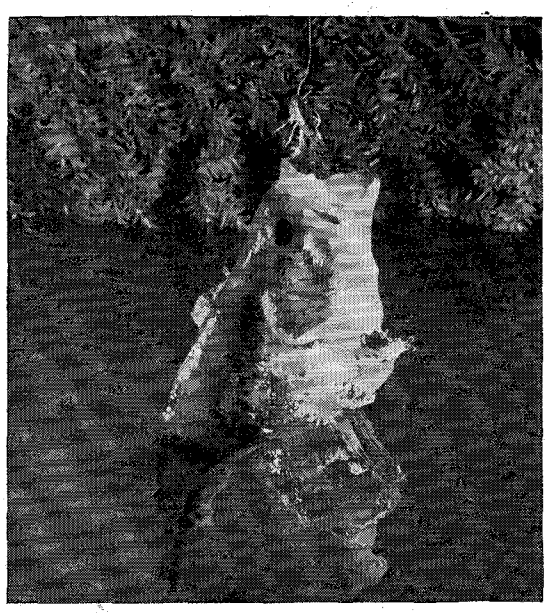
Black bass (left) in hot pursuit of his dinner—a pickerel. When big bass are on the feed, they have been known to devour snakes and even baby alligators.



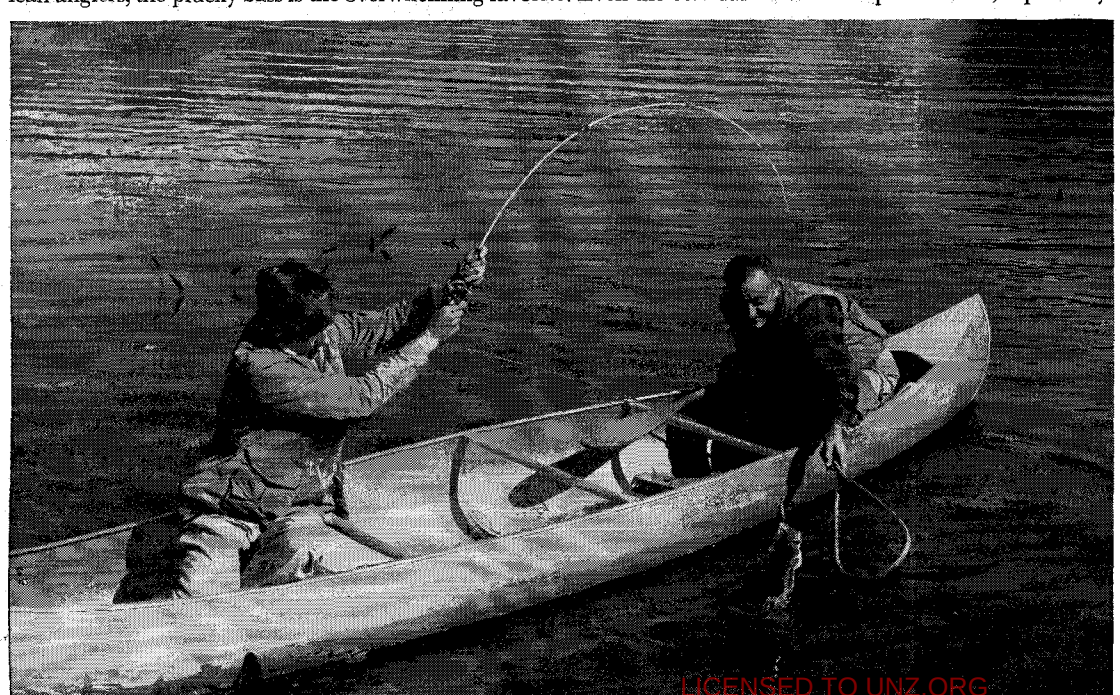
A hungry largemouth about to take his last bite. Spawning bass are excitable, will strike at almost anything.

GAMEST FISH IN THE POND

"If bass grew as large as sharks," says one angler, "a fellow'd have to fish for them from a warship."

BY GEORGE HEINOLD

The author (right) helps his son Hayden land a largemouth bass at Deer Lake, Conn. Among millions of American anglers, the plucky bass is the overwhelming favorite. Even the colorful trout runs a poor second, experts say.



The August sun had climbed high enough out of its golden nest to spread cheer over the tea-colored waters of Lake Quonnipaug in the hills of Guilford, Connecticut, but storm clouds gathered on the face of my teen-age son. Frowns and dark scowls indicated that Hayden, normally an exuberant companion, had fallen victim to despair, and I had an uneasy feeling that he would shortly rebel. Had I predicted that winter follows autumn, I couldn't have been more correct.

"When do we call it quits?" Hayden exploded, fidgeting canoe-cramped muscles as he massaged a stiff back with a hand reeking with insect repellent. "Last Friday we fished this lake from evening to midnight. Now we've fished it from midnight to morning—and not even a nibble. When will you admit there ain't a bass in it?"

(Continued on Page 135)

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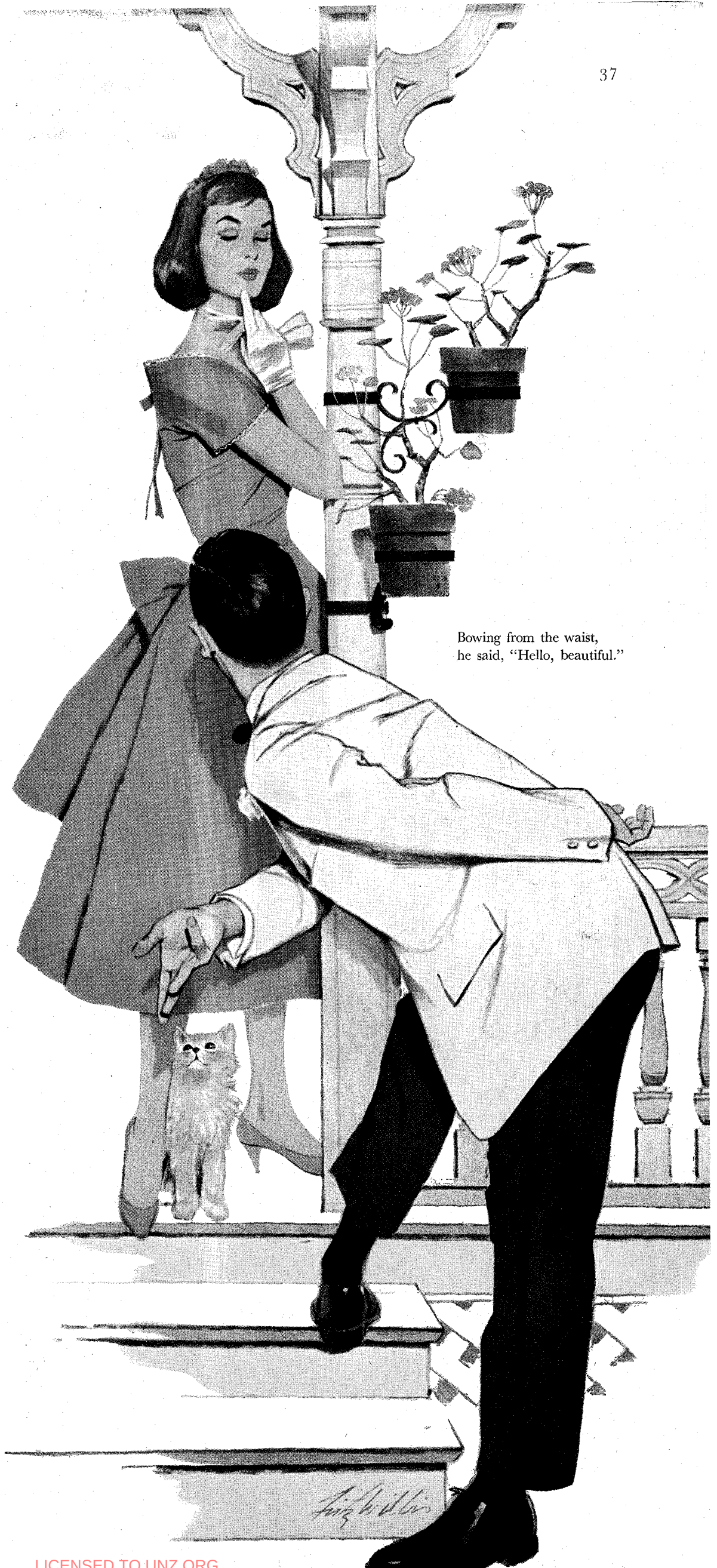
COME TO THE WEDDING

A girl can learn a lot about a man at a wedding—whether or not to marry him, for example.

By JEAN S. O'CONNELL



Bowing from the waist, he said, "Hello, beautiful."

Grandma arrived for the wedding wearing a beaded crepe de Chine and carrying four knobbly brown-paper packages. The dress hung vaguely from the shoulders and was too long. Peering over the banister to watch grandma's arrival, Lynn decided that she must have found the gown at a rummage sale. *Eccentrics*, Lynn thought unhappily, *this whole family is a bunch of eccentrics*. It was definitely a mistake, she knew now, to have Ted meet her family all at once like this. *I should have introduced him to them one at a time*, she thought. *Leaving Grandma for last.*

But it was too late for that now. She had been carried away with the idea of inviting Ted to be a house guest at this, her sister Alice's wedding, carried away with the idea of having him meet her whole large family en masse, at their best. Ted was to be an usher, and Lynn the maid of honor. She had had no idea, when she had gone out with Ted all last winter and spring at college, and fallen so in love with him, that he was an old childhood friend of the groom's. It was surely a miracle of fate.

Because she wanted to make an impression. Ted Malone was a young man who thought family was important. He had said as much to her several times. And once he had taken her to his own, white-painted New England home. With Ted's mother, Lynn had looked at samplers and patchwork quilts that had been made by Malone forebears. When Ted's father showed her his garden, clipped and trimmed, she had thought of her own garden, which was usually full of other people's bicycles, galloping petunias, and her father, wearing shorts.

(Continued on Page 50)

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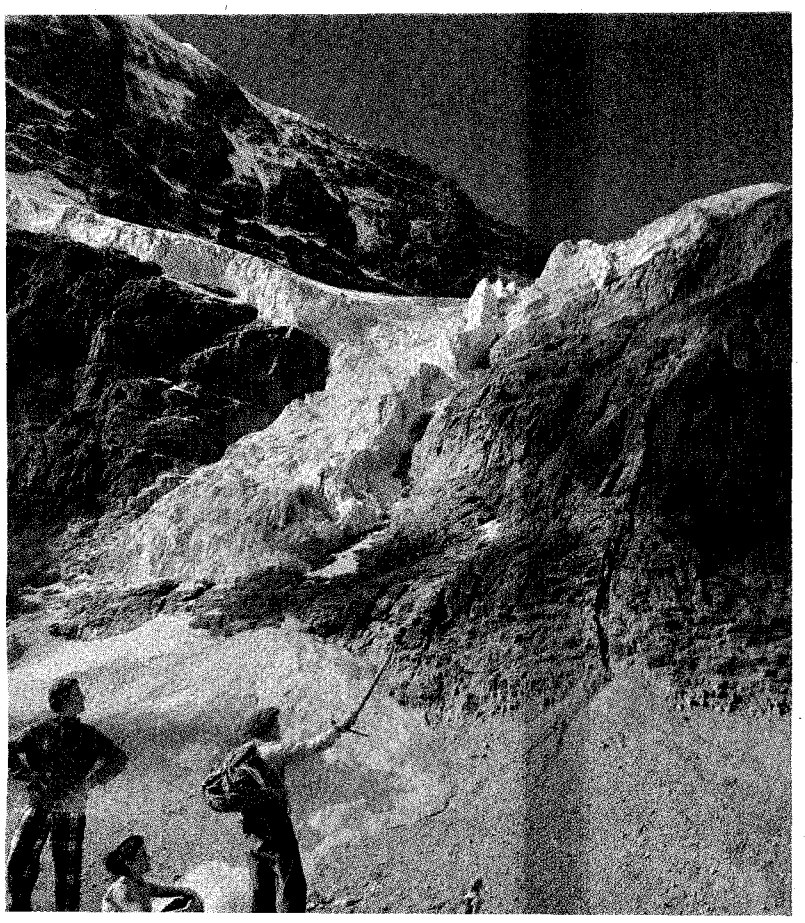
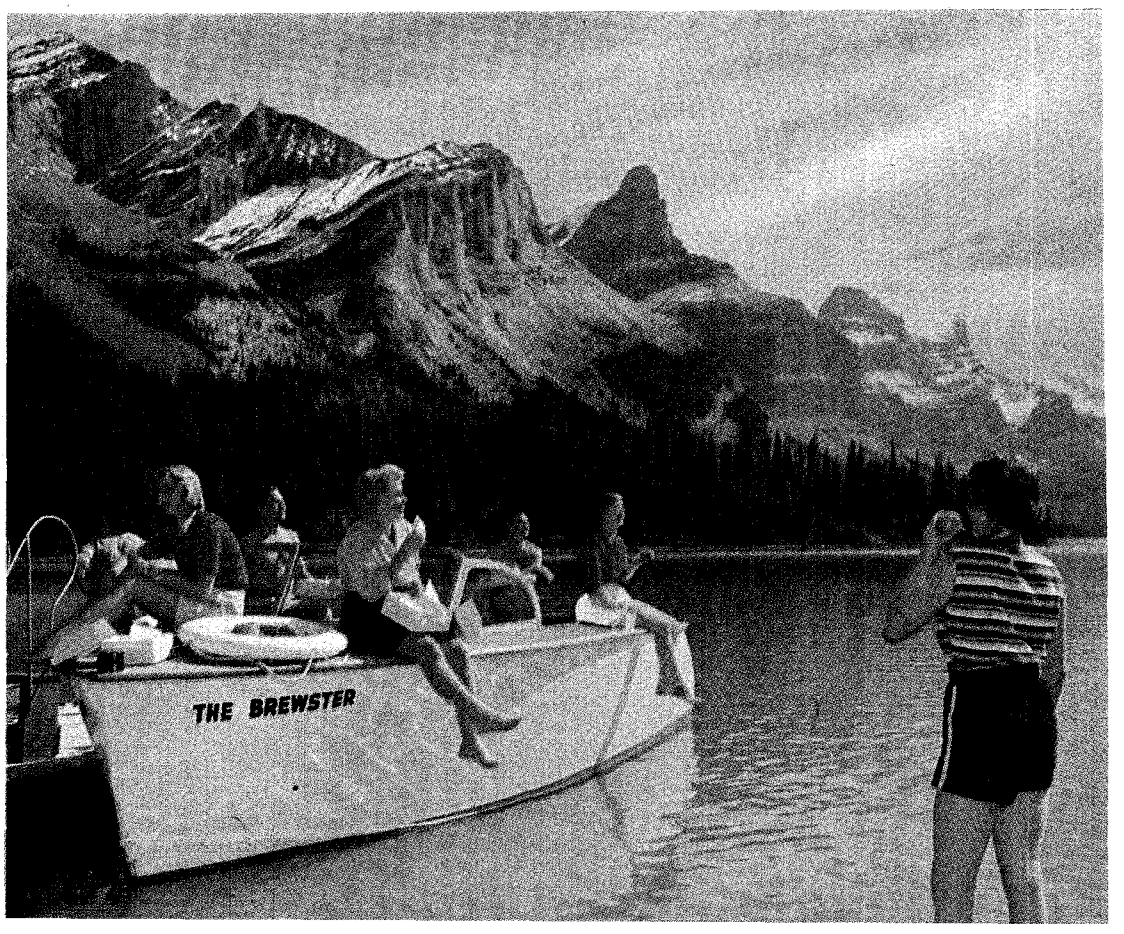
Teatime at Jasper Park Lodge. This rambling, three-million-dollar hotel was erected in a single winter after fire destroyed the original log structure in 1952.

Angel glacier: Here a double-winged snow-and-ice formation cascades down a notch on 11,033-foot-high Mt. Edith Cavell.



Maligne Lake was completely barren until 1928, when it was stocked with 201,000 Eastern-brook-trout fry. It is now one of the finest bits of trout water in the world.



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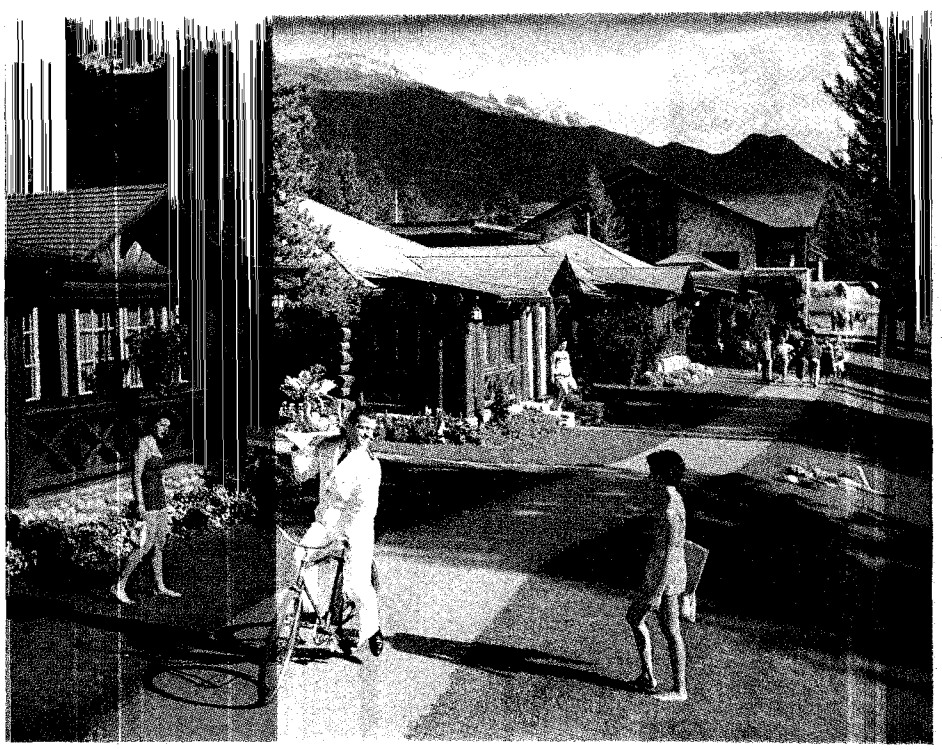
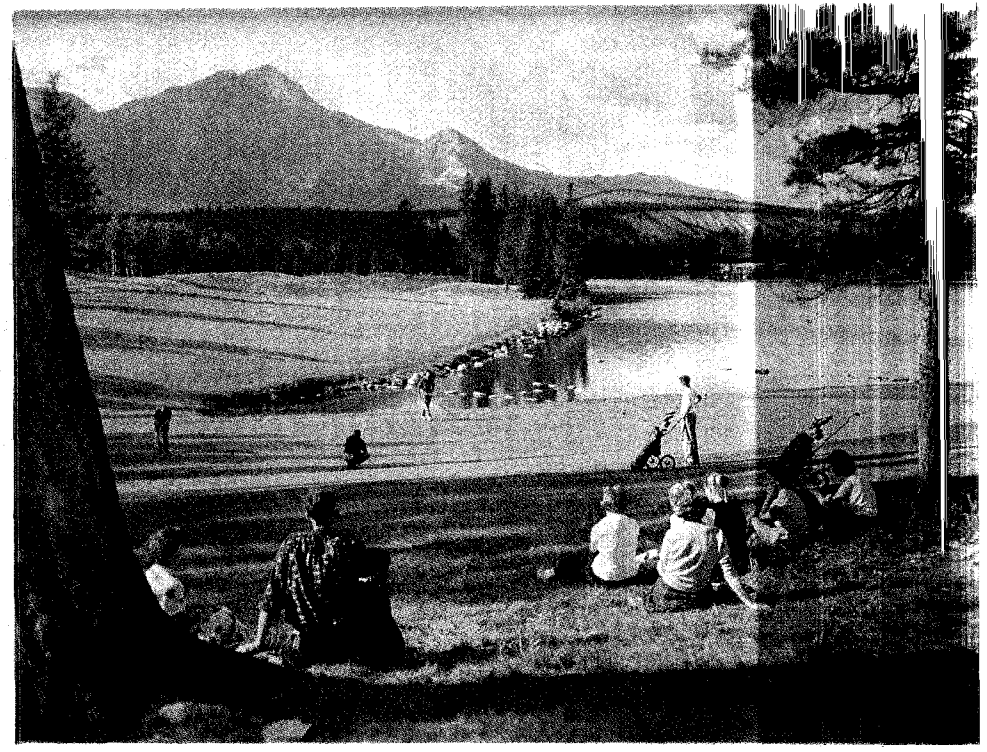
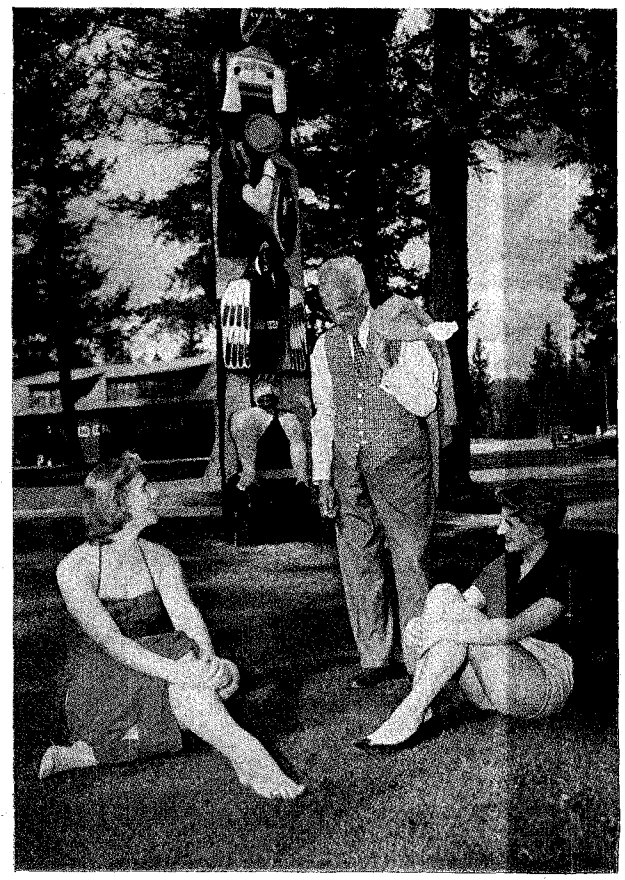


Room service, Jasper style: "We hire our waiters more for their ability as trick bicycle riders than for carrying trays," says lodge manager Kornforth.



The sixteenth hole of the hotel golf course overlooks Lake Beauvert and the lodge (upper right), with Pyramid Mountain rising in the background.

Dr. O'Hagan (below), Jasper's first physician, came to care for railroad employees, but liked the park so much he never left.



Luxurious Wilderness

Grizzlies roam freely in sight of pampered guests, and golfers sometimes have to kick black bears off the green: Here is Canada's paradoxical "zoo without bars."

By HAL BURTON Photographs by Gene Lester

The discovery that the phrase, "Live and let live," is something more than a pious admonition to the cantankerous was borne in last summer on a young college girl ending her first day as a waitress at Jasper Park Lodge, in the Canadian Rockies. Aching in every bone after eight hours on her feet, she sought out a nearby pond, slipped into a bathing suit and dived into the cooling waters for a swim.

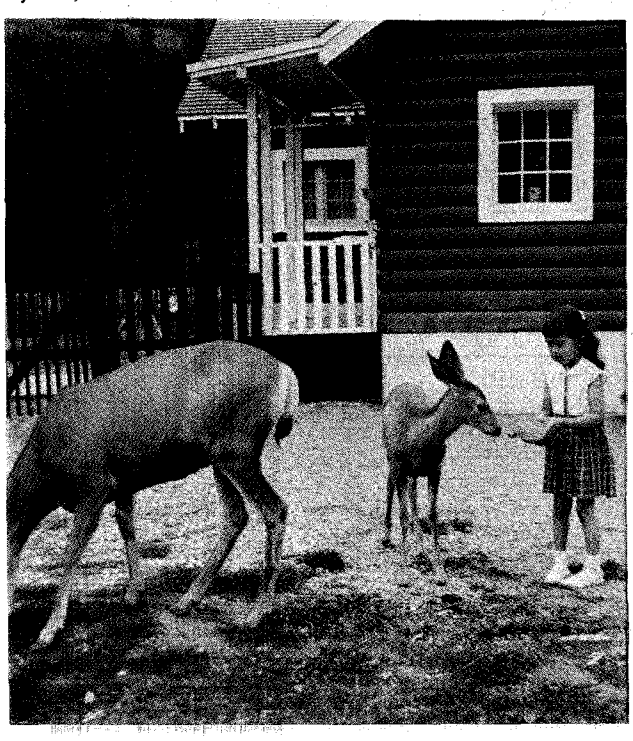
Upon raising her eyes to drink in some of the finest mountain scenery on the continent, the young woman was taken aback to discover that she was not alone. Ten feet away, paddling about in a bemused manner, was a very large black bear. After a brief and mutually startled moment of recognition, the two of them separated. The bear proceeded with dignity to one shore, while the girl broke all speed records en route to the other.

Some 250 Canadian college students work as waitresses, chambermaids, bus boys and chauffeurs at Jasper Park Lodge, a luxurious summer hotel open from mid-June to mid-September. The money they earn helps to pay for tuition and related expenses. This educated audience, after listening to the whole hair-raising story at breakfast the next morning, responded with ill-concealed yawns and visibly glazed eyes. Upset by this lack of sympathy, the girl sought out a classmate for an explanation.

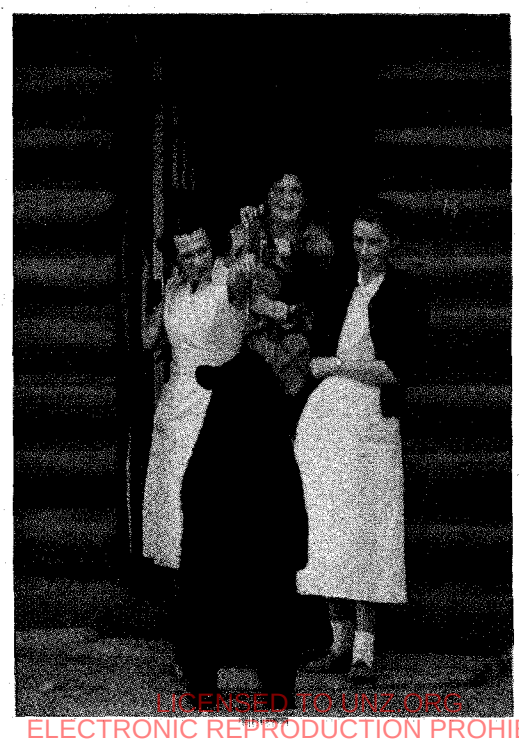
"Listen," said her friend. "Nobody is afraid of black bears around Jasper. If you don't try to pose for a snapshot showing a bear eating out of your hand, and if you just keep your distance, they'll ignore you. They can be troublesome if you try to feed them—which you shouldn't—but, in general, if you don't bother them, they won't bother you."

To illustrate, she pointed out the nearest window. A mother bear and three cubs were strolling across a manicured lawn, an air of slight *ennui* visible on their muzzles. A few newcomers to the lodge were snapping pictures from a (Continued on Page 124)

Jasper deer have few inhibitions. They forage freely in back yards, and sometimes invade houses in search of titbits.



Feeding bears can be a dangerous pastime, but the cubs still manage to get surreptitious handouts.



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The children laughed
as they paddled in the streams
that filled the garden paths.

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THE WOMAN NO ONE NEEDED

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

By STUART CLOETE

Her children had families of their own, and there was no place in their world for her.

Mrs. Slim was sixty-five. A small squat woman who generally wore black. On Sunday it was purple and a hat with feathers. She had had nine children, of whom eight survived. She had sixteen grandchildren and more to come—she hoped. She wore shoes with elastic sides. She had a light hand with pastry and green fingers with her small garden and house plants. Her cyclamens not only did not die, they flowered year after year. And that will tell you something. "Motherly" was the adjective often applied to her. "A motherly soul." She had a letter in her hand. Her glasses had slipped down her nose. *They need me*, she said to herself. *They need me.* In her mind she saw Sylvia and the children.

As her thoughts operated on her will, she changed. The soft body became granite. Terrifying. The woman who tended her plants so well, who played bridge so badly, who loved cats and thought smoking a filthy habit, but who had become reconciled to smokers—the children all smoked—had gone. Stripped of possessions, of hope, of sorrow, she became the fundamental woman, the matriarch, the hearth goddess. She was the earth, the field, the heads of wheat, the twin stones between which they were ground, a woman ageless, deathless, protector of her clan, her race, of humanity.

The thought, *They need me*, had done it; had thrown her back two thousand years, ten thousand. Ceasing to be a mother, she had become the mother. Not of children but of mankind.

Her mind was saying over and over, *I'm coming, Sylvia. Mother's coming.* How often had she said that to the children? How often had every mother in the world said it in answer to some cry of distress, pain, fright or just plain loneliness—just the feeling of being neglected, lost in the great universe of adult feet, knees and draped skirts and trousers that was a child's world. A finger pinched in a door, barked knees. The cry of the child. The answering cry. The rush to help it, to protect it. The roar of the human lioness charging to save her cubs. *Coming, darling. Mother's coming.* That was the refrain in her mind. The mother song.

Now the action. The plan. Amelia Johnson would see to things. See that Andries, her house boy, watered the garden, kept the house clean and fed Tommy. Tommy, a big tabby, was the pride of her life. Why, he'd taken a prize once. Of course he was younger then. *But so were we all*, she thought. *Younger.* Now they were older, and the young were grown up. Had flown the nest like young birds.

She put on her garden hat—it was a straw burned brown by the sun—and walked down the short drive. Out through the gate in the plumbago garden hedge. How lovely it was now, in full blue flower. If you trimmed the hedges you got no flowers. Of course they looked neater, but, after all, neatness was not everything. She walked down the road. What a lovely day it was. The mountains over toward Somerset

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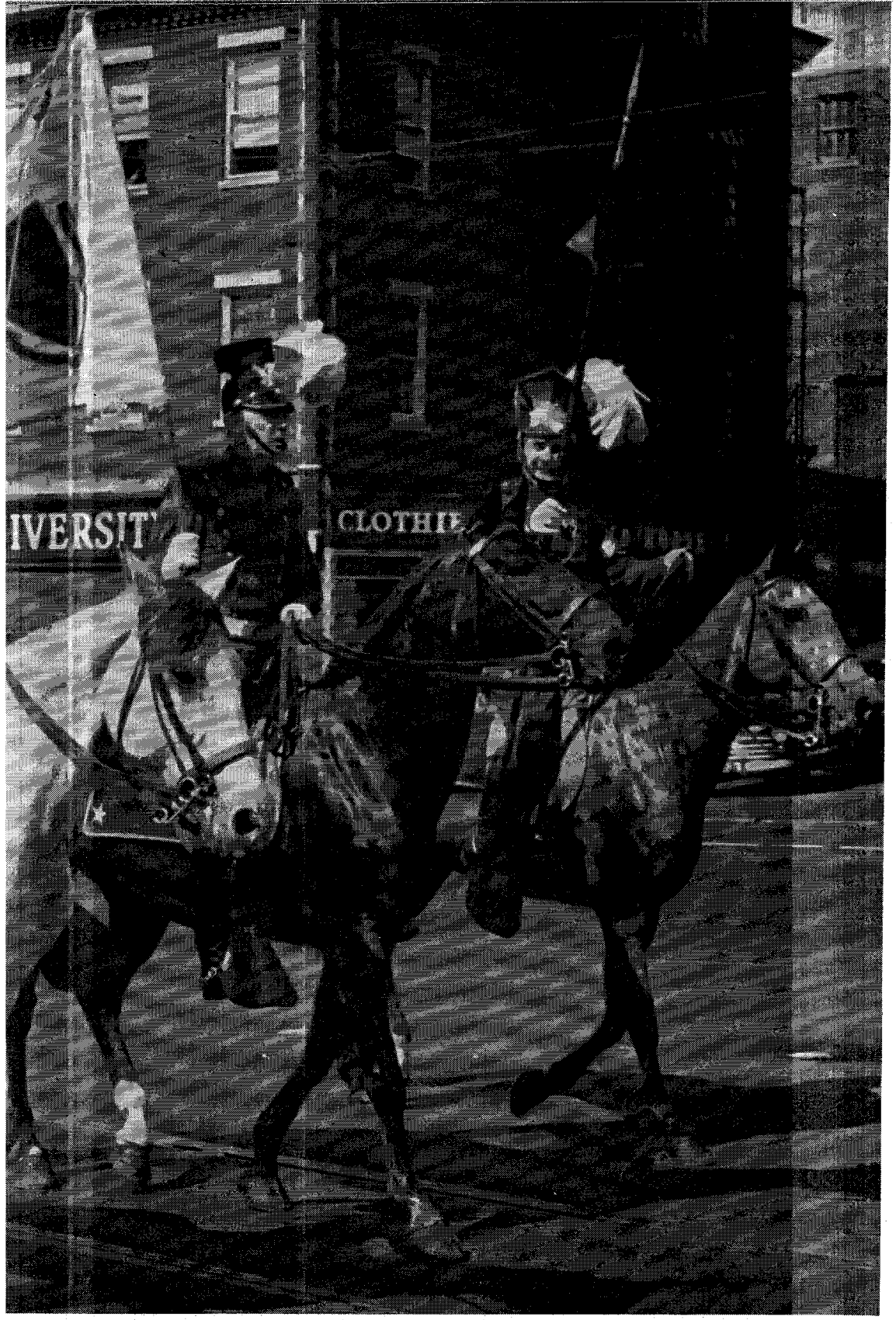

husetts. They are the successors to the eight pikemen who served at the first Harvard commencement in 1642.

America's Oldest Spectacular

By JOSEPH ALSOP

An old grad (Class of '32) gives the lowdown on the strange tribal rites that are observed before Harvard men are sent out into the cold, cold world.

Last year's honorary-degree winners—among them Treasury Secretary Humphrey, Senator John Kennedy, Justice Felix Frankfurter—file past the statue of John Harvard, each with a top-hatted escort.

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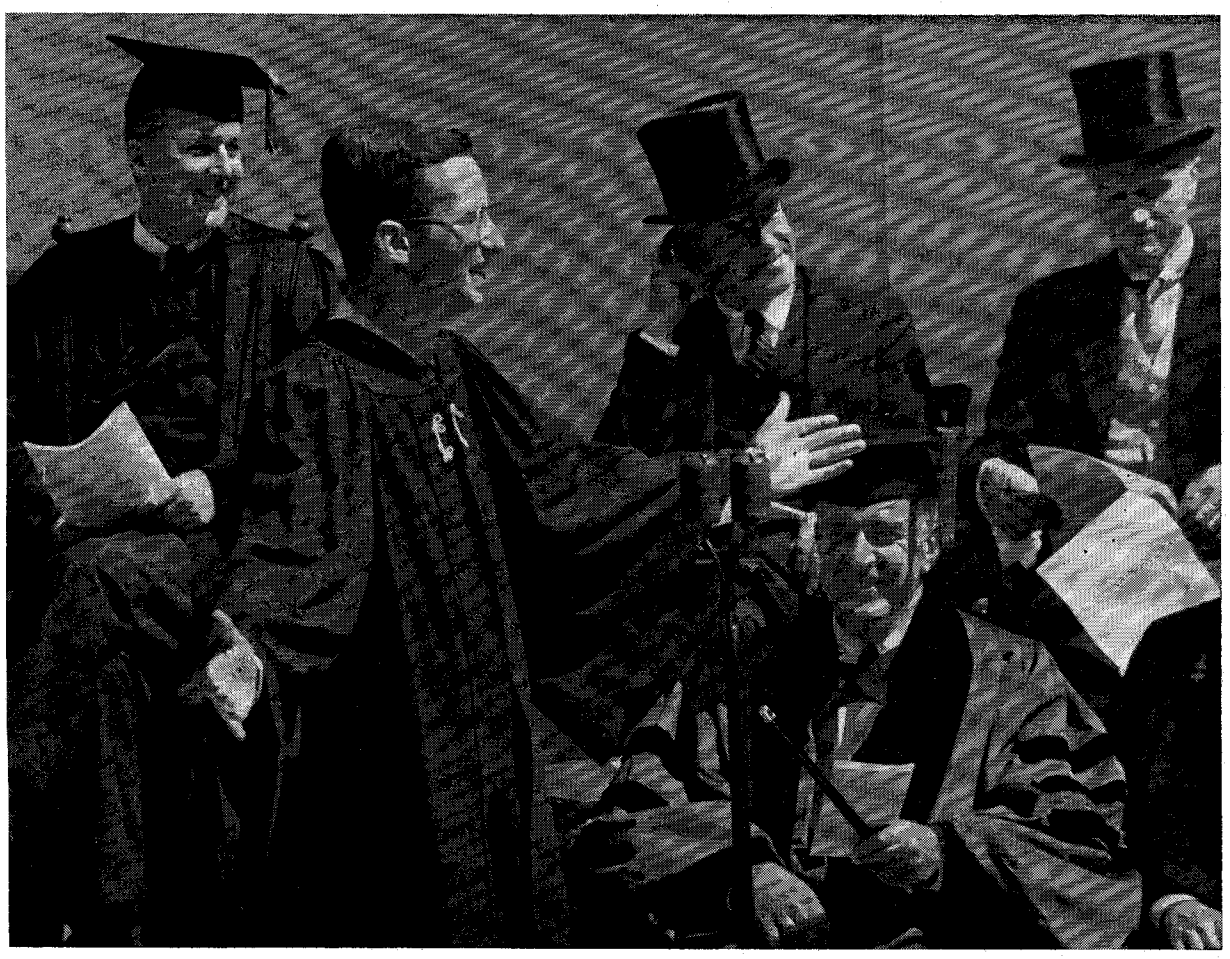
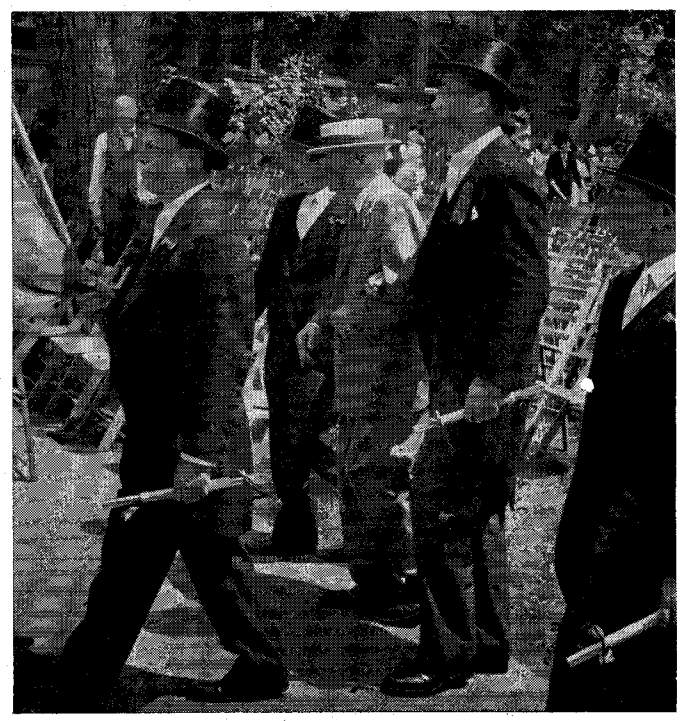


Getting off a gag in Latin: Graduating senior David Hershel Alpers delivered a lively dissertation in the dead language. At left is Dr. Nathan Pusey, Harvard president, in the venerable chair of office.

Chiang Yee, 1956 Phi Beta Kappa orator, alumni president Hatch (left) and senior tutor Whitehill.



Old Grad Godfrey Lowell Cabot (straw boater) expects to march for the class of '82 this year.

This is the season of the girls in their summer dresses and the young men, proud and earnest or just possibly hangdog and hungover, in their rented academic gowns. This is the season of families smiling and sweltering on the hard chairs under the shade trees, while the next generation receive their hard-earned diplomas; the season of punch and Japanese lanterns and open house in the clubs and fraternities and sororities, of caps in the air at Annapolis and chapel weddings at West Point and daisy chains at Vassar and of all sorts of other festive goings-on in all the hundreds of American colleges and universities.

This is the season when ordinarily drab professors assume the momentary Tudor splendor of their doctoral dress; the season when university presidents and college secretaries develop an unaccustomed, worried interest in the weather; the season when tens of thousands of balding alumni somewhat sadly seek to repair the irreparable outrage of the hurrying years, putting on a brief, delusive youth with the kilts, or the convict stripes, or even, God save the mark, the rompers that they wear to their class reunions.

This is the season when politicians, both honest and scoundrelly, and businessmen, both eminent and dubious, and poets who may be only poetasters, and many other public heroes, both fakes and solid gold, are called to the bunting-hung platforms to be made doctors of this and masters of that "*honoris causa*." This is the season when the noise of public oratory is loudest in our midst, filling the whole land with the dull boom of clichés and the rare but sharp snap of truth. In short, this is the season of graduations, commencements, or what you will, when all America is temporarily *en fête* because another year-class of our young men and women has at last completed what we perhaps too hopefully call a higher education.

This vast, nationwide June festival, I would have you note, is a purely American institution. The English, Scottish and European universities, where our own academic tradition was born, certainly award degrees in a dignified and traditional manner. But they have no such rich, peculiar combination as we have invented, of happy family party, grave academic ritual, riotous forgathering of old friends and classmates, and grandiose Chautauqua lecture. And at this season my thoughts always turn toward the (Continued on Page 97)

Harvard men used to be less inhibited on Class Day. This woodcut shows the class of 1858 dancing around a tree in the college yard as a final "token of fraternity and fellowship among those who are so soon to part—and who never expect all to be reunited in this world."

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THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Columbine's background hadn't equipped her to manage a motel—or any of its frightening guests . . .

When Columbine Pepper Drugget inherited a luxury motel in Phoenix, Arizona, worth half a million dollars, from her father, a new life began for her. Eighteen of her twenty-one years had been spent at Miss Cordwainer's Select School for Misses, run by her old-maid aunt. Columbine had no worldly experience at all.

The trip from New York to Arizona was a revelation to the girl. It included her first encounter with alcohol and the attentions of men. On the train, she dined with a strange trio—a rich Texas oil widow, a suspicious-looking parson and a fanatic professor. Sam Jones, a brassy young lawyer, who belonged to the firm handling her father's estate, met her train in Phoenix. After Columbine surveyed her new domain, The Grove of Daphne, and met Barbara Green, the hostess of the motel, she went to her room. There she discovered that she didn't have her own suitcase; instead, she had a man's traveling case, which contained a gun, a bag of jewels and other ominous objects.

The brassy woman Columbine had met on the train was threatening the desk clerk: "If either of those two men shows here, gimme a buzz, and God help you if you forget it!"

II

Columbine awakened and her watch told her it was only six o'clock. It was her usual time for awakening, because in New York it would have been eight. She slipped on bedroom slippers and gown and drew the curtains from her north window so that she could look out upon her domain, and beyond it to the mountains that reared themselves in the far background. The fronds of the date palms in the patio were motionless; the water in the pool was without a ripple and mirrored the blue and cloudless sky. In the neat cottages which walled in the court there was as yet no sign of life. Mourning doves were lugubriously vocal as they greeted the day.

In the morning light The Grove of Daphne seemed even more alarmingly enormous than it had in the glimpses she had caught of it at midnight. But her apprehension was ameliorated by the realization that all this was hers. The swimming pool was hers; the palms and the lawn; the gay garden furniture and the enclosing cottages so cleanly painted and inviting, all were hers.

Perforce she had to put on the dress in which she had traveled all the way from New York. Recollection that her own suitcase was missing came to her with a shock as she remembered the changeling suitcase that was in her possession, and its strange contents. What did one do in such a situation? There must have been two identical pieces of airplane baggage when she alighted from the train. This was not impossible, as there must be thousands of those yellow cases with the red stripe. Either she had taken the wrong one or someone preceding her had taken hers and left his own behind.

But the contents of this bag at her feet marked its owner as a person of abnormal habits and character—possibly unpleasant habits and character. A desiccated human hand. A pistol in its shoulder harness. A chamois bag of varicolored gems. It was not, Columbine conceived, a piece of baggage its owner would part with lightly. On the other hand, instinct told her, it was not a piece of baggage that the owner would be pleased to have seen by other eyes than his own. It might be most undesirable if its owner came to know that she, Columbine Pepper Drugget, had the case in her possession and had examined its contents. She placed it in a corner of her closet and covered it with a spare blanket that she found on the shelf.

Then, having bathed and dressed as best she could, she went diffidently down the stairs to the lobby of her inn, or hotel, or motor court, or whatever might be its designation. It was one of Columbine's characteristics that she remembered names. In fact, she remembered almost anything. So she recalled the name of the sleepy clerk behind the desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Simpkins," she said.

The young man, startled by her sudden appearance, stammered a good morning and stared at her.

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Columbine stared at herself in the mirror. She saw a beautiful woman, desirable, lovely in every way.

"Breakfast," she said sharply.

"The dining room," he answered, "does not open until seven-thirty."

"The dining room," she said, "is undoubtedly for guests. The employees must eat earlier?"

"Yes, Miss Drugget. Yes."

"I," she informed him, "am, in effect, an employee."

Somewhat dubiously he led her to the employees' dining room, where Barbara Green sat over coffee and eggs and toast. Columbine went to her table and seated herself with a curt good morning.

"Good morning, Miss Drugget," answered the hostess. "Why did you not have breakfast served in your room?"

"Breakfast in bed? Absurd! An execrable example to the pupils!" Even as she spoke she realized there were no pupils, only employees and guests. She flushed half with anger and half from embarrassment. "I am not," she said, "accustomed to pampering myself."

Miss Green did not raise her brows. This new proprietor was indeed going to be difficult. A face above a white coat appeared in the door and Miss Green addressed it. "Curt, will you see what Miss Drugget wants for breakfast?" And then, as the boy came to stand beside the table, "Curt, this is your new boss, Miss Drugget. . . . Curt is one of our bus boys."

"Good morning, Curt," Columbine said pleasantly, and held out her hand. Curt grabbed it and dropped it as if it were red hot. "What may I have for breakfast, Curt? I'm not making you extra work, am I?"

"No, ma'am—lady. We got orange juice and oatmeal and ham and eggs and toast ——"

"Goodness gracious, Curt, not all that. Just orange juice (Continued on Page 117)

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

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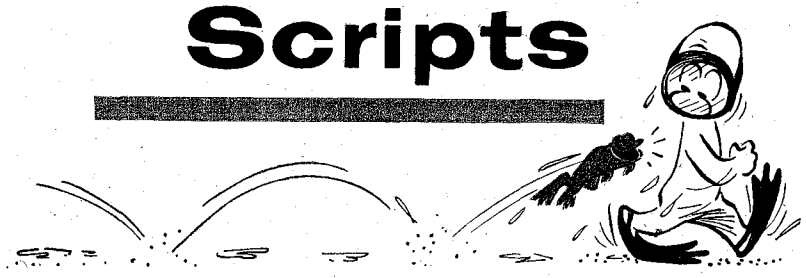
Post Scripts



Will Success Spoil Mrs. Hunter?

My hair is always whistle clean,
  My blood is never tired.
I can't remember any more
  The last time I perspired.

My permanents just last and last,
  My hands are never rough.
I've lots of time for pleasure, 'cause
  My floors won't ever scuff.

My lipstick lasts from morn 'til
    night,
  My girdle won't ride up.
My coffee's simply heavenly,
  More flavor to the cup.

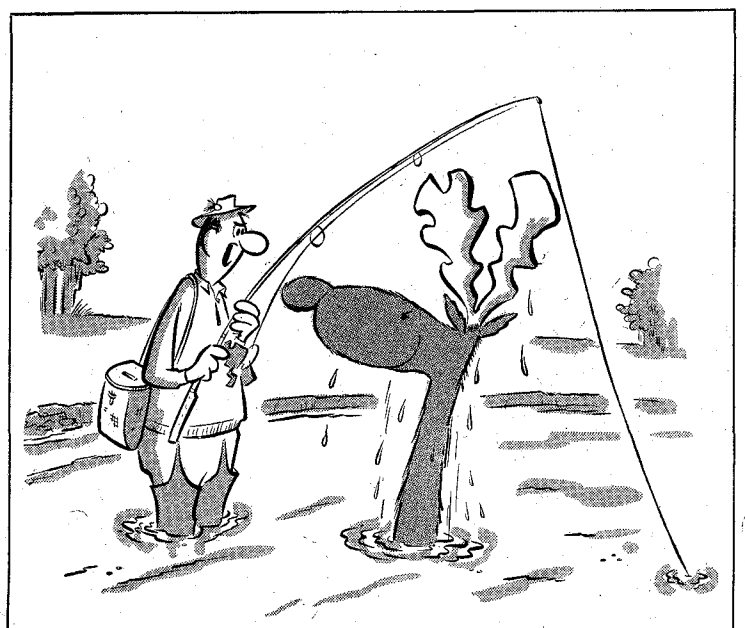
My puppy loves his dog food now,
  He's healthy as can be.
I have less toil around the house,
  My sewer drains are free.

I get a full eight hours' sleep,
  Just like the fellow said.
No bromides or barbiturates
  Becloud my ache-free head.

The age lines 'round my eyes are
    gone,
  My powder never cakes.
I have a pan that fries, and stews,
  And barbecues, and bakes.

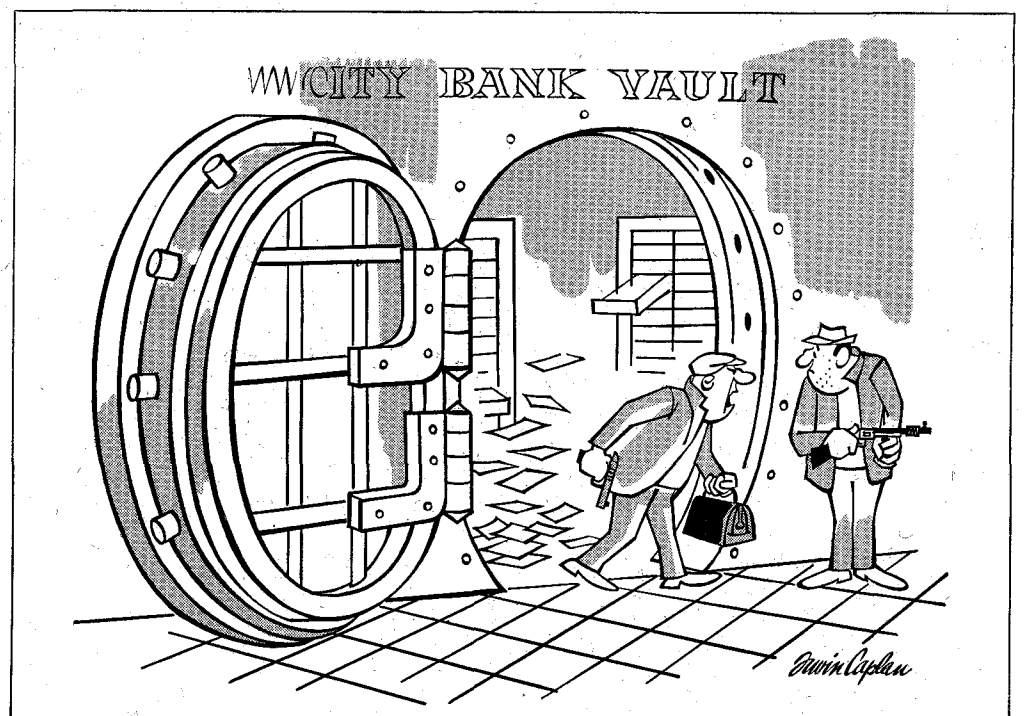
What's missing, *missing*, MISSING
  From my life so worry free?
I haven't got a thing to do—
  And, boy, it's killing me!

WILLIAM BRAMLEY



"Where were you during hunting season?"

GALLAGHER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Not a darn thing in there but quiz questions."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How to Lose Friends and Influence Nobody

Her husband's a crumb; he's an absolute bum,
  She wails—and it strikes me as curious:
If I should protest, she'll be wildly distressed,
  And if I agree, she'll be furious.

PHILENE HAMMER

A Night of Mystery

Say, wasn't that some hair-raiser last night on TV?

Remember how that girl—she was the policeman's daughter—was kidnaped by that smuggler? . . . Oh, no, he was the program before. She was kidnaped by the trapeze artist and he carried her up to the bell tower. Remember?

And how he battled with that apeman up there—or was it that aviator? No, it was the apeman, all right. The aviator was in that next show, the Old Smoky Playhouse—up there on that mountaintop in Peru. Remember?

Anyway, this girl woke up, and there was this eagle, the apeman's pet, and he carried her down to the plains and there were those Indians dancing around and —— No, I'm not mixed up with The Auerbach Hour. Sure, they had Indians, too, but they weren't real ones. Just gangsters in disguise. Remember?

Well, the best part was when the girl got away in the Government man's car, remember? And who should stop her for speeding but her own father. . . . Or was it her husband? . . . No, that was the Eyebag Theater. The policeman was the husband there.

Say, that reminds me of a joke Jim Floogle told Tuesday morning—or was it Monday? . . . What's the matter? A headache? You ought to try that stuff they keep advertising. Stoppo. . . . Oh, no, that's for snoring.

ALMA DENNY

Moody Music

Some sing when they've been given
  A reason to rejoice
And life is looking rosy,
  But if I have a choice
I sing when I'm unhappy—
  I have that kind of voice.

P. J. BLACKWELL

I Don't Even Want to Listen

To the world, of course, Harvey Figmore is that madcap, anything-for-a-laugh comedian of television. But what most persons don't know is that Harvey Figmore has a serious side to him. Harvey, it seems ——

Avery McGruder, who is quite a celebrity, due to the fact that his winnings on Station XTV's Super-Mammoth-Gigantic Quiz Show now total $985,000 (category: Shakespeare), recently was asked to express his views on the city's traffic problems. Avery said that, in his opinion ——

Any kid who ever played football for Coach Perkins at State College will tell you the same thing: Beneath Coach Perkins' seemingly callous, ruthless, snarling, explosive exterior beats a kindly ——

Gregory Stalcup, the dynamic Hollywood director, is known throughout the industry as a man who seems always to know exactly what the public craves in the way of motion-picture entertainment. Some persons insist that Stalcup possesses a sixth sense, while others ——

Merton Ainslee, personnel director of the Burlington Manufacturing Company, reveals that some of the firm's employees engage in unusual hobbies. For example, several are numismatists, while a dozen or more are philatelists. Puzzled? Well, let us explain exactly what those persons do. First of all, a numismatist is a person who ——

T. Calvin Briddleford, president of the Gainsworth Company, states that not one person in a hundred fully appreciates the time, ingenuity and patience which go into the actual manufacture of just one seemingly unimportant little ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

Ein Oldischer Frau

Ein oldischer frau in der shoe ben gestayen
  Mit youngischers swarmen und rounder-
    geplayen.
Upserven der soupers mitouten der breaden,
  Das frau ben gestuffen der bratters in bedden.

DAVE MORRAH

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When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

IT SETS A NEW STANDARD OF *Splendor*

WE BELIEVE you will be delighted with the new magnificence that has come to the fine-car field.

Its name — ROADMASTER 75. Its purpose — luxury without limit.

We conceived and created this motorcar to raise a new standard of splendor for you to enjoy. And how well we have succeeded is for you to say.

Your inspection of the new interior will reveal the extent of our progress in luxurious décor—

In such concepts as *glove-finish* fabrics of wool broadcloth or nylon. Supple, hand-buffed leather trim. Widely sweeping armrests on doors fully upholstered from floor to window glass. Deep-pile carpeting, thickly cushioned. A stunning new instrument panel, padded for safety, and chromed from end to end.

But thoroughly the equal of this interior magnificence is the magnificent performance engineered into ROADMASTER 75.

Here you have Variable Pitch Dynaflow — without equal among all the world's fine cars for its absolute smoothness and instant response.

Here you have the might of Buick's highest horsepower — the roadmastery of the great Buick ride brought to new steadiness and solidity — the superb new handling and control that make this such a beautiful car to drive.

MOTORING'S NEWEST ADVANCE — AIR-COOLED ALUMINUM BRAKES

Even the greater surety and smoothness of air-cooled aluminum front brakes — *newest and finest in the fine-car field* — are yours in this luxury automobile.

Surely, you owe it to yourself to inspect ROADMASTER 75 at your earliest convenience. See your Buick dealer. He'll be honored to accommodate you.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

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TRUCK TIRE *BUY-OF-THE-YEAR* HAS *TRIPLE-TOUGH* 3-T CORD!

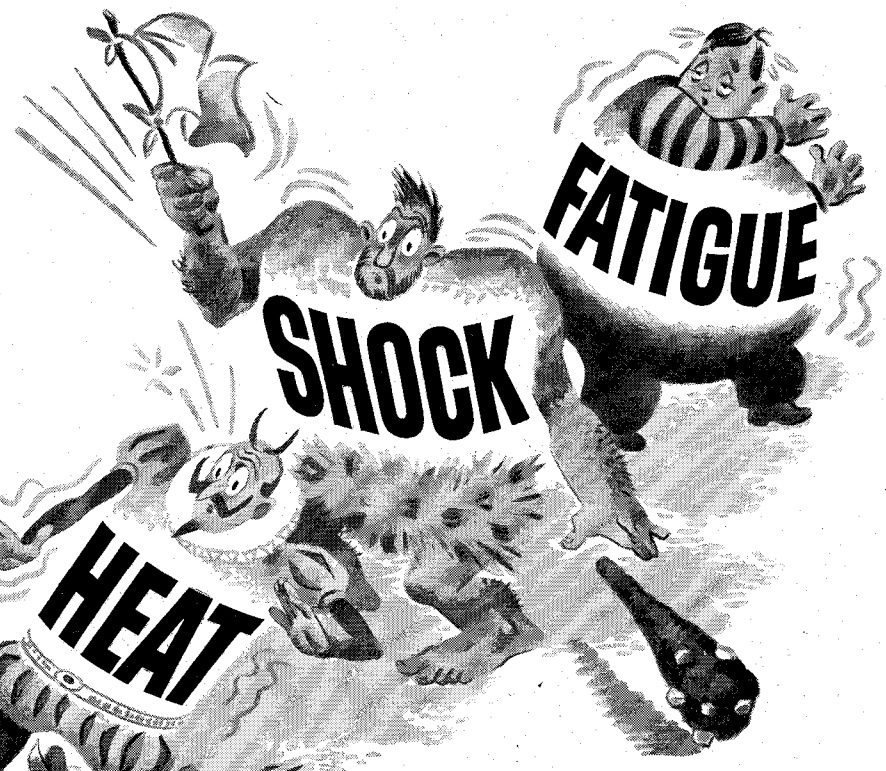
New RIB HI-MILER

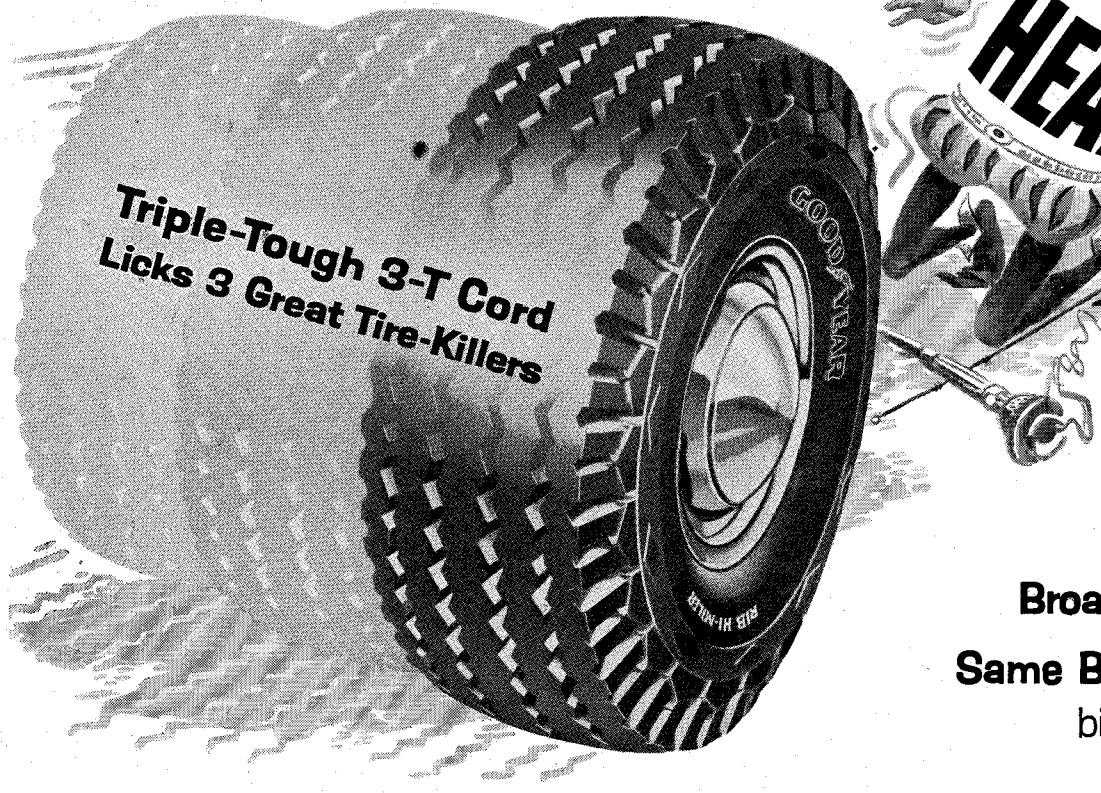
It's the most of the best for your money

Simply can't be matched at **$19.95**

6-ply rating for size 6.00-16, plus tax and recappable tire—yes, no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced—including TUBELESS in 15" and 16" sizes. Prices subject to change.

CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS! Pay as little as $2 weekly for a *pair* of these truck tires, at most Goodyear dealers'.





Triple-Tempered by Goodyear's exclusive process precisely controlling "Tension, Temperature and Time"

Deep skid-resistant tread

Rugged shoulders, built to take it

Broader tread—more rubber grips road

Same Basic Design used by big fleets to cut costs

Low first cost just begins your savings in EXTRA miles, EXTRA recaps, EXTRA dependable service!

You should pay for a truck tire only *once*.

But if it can't take the HEAT of hard runs, the SHOCK of bumps and bangs, the crippling FATIGUE of tough service—*you'll pay for that tire over and over again* in delays, down time, and extra service expense.

That's why Goodyear's new RIB HI-MILER is the buy-of-the-year, the he-man truck tire—through and through—that you simply can't match for the money.

Its first cost is LOW—and it's built with TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T CORD, *triple-tempered* to lick those 3 Great Tire-Killers. This is a Goodyear *exclusive*—and an important reason why the RIB HI-MILER can roll up thousands of extra miles after other tires at the price are on the junk pile!

You should pay for a truck tire only *once*—so get the one that *continues* big savings while on your truck!

Get the RIB HI-MILER—at Goodyear dealers' ONLY!

Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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Pirrie's small body lay stretched across the camber of the road. There was blood underneath him.

NO BLADE OF GRASS

Like savages, they fought to live, and like savages, some died . . .

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

"As soon as you see someone lift his arm, slam everything at him," John ordered. "If we don't keep the grenades out, we've had it." Besieged in the deserted house where they had taken shelter for the night, the party fought off unknown marauders. Only a day's march ahead lay Blind Gill, the barricaded valley farm owned by John's brother. Here they hoped to find a haven against the starvation and savagery that engulfed England as a result of the devastating Chung-Li virus and of the government's plan to destroy the nation's principal cities. Earlier, the Custances, the Buckleys and the Pirries had broken out of London alone. Now there were thirty-four in the group; they needed the strength of numbers. John, the leader, realized anew that much depended on Pirrie's strange relish for murder. For it was the gun dealer's cross fire during the night that had finally broken the siege.

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CONCLUSION

They traveled easily and uneventfully that day, if fairly slowly. Their route now lay for the most part across the moors, and there were several places where it was necessary to leave the roads and cut over the bare or heathery slopes or to follow by the side of one of the rivers or streams that flowed down from the moors. The sun rose at their backs into a cloudless sky, and before midday it was too hot for comfort. John called an early halt for dinner, and afterward told the women to get the children down to rest in the shade of a group of sycamores.

Roger asked him, "Not pressing on with all

(Continued on Page 68)

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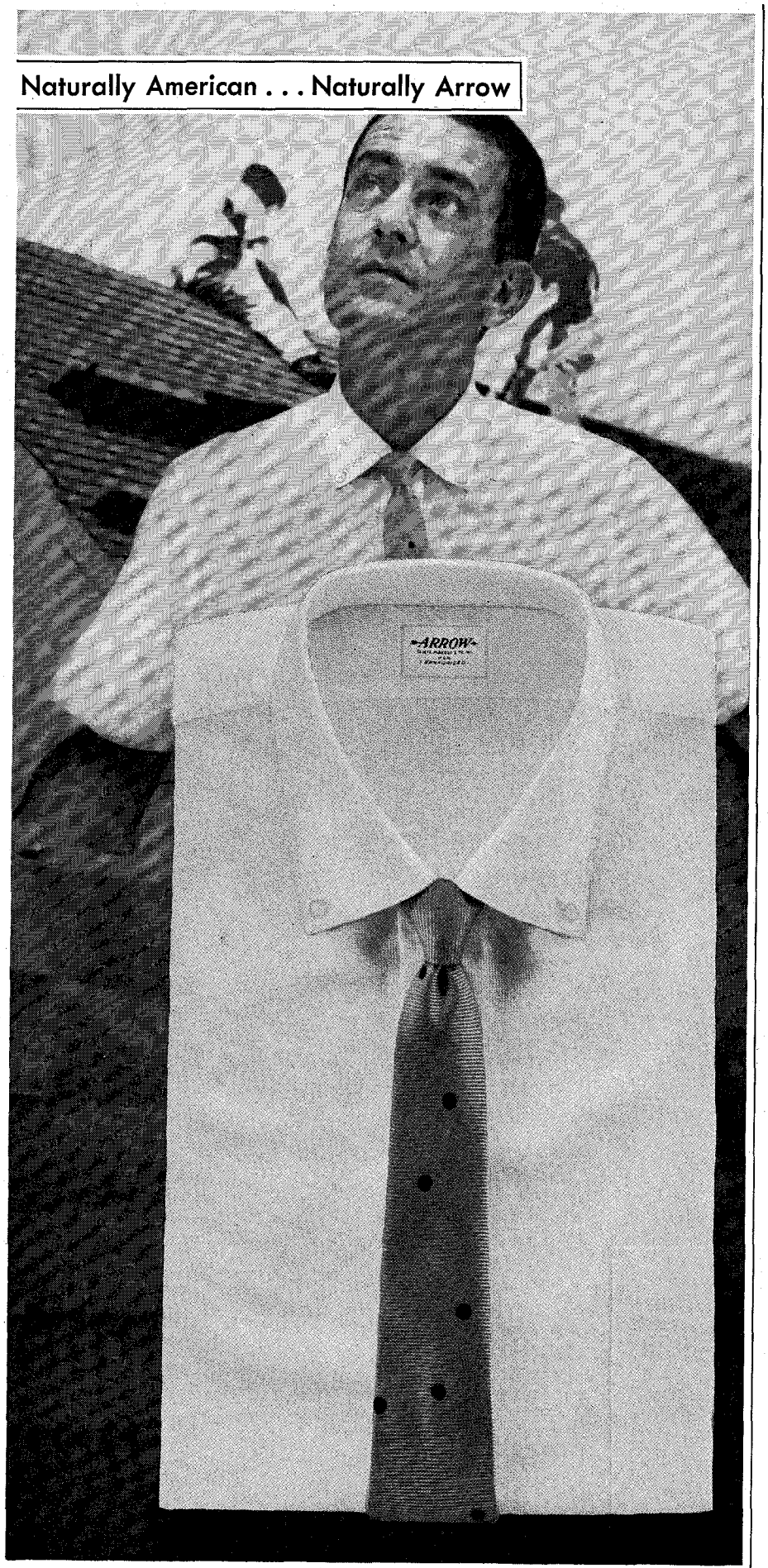

ARROW BI-WAY

No other collar you can wear is quite so comfortable as the Arrow *Bi-Way*. This exclusive Arrow button down, with long or short sleeves, feels more comfortable because it is cut *lower* in front. And it can be worn with or without a tie! Arrow *Bi-Way*, meticulously tailored of lightweight broadcloth, is "Sanforized"-labeled, of course. *Bi-Way*, $4.00 up, Arrow Silk and Rayon Tie, $2.50. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW — first in fashion

Come to the Wedding

(Continued from Page 37)

There was no doubt about it, Ted's family was really proper, and so was Ted. Once he had taken her to the Boston Symphony, and she had all but strangled suppressing a cough. Afterward, in his car, driving Lynn back to college, Ted had said, "It isn't just the music I love; it's the respect the people have for it. It's sort of holy at the symphony." And Lynn, wondering how many people had been strangling rather than listening, didn't say anything because she loved his "holy" remark. *He always saves himself from being stuffy*, she thought, *by some remark like that.*

"Where would you like to live, Ted, when you grow up?"

They were parked in front of Lynn's college dormitory, using up the last few minutes before the twelve-o'clock curfew.

He turned to her and laughed. "I've been grown up ever since I can remember." His teeth were very even, and in the darkness his tanned face looked faintly Indian. "I'd live here, silly, near Boston." He paused. "You know, finish college next week, rest for the summer, go to work for Dunham and Evvarts in September." He said it as if he were reciting a creed.

It annoyed her. "And marry a nice New England girl," Lynn said, "and live happily ever after."

He leaned across the seat and kissed her full on the lips. "That's the only thing that isn't planned," he whispered. "Good night, Cinderella."

I love him, Lynn thought.

No one in Lynn's family had met Ted, and when she had suggested that he be a house guest, her mother had said, "Don't you think he'll think it's a little odd?" And Lynn had said, "There's nothing odd about being a house guest, mother. After all, he is an usher. The only thing odd is this family." And after that her mother had said nothing more, nor had her father. Her brother Nathan had suggested that if this Ted person wore white, pointy-toed shoes, like the last beau she had invited to visit, he was going to resign from the family; and her little brother, Quintard, had asked if this Ted person would give him tips to go away, like the last one, whose name, he lovingly reminded Lynn, was Lester. She had kept her temper under control—and then Alice spoke up from her fog of bridal arrangements and said, "It's my wedding; all of you stop teasing her." So they all had. Ted had been invited and had arrived yesterday.

Lynn had walked to the station to meet him, thinking the stroll would be more romantic than a car trip. She had forgotten that he would be carrying a suitcase and that it might be a hot day. The stroll up from the station was punctuated only by grunts from Ted as he shifted the heavy suitcase from one hand to the other. And when Lynn said sentimentally, "This is where I played as a little girl," he said, "I wish you'd brought your bicycle along."

Halfway home they met Thatcher Jones. He was a friend of Nathan's, a neighbor, the boy who, often as not, took Lynn to the movies or played with Quintard to keep him out of trouble. Thatcher appeared from behind a bush, incongruously—but then, he was red-haired and freckled and skinny and kind of incongruous anyway.

"You must be Ted," Thatcher said, holding out his hand. "I'm the Singers' handy man." And he took Ted's suitcase before Lynn could say anything, and walked ahead of them up the sidewalk.

That Thatcher, Lynn thought. He was moving just a step ahead of them, so that, if they were not very careful, they would tread on his heels. And such heels. Huge grayish sneakers with holes in them covered Thatcher's sockless feet.

Thatcher turned his head and stared at Ted. "You aiming to marry this girl here?"

"Oh, shut up," Lynn said.

Ted looked at her sternly. To Thatcher he said, "Not today. It's too hot." They went the rest of the way to the house in silence.

There were two gigantic pine trees at one corner of the Singers' property, so it wasn't until they passed them and came abreast of the great, sprawling house that any of them saw the poster pasted to the pillar of the front porch.

It was a World War One poster, five feet high, with a lady painted on it, wearing a vague white garment. Underneath her floating feet was the legend, GIVE TILL IT HURTS.

Next to the poster, beaming proudly, stood Quintard, hair on end, barefoot. "It's so the guests will get the idea tomorrow," Quintard announced happily.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Feline Sea

White scalloped paws of
kitten waves
Make quest for shells
beyond their reach,
Until the great cat, Tide,
awakes
And claims for self both
shells and beach.

By Louise A. Nickerson

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"I hope you brought a present, Ted Malone."

Thatcher sat down on the sidewalk and laughed hysterically.

Ted picked up the suitcase from where the hopelessly laughing Thatcher had dropped it, said, "I presume this is where you live," and marched into the house.

Since then, Lynn had guarded Ted from Quintard—and from Nathan, who, after all, had found the poster in the attic. She had made a tremendous effort to act decorous, hoping, willing the rest of the family to follow suit. So far, the only reaction had come from her mother, Miriam, who said, "Are you sick?" when Lynn had appeared for breakfast this morning, fully dressed and the first one up.

Lynn looked again into the hallway below, in time to see Thatcher step into the hall and take the packages from grandma. "What are you today?" grandma asked. "One of Lynn's beaux or a disappointed lover of the bride?"

Thatcher grinned. His teeth stuck out a little, and it made his grin seem even more eager than he intended. "I'm on Lynn's side," he said. "I'm the old shoe."

And Lynn wondered quickly why Thatcher's remark didn't make her laugh. It made her feel, suddenly, a little sad. *That damned Thatcher*, she thought. *Him and his poetry.*

She watched grandma climb the stairs, with Thatcher behind her. Grandma was wearing black velvet pumps on her tiny feet, instead of her usual sensible broad-toed shoes. As she rounded the last turn of the steps and smiled at Lynn, Lynn decided

(*Continued on Page 52*)

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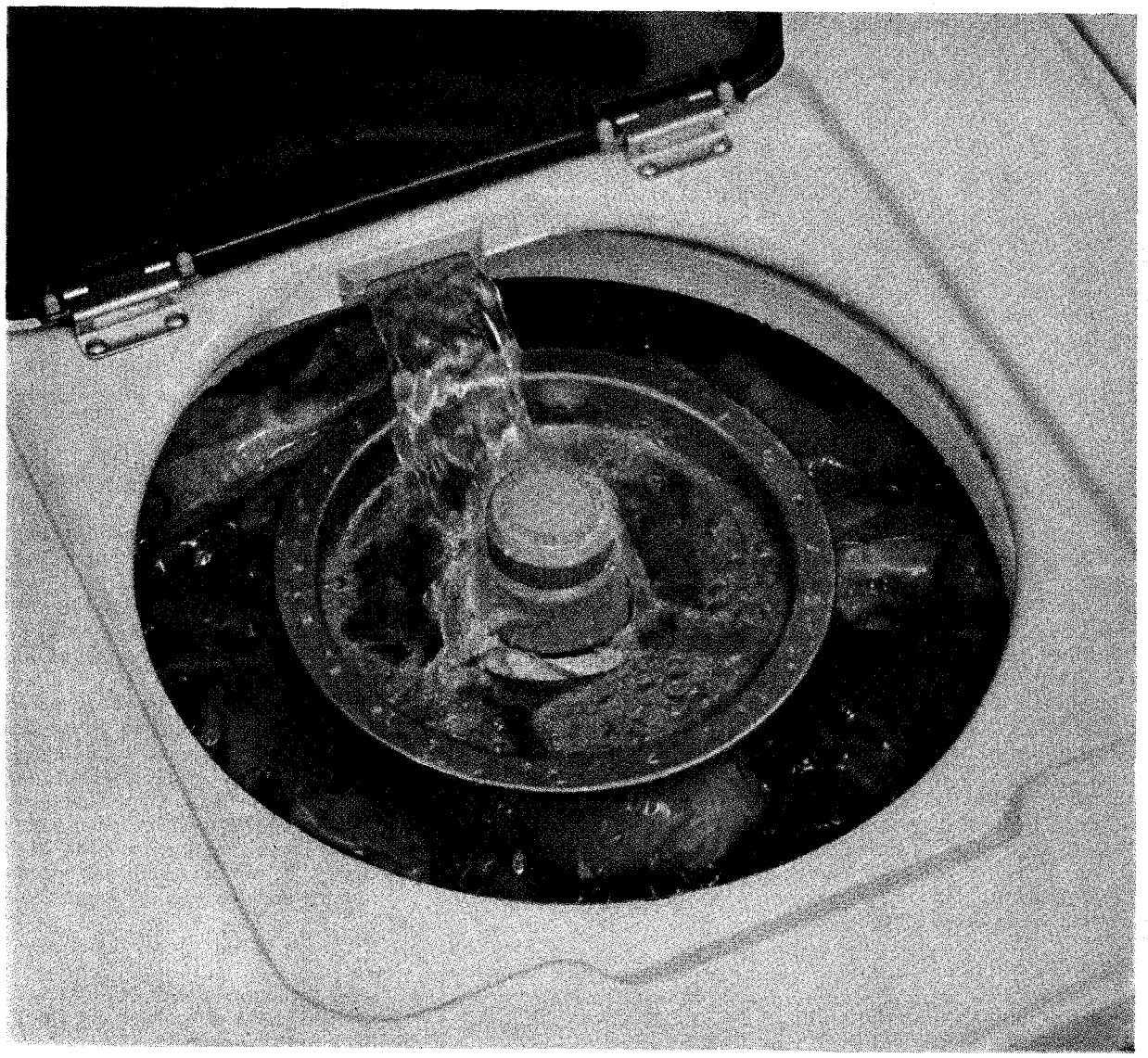
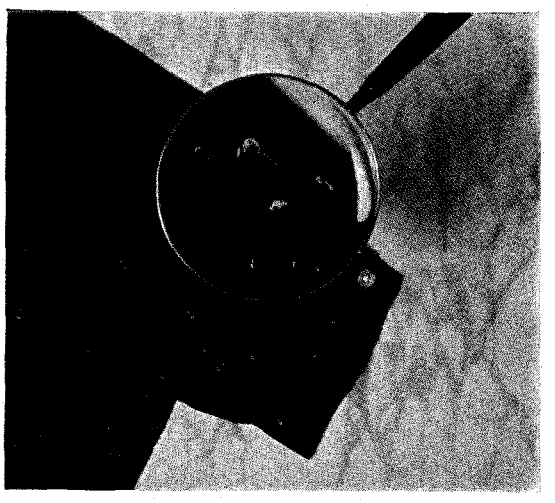
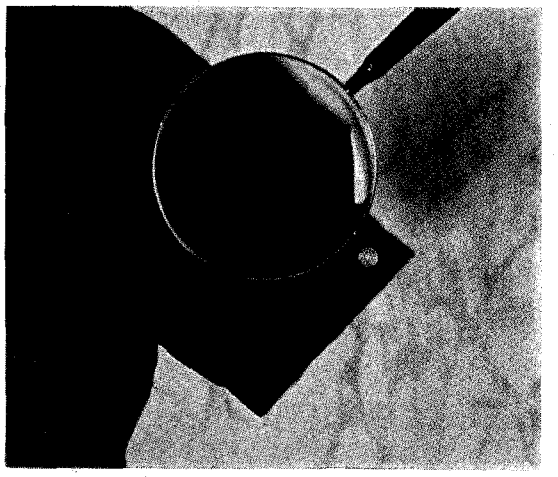
Filters Wash Water... No Lint Fuzz on Clothes



Removable filter—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. The filter catches lint as water flows through, cleaning and recleaning it to give you cleaner clothes! A full tub of water is filtered five times during one wash cycle. Also use the filter to dispense your detergent evenly dissolved through the wash.



Not the "linty water" way. After 7 washings this cotton blouse was dulled by lint fuzz in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes; gets stuck in seams, too.



But the "clean water" way. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, an identical cotton blouse washed in an identical washload showed *practically no lint.*

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO® WASHER

cleans and recleans wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute

Good-bye lint-spoiled washes! With the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washing System, lint is caught in the filter—not on your socks, linens and cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

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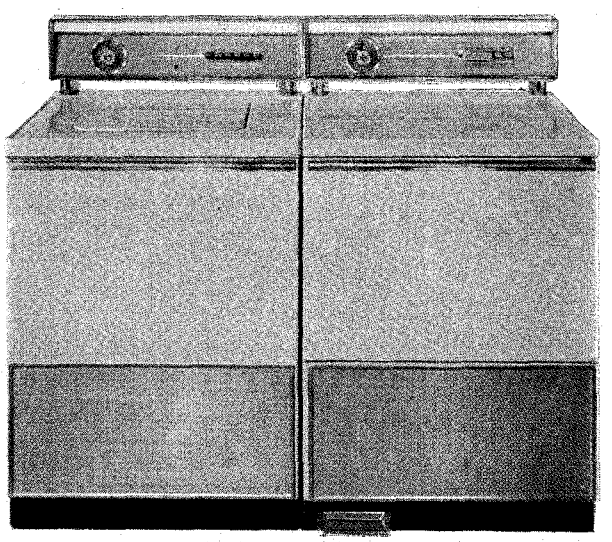

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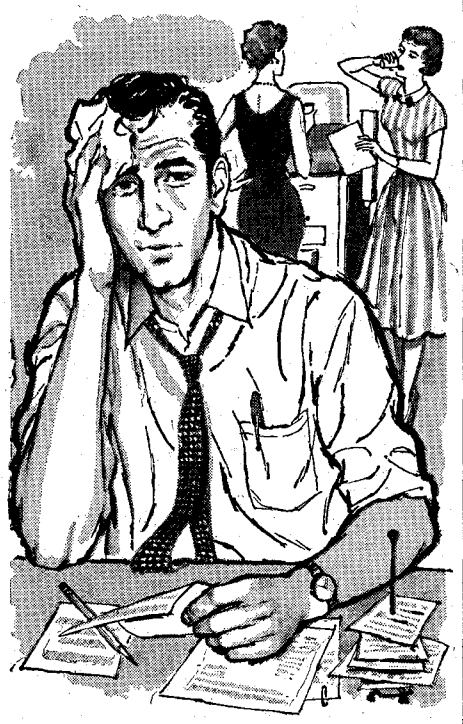

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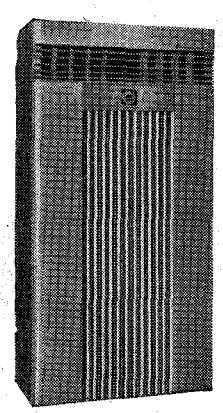


AMERICAN-Standard PRODUCTS

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard
DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

(*Continued from Page 50*) suddenly that the beaded crepe de Chine was devastatingly becoming. *Why, she's impressive,* Lynn thought. *Like a sort of twinkling dowager.*

She took the bundles from Thatcher, who whistled and said, "Finish dressing, Miss Immodest." She and grandma went into the guest room.

Grandma said, "You ought to marry that Thatcher someday. He's our type. How's the bride?"

"Scared," Lynn said. *Our type indeed!*

Grandma smiled. "She shouldn't be. Harold is a nice boy. I like him. And heavens, they're so in love!"

I'm so in love, Lynn thought. For a moment, she forgot everything, thinking of herself and Ted getting married. Ted so handsome, so strong, so right. *I wonder,* she thought, *if Alice would lend me her cap and veil.*

"Wasn't there anyone," Lynn asked slowly, "out on the porch to help you bring those bundles in?"

"Some young man offered—an usher, I think—but I wouldn't let him."

"But you let Thatcher help you."

Grandma looked at her quickly. "How was I to know whether that usher was honest or not? Might make off with the family jewels." She drew forth from the brown-paper bundles her diamond bracelet and necklace and crescent pin, her sapphire rings and a pair of diamond buckles for her shoes.

"Honest!" Lynn cried. "His forefathers came over on the Mayflower! Anyway," she added, "that's a crazy way to carry jewelry."

"I know," grandma said. "I'm crazy." They looked at each other in the mirror. They had the same blue eyes, almond-shaped, the naturally curly hair of the Hughes family.

"Do you want me to approve of this young man?" grandma asked. "Looked kind of stiff to me."

"He is not stiff; just well bred," Lynn said, very loudly. "And his name is Ted Malone and I'd like to marry him. So there!" She turned abruptly, picked up her dress from the chair and slipped it over her head.

"Oh, excuse me," grandma said. She zipped the dress; then stood back for a minute, looking at the girl, at the thick auburn hair, the milk-white skin. "I had a blue dress with a hoop skirt once," she said. And then she turned and, with a most undowagerly gesture, hiked up the beaded crepe de Chine, put her foot up on the bed and attached the buckles to her shoes.

Lynn laughed suddenly.

"How lovely you are," grandma said. "Come, child; let's go and see the bride."

Alice was sitting in front of the dressing table in her room while her mother did something with pins and the shoulders of the wedding dress. In a twinkling, grandma fixed the bothersome shoulder, and then she and Miriam together lifted the delicate lace-and-tulle veil from its stand and placed the cap on Alice's shiny gold head. Alice smiled her rare, gentle smile. *She is truly the most beautiful bride who ever lived,* Lynn thought. *I'm going to cry,* she thought, too, rather in a panic.

Lynn turned, left the room and went downstairs. *I have underestimated them all,* she thought sentimentally. *Today they will act like people of breeding—like Ted.* The house downstairs, swept bare of furniture, looked stately. Banks of flowers. Potted palms. Deliriously she thought, *Maybe today, in this setting, I shall become engaged.*

"Just like a wake," said Thatcher.

Lynn started, then ran from him out onto the front porch.

"Hello, beautiful," Ted said. "A New England girl could never be as lovely as you in that dress. I am struck dumb." He bowed from the waist. Quintard, standing next to him, bowed too.

Lynn began to feel slightly giddy.

Jonathan, Lynn's father, came out of the front door, looking festive, with a blue flower in his lapel. "Great day," he said.

Then up the long front walk came a man. In this small hiatus before the wedding, they all stood still and watched him. He approached the porch. "Mr. Singer?"

Lynn's father nodded.

"Didn't pay your telephone bill, sir, and we're going to have to discontinue service immediately if there's no payment. I'm sorry."

Mr. Singer reached into his pockets. Then he pulled his hands out again, turning the pockets inside out. "Cut it off," he said casually. "I'm broke. This suit's empty."

Lynn thought she had never seen a face as red as Ted's in her life before.

And then Thatcher's great, long, freckled hand, holding ten dollars, reached out and tapped Mr. Singer on the shoulder. "You can have it without interest," Thatcher said.

Lynn looked around quickly. *He keeps materializing out of nowhere,* she thought. Thatcher was wearing a suit for once, she noticed, and a tie, and he looked like a neat, trim, redheaded bean pole. She began to forgive him for his remark about the wake.

Mr. Singer took the ten dollars and handed it to the telephone man. Then he turned to Quintard. "Go get that poster, son. Let's hang it right on the tree in the front lawn."

He looked then at Ted at just the same moment Lynn did, to see the look of shocked, disbelieving disapproval on his face. Mr. Singer smiled angelically. "It's only money."

Ted nodded. "I'm trying hard not to be sticky," he said.

And Mr. Singer and Thatcher laughed together like fools.

They're trying to act like eccentrics, Lynn thought hopelessly.

It was while Quintard was holding the poster up to the tree that Miriam appeared in the doorway. "Is everyone ready?" she asked.

And Mr. Singer bowed low and held out his hand to escort her onto the porch. Ted looked relieved that the situation had been saved; Thatcher stopped smirking; Nathan ran around the corner of the house and opened the door of one of the limousines and stood there at attention.

Hurray for mother, Lynn thought, watching her go down the steps with her father, holding her long blue dress up carefully, every inch a lady, the mother of the bride.

"Quintard," Miriam said gently, when she came abreast of the tree, "do you know what I think of that poster?"

Quintard turned. "What, mother?"

"I think it smells, dear," Miriam said. "Come now, get into the car."

I won't look at Ted, Lynn thought. *I can't stand it.*

Afterward, Lynn couldn't remember anything about the wedding except marching down the aisle with Ted when it was all over. Then she saw nothing, only Ted's profile. She didn't notice Thatcher, standing with her family, nor grandma, next to him, only as tall as his shoulder; did not see that they wore identical, quizzical expressions as she and Ted marched by.

Lynn could not even count how many people said, "You'll be the next bride!" as she stood in the receiving line, nor how many people said, "Can it be Lynn, all grown up?" But she wondered, as she stood next to Alice, how much of it was true. That she was all grown up, she was quite sure. But the other—even walking down the aisle with her, Ted hadn't said a word, nor had he smiled.

Now she turned and looked toward him, in time to see grandma introduce herself to Ted, smile her sudden, dazzling smile, and lead Ted to a table nearby.

Suddenly, Lynn had to know what they were saying, and so, when Thatcher came through the receiving line, she said, "My feet hurt," before he could even open his mouth, and led him to grandma's table.

"Don't let us interrupt," Lynn said hastily.

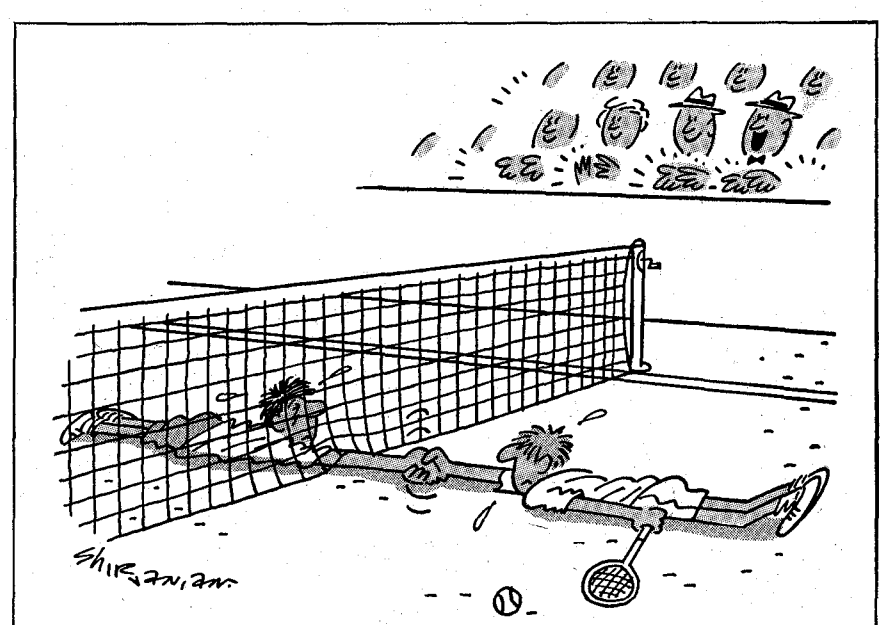
"We only came to eavesdrop," Thatcher added. And grandma laughed, but Lynn felt herself getting red in the face.

Ted sipped his champagne slowly. "You're Mrs. Singer's mother?" he said to grandma.

Grandma nodded. "My side of the family was European."

"The children have quite a sense of family," Ted said; then added, "Quintard, for instance. We were on the porch together this morning for a long time, and he talked about the family so much." He paused, awkwardly. "Its history," he added hesitantly.

"Was it about how his grandfather was found on a doorstep?" grandma asked gently. She raised her glass. "It's entirely true," she said. "But they all knew his father was a (*Continued on Page 54*)



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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
HOUSE PAINT

(*Continued from Page 52*) prince." She drank. "And what's your family history?"

Ted cleared his throat. "I'm afraid mine isn't very cosmopolitan at all. You see, my ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Every generation of my family has lived in Boston since then."

"Puritans," grandma said, and it was not a question.

Ted grinned. "*Touché.*" Then he stood up. "Shall we dance?" he asked, and he and grandma whirled away across the floor.

Lynn leaned forward abruptly, her face bright red. "Don't laugh," she said to Thatcher.

"I'm not laughing," Thatcher snapped. "I'm just feeling used. How come you didn't tell Ted that story? Usually you flaunt it around like a banner." When Lynn did not answer, Thatcher asked, "Do you want to dance now or do you want to sulk?"

He's jealous, Lynn thought, and wondered why it upset her so. But she stood up, and she and Thatcher danced together. She had forgotten how good he was. They whirled and dipped, showing off a little, and loving it.

And then Ted cut in. Lynn hated herself for noticing immediately that Ted was not so good a dancer as Thatcher. Then she looked up at him and thought, *I've always been so crazy in love with him that I never noticed his dancing. I guess I'm always watching his face.*

But Ted's face wasn't looking down at hers. It was staring in a surprised way across the floor. Lynn turned her head.

Across the floor, Nathan was dancing with grandma. They made a touching picture. Why should Ted be surprised? Then she stopped dancing completely, as did everyone else. Because Nathan was teaching grandma to jitterbug.

Grandma pirouetted neatly, and the diamond buckles flew off her shoes. Nathan retrieved them, and grandma bowed a little and pinned them in her hair. The accordionist began to sing as he followed them about the room—"*Little old lady, sweet and shy.*" Nathan, in a paroxysm of laughter, let grandma dance alone. Grandma stood first on one foot, then the other, jiggling a little bit. Most of the guests were laughing—Ted was openly gawking. Lynn wondered if she would die of shame.

Then, as she danced by, grandma reached out her hand. "Come, Lynn," grandma said.

Firmly, she led Lynn through the big hallway and dining room, and then slipped with her through the kitchen door, swinging it back smartly in the accordionist's face. She led Lynn through the kitchen, and out to a table set in the back yard near a clump of pine trees.

A waiter set a cup of coffee on the table, and grandma sipped it gratefully. "I must be getting old," she said. She slipped the diamond buckles out of her hair and put them on the table. They twinkled in the late-afternoon sun.

Grandma sighed, then started removing her jewelry—the heavy necklace, the bracelet, the rings.

"Oh, put it on again, grandma," Lynn said. "It makes you look so elegant."

And then grandma's deep blue eyes became steely in color. Lynn could not look away. "I am not an elegant person," grandma said. "But you'd like me to be, wouldn't you, Miss Lynn? You're actually sitting there thinking that I danced like that to humiliate you in front of that nice Ted boy who's so stiff."

"Well-bred," Lynn said weakly.

"Stiff," grandma repeated. "Valiant, but stiff. Let me tell you something, little girl. I am dancing at this wedding because my eldest grandchild is marrying a nice young man. I am dancing because Miriam, my daughter, has always been so happy with Jonathan, your father; because I am proud of their fine, handsome family. I dance because this wedding is a symbol of many things for which I have always hoped for everyone in this home." She paused. "There are some people who would go to church under these circumstances," she said. "I thank God in my own way. I dance."

Lynn said nothing.

Grandma leaned forward a little. "Did you even see Alice kneeling at the altar? Did you notice the tears in your mother's eyes as she watched? Did you see Nathan as he stood up there, so handsome, watching his sister be married? Have you seen anything but yourself in that dress?"

Lynn sat still, blushing now.

Grandma pushed the diamond buckles across the table. "I wore these so I could give them to you today." Then she stood up, and Lynn felt like a child, because grandma was taller than she for a moment. "I remember a Lynn who would have danced with me," she added softly. Grandma kissed Lynn's head. "Forgive your old grandmother," she said. "I've missed you at the wedding, is all."

Lynn sat still as grandma walked away, limping a little. And for a flashing second she knew that grandma was right. But then her humiliation began to turn to anger. *She's a little tipsy, and she just doesn't understand that I've changed, is all. I've grown up, grown proper. I'm a woman in love; she ought to understand that.*

Added Problem

Zipped into a frivolous dress,
I see the difference and rue it;
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By May Richstone

She was sitting, still, at the table where grandma had left her. Just sitting there in her pretty blue dress, staring into the pine trees and not seeing them.

"You look like an absinthe drinker," Thatcher's voice said. He sat down across from her, and as she watched his tall, thin form fold itself onto the small chair, Lynn had a sudden feeling of protection. She looked at him across the table, saw how his narrow shoulders were broadening out. She gazed at his face. Did his ears stick out less? She sat there, feeling a little frightened because suddenly Thatcher Jones was no longer the boy next door, he was a man, and it had all happened without her even noticing.

But she said, "Hi, Thatch," in her old, bantering voice because it was a habit.

"What's the matter?"

She wanted now, suddenly, to confide in him, to rest her head on his shoulder and cry. "I seem to have missed the wedding," Lynn said in a wobbly voice. "Grandma says."

"Figure of speech, you mean."

Lynn nodded, unable to speak.

Thatcher fingered the diamond buckles that were still lying on the table. "These real?"

Lynn nodded. "My grandfather gave them to her."

"Must have loved her all right," Thatcher said.

"Not necessarily."

Thatcher looked at her keenly. She could see the little laughter lines around his eyes clearly, because everything else was freckled. (*Continued on Page 58*)

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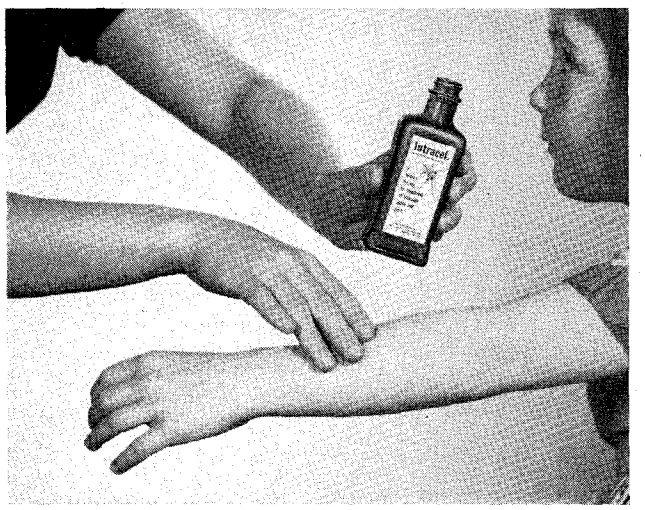

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The Wonderful Things

a letter from

Dear Reader: If every editor, associate editor and editorial assistant on the Post were to tack up on his wall a maxim that best expresses our guiding principle, the one I would unreservedly endorse is —"*Know our readers!*"

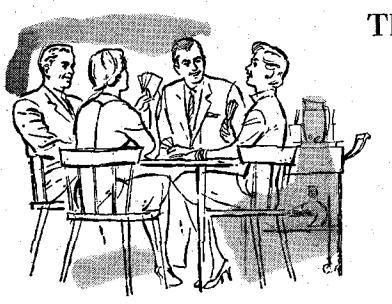
For only through knowing you can we consistently give you what we hope is America's most interesting, well-rounded family magazine—one that's broad enough and bright enough to appeal to men, women and youngsters in a *special* way.

We must have done this with some degree of success; more people are reading the Post today than ever before. And because of this we have been confident that the Post has both informed you and amused you.

So, quite naturally, we assumed we knew all about you. *But it wasn't so.*

One of the country's most distinguished researchers, Alfred Politz, recently conducted a survey among our readers. Now, he couldn't possibly get around to every one; but he did interview sufficient numbers of you to confirm all we had believed, *and to prove much more.*

From this survey we found that 16,876,000 people in the United States read an issue of the Post. What's more, 16,313,000 of them show their intensity of satisfaction with the Post by expressing their admiration for its advertising and editorial content in as many as *60* different ways!

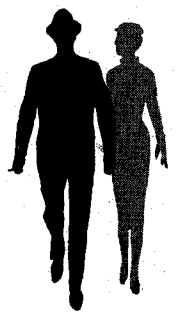


The further interesting and delightful fact is that, of all the people who read our magazine, 8 out of 10 are *especially* avid readers who habitually recommend or talk about the Post—from Rockwell to Hazel, from cover to cover. They talk about it to their friends, neighbors and business associates. It's *their* magazine, and the very fact that they discuss the Post, and discuss it both knowledgeably and articulately, gives them distinction.

It makes them a very special kind of reader.

People who read and converse with others about the things they read invariably are people of significance and influence in their own communities.

Aptly, and with proper justification, we call these unique readers POST INFLUENTIALS.



Perhaps I should make this a bit clearer: Being a POST INFLUENTIAL doesn't necessarily mean you're a millionaire, nor a cloud-bound "egghead." But you are solidly solvent and do have a good mind. You may not be (although often you are) a captain of industry or a debutante—yet you're ambitious, successful. If you're a woman, and a POST INFLUENTIAL, you especially cherish fine things.

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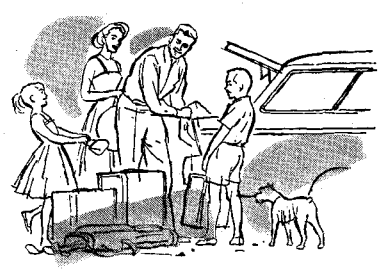

We know you like to mix with people. You entertain extensively in a home that's usually more comfortable than most. You enjoy the pleasant stimulation—both intellectual and social—that comes with personal contact. I suppose that's why Mr. Politz could tell us that millions of POST INFLUENTIALS belong to country clubs and fraternal orders and social organizations.

We find that you go out more often and indulge in far many more activities than the average person. You dress for the occasion; you travel, attend concerts and plays; you go to the movies. That's only as it should be. For people with your apparent vitality, and your variety of interests, are *eager* for brighter, fuller, more energetic living.

You show your age—and it becomes you. No matter if you are 22 or 42, you are sports-minded and participate in everything from bowling to badminton.

Certainly, if there is anything you do have that makes you *different*—that defines you as a POST INFLUENTIAL—it's an ability to *communicate* easily. You project your knowledge, your beliefs, when you talk about civic or foreign affairs, politics, home life, any one of a thousand new ideas.

You especially talk about the things you read in the Post.

When you do, people listen. And for good reason. What you read in the Post is as authoritative as man can make it, the product of the skills and imaginations of some of the most adept writers in the world. That's why your listeners are interested, attentive. Possibly more than you are aware, *the ideas that you transmit* form the basis of constructive opinion held by the people in your own particular sphere of influence.

So broad in scope are these opinions that they may, and likely do, range from apple pie to Asia—from medicine to mutual funds—from fashion to football!

We are delighted to learn all these wonderful things about you, things you share with millions of other Post readers. From time to time, because we feel it will interest you, we're going to dip deeper into our carloads of newly revealed and illuminating information, and tell you more about yourself.

Cordially,

Ben Hibbs

EDITOR

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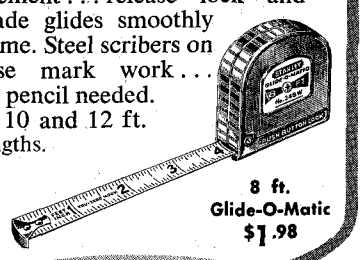

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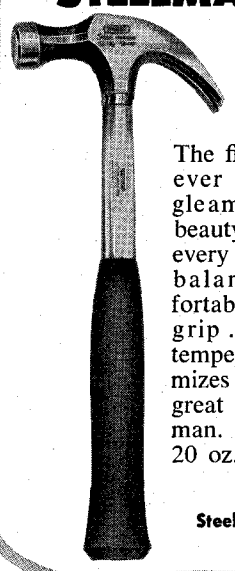

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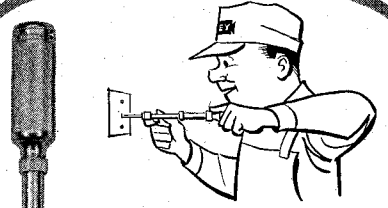

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Ask for Stanley and "Yankee" tools wherever fine tools are sold. Stanley Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

The Tool Box of the World

(*Continued from Page 54*) His long eyelashes were almost white from the sun. "Why should you say such a thing, Lynn?"

"If she knew about love, she'd understand," Lynn blurted. "Don't you think? Don't you think she'd know that love blinds you, that you get all wrapped up in yourself? That you just can't see anything else?"

Thatcher smiled a little. "Lynnie, I think if someone knew about love, they'd know it leaves you wide open."

"Not me," Lynn said, almost before she thought. "I mean, grandma—all of them, Thatch, they ought to understand how important it is to me today that they all sort of—behave." *Oh, Lord,* she thought, *how can I explain my love for Ted? How can anyone understand?*

Thatcher sat back. "That's your problem," he said stiffly. And then he leaned forward. "It's a pretty big problem, you little fool. I'd have thought that by now you'd appreciate this whole big, lovely mob of a family you have. If you were me, you would. I have none. I think people who are ashamed of their families are just plain adolescent!"

He stood up, red in the face, and then he paused for a moment, looking at the girl. He looked for a long, long time, it seemed to Lynn. He pushed the diamond buckles across the table toward her.

"If I had a diamond," Thatcher said, "I'd give it to grandma. For quality." He paused. "She give these to you?"

Lynn nodded.

"I can't imagine why," Thatcher said, and walked away.

It was as if he had slapped her. Nothing had ever hurt her quite so much. Lynn picked up the diamond buckles and ran into the house, went through the kitchen, an incredible confusion of red-coated waiters, through the dining room, where remnants of wedding cake were everywhere, pushed her way through the hall, where people were singing, and finally arrived at the great, cool, quiet front porch. Here she could be alone.

The tears in her eyes kept her from seeing Ted until she was right next to him.

"Ah, there you are," Ted said. "I tried to find you, darling, but I've been surrounded."

"By my family, I suppose." Now that she was close to him, she found herself noticing that Thatcher was taller.

"Don't sound so resigned," Ted said. He reached out and pulled her toward him, held her in his good, firm arm. "Will you marry me?"

She leaned her head on his shoulder for a moment.

"Don't faint," Ted said. "Please."

"I won't." She pulled away from him a little, and went and sat on the wide porch railing and just looked at him. She looked at his handsome—oh, so handsome—face; at his perfect clothing. She looked at him and thought of his white New England home and his proper parents and his Mayflower ancestors. She thought of the magical nights she had danced with him at college; she thought of the dreams she had dreamed of becoming engaged to him. And she did not reply.

Ted sat down next to her. He took her hand and held it. "I know," he said "—I know what you're thinking. How different these families are. But, darling, it doesn't matter."

"I was thinking how noble it is of you to propose," Lynn said softly. Then she asked, "Why doesn't the family difference matter?"

"Because I don't plan to marry your family, Lynn. Just you."

"You mean you could go through another wedding—like this—just for me?" She spread her arms wide, as if to encompass the day.

Ted laughed. "I'd like it a little quieter."

But I wouldn't, Lynn thought suddenly. *I'd want it just as confusing and noisy and exhausting and touching. I'd want grandma to dance, and Quintard to nail up posters, and mother to use bad language, and pop to forget to pay the telephone bill, because these are my people, my family. And I'd want Thatcher to—to what,* she wondered, and she knew what. She looked again at Ted.

"That would be impossible. My family would run the wedding."

"Not necessarily," Ted said. "I'd be the groom, after all."

No, Lynn thought. *Not at my wedding, you won't. Dear, dear Ted, I was so in love with you five minutes ago. Or was I just in love with myself?* Suddenly it seemed to her that she was being terribly unfair to Ted, that she had always been unfair to him. She started to cry.

"Ah, Lynn, don't do that." He hugged her. "We could wait. Two years or so. You'll be a lot more grown up by then."

Lynn sniffed. "Oh, a lot more," she said. "But, darling, not grown up enough to forget this whole family. I'll never be grown up enough for that. You see, Ted, you're just not—our type."

Ted said, "You've been listening to too much propaganda."

"Maybe I have," she answered slowly. "Because I'm one of them. And when I'm an old lady I'll dance at my granddaughter's wedding."

Ted sighed. "And your granddaughter will have red hair."

She looked at him quickly. "You really are grown up."

"I told you that a long time ago, Lynn. One night at college."

She rested her head on his shoulder. "Forgive me for waiting until today to grow up myself," she said, and then she kissed him, deliberately and slowly and lovingly. Kissed him to say good-by, kissed him to say thank you, kissed him because she had hurt him and hadn't meant to.

Ted held her off for a moment at arm's length. "You'll forgive me if I keep trying?" he asked.

"Of course." But she knew he wouldn't. She thought he sounded a little relieved.

Music blared from the house shrilly, suddenly, making them both jump. Nathan came out of the front door. "This you have to see," he said, half pushing them both toward the front hall.

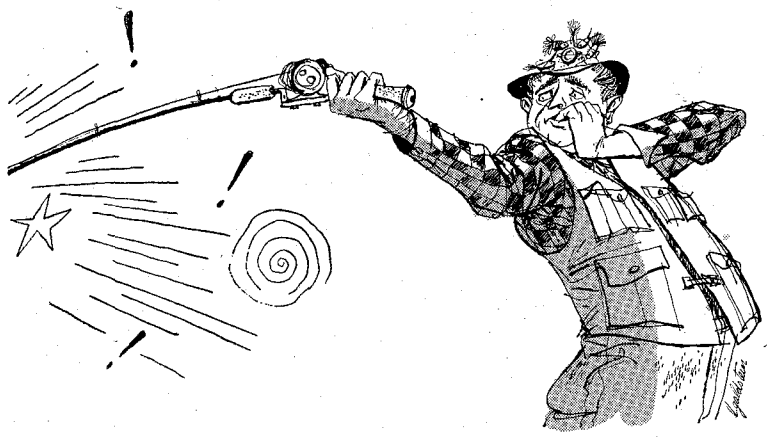
Inside, within a circle of delighted spectators, squatted Johnny, the mailman, arms folded over his chest, doing a fast, insane kind of jumping dance to the accompaniment of the entire orchestra.

Thatcher yelled, "Come on, Lynn! He needs a partner!"

Johnny obligingly bounced himself over to one side of the circle to make room for her. She looked at Ted, thinking, *Never.* Then she looked again at Thatcher's grinning face, at Johnny's—he had taught her this dance during mail deliveries. And she reached into her pocket, took out the diamond buckles and attached them to her shoes. Then she folded her arms, squatted next to Johnny and danced like a dervish.

The diamond buckles twinkled as her feet moved. One flew off, and Thatcher retrieved it, and she pinned it in her hair. She was beginning to enjoy the wedding.

THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Pals Vic and Nick rented a rowboat and went fishing on a placid lake. Nick cast an artificial plug loaded with hooks. Being out of practice, he sent the plug sailing sidewise. It caught Vic firmly by the ear. Vic, no longer his pal, sued him for damages.

"Nick almost tore off my ear with that plug full of hooks," Vic protested. "As he was negligent in casting, and I was not at fault, he should pay up."

"When two men fish from one small boat, each should watch out for himself while the other casts," Nick's lawyer replied. "Vic failed to do so or he would have ducked. Under the law, a person engaging in a sport or game takes his own chances of an accident. So Nick shouldn't have to pay."

If you were the judge, would you hook Nick for damages?

• •

Nick had to pay. The court ruled that "a fisherman who makes a cast which takes a lateral and horizontal tangent so as to strike another person in the boat is negligent." It added that the risk of such injury "is not incidental to the sport of fishing."

Based upon a 1956 Louisiana decision.

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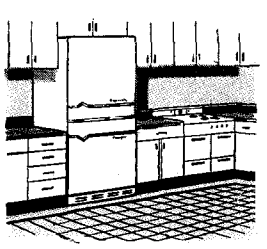

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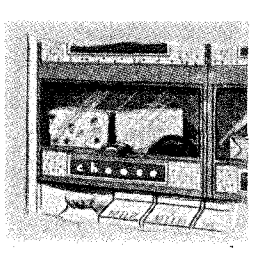

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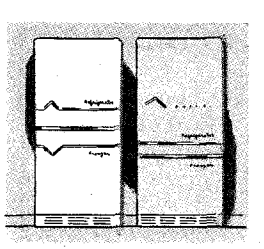

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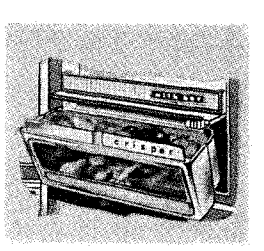

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Smoke Salem... smoke refreshed

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How to Hire a Maid (Continued from Page 29)

want desperately to hire them. In six years, the firm has brought over nearly 6000 Europeans. Like Alice, they have gone, sight unseen, to domestic posts in practically every one of the forty-eight states.

The quest for a good domestic is a very old one in this country. Generations ago, prosperous New Englanders even tried to train Indians for such work. But they found it impossible. Wrote James Russell Lowell: "Your cook might give notice simply by taking your scalp and making off with it into the woods."

Native-born Americans—except for Southern Negroes—have always taken a dim view of domestic work. Europeans, on the other hand, have always realized that any work with no overhead expense is a fine way to get a bank account started. Since 1776, millions have flocked to this country to take up domestic work. None of them felt "degraded" by it. Most of them later became property owners and valuable citizens. If you know your early American history, you may recall that many of the members of the House of Burgesses in Virginia had been indentured servants.

World War I stopped the heavy influx of these Europeans, but even in the '20's there were still enough domestics for the average family to hire an all-around girl for one dollar a day, and for wealthy families to keep up their staffs of twelve to twenty servants. With World War II, though, the handwriting on the wall became clear. Defense factories, with their big pay checks, lured away thousands of domestics from their household posts, and most of them never went back. Freedom is sweet, and it's more fun to pay your own rent and have your evenings free.

Today, as everybody knows, the few remaining domestics are in the driver's seat. The latest survey reports 34 in every 1000 working persons. They command almost any wage. In the New York City area, for instance, couples get $500 a month; cooks, $300; housekeepers, $250. This in addition to free board and room.

In other parts of the country, wages are smaller, but they're still very high indeed. In places like Philadelphia, Chicago, Seattle, Denver and Hollywood, wages are only a third less than in New York. Cooks can still be had for thirty dollars a week in Houston, Miami, Atlanta and Memphis, but not too long ago this was the monthly rate.

Yet even with these wages, the demand for domestics has never been greater. One reason: there's a vast new market in working wives. For the first time in our history, more than 11,000,000 married women are holding down jobs, and most of them want someone to help care for the home. I've recently visited twenty or more domestic employment agencies and all said the same thing, "We have at least four times as many calls for domestics as we have domestics."

Luckily for American housewives, there are thousands of foreigners who still want to come to the United States, but who don't have the money or the necessary sponsors. They're willing to work at reasonable wages in exchange for free passage and a year's guaranteed employment. And families that can't afford to pay current wages for local domestics—or, more often, can't get them at any price—are willing to hire the foreigners sight unseen. It's not only plain Mrs. Joe Smith who is happy with this arrangement. The DuPonts and Roosevelts, Rockefellers and Astors, like it too.

Domestic Service, Inc., began as a regular domestic employment agency back in the '40's. It was founded by Irene Ahneman, mother of Miss Lee Ahneman and sister of Mary Kelleher, the two women who run the agency today. Irene Ahneman died in 1954. The Ahnemans added European domestics about six years ago, when Millard Ring, an immigration lawyer, suggested the idea. He had a friend in London associated with a travel agency who would co-operate there, and he wanted a New York agency in this country. He chose Domestic Service, and so was born the remarkable transatlantic arrangement.

The London office, called Overseas Domestics, Ltd., advertises widely in European newspapers for both men and women or couples to work as domestics in the United States. Those who apply are carefully screened. Their qualifications, references and pictures are sent to the New York office, which then finds jobs to fit the applicants. Ring takes care of the legal details, and the London office arranges transportation.

To show the process at work, let's follow through on one overseas girl. Some time ago, a Long Island housewife walked into the five room suite of Domestic Service at Lexington Avenue and 59th Street and told Lee Ahneman she wanted someone to help with her two children.

"Why don't you look through our files?" suggested Miss Ahneman. "Then, if you find someone, you can fill out an application."

"I've heard Scots girls are good with children," said the housewife as she sat down and began looking through a thick pile of information papers.

She took a fancy to a twenty-six-year-old girl we'll call Marie Little. Marie was working as a saleslady in a bakery in Glasgow, and she wanted a mother's-help post, preferably on Long Island. Her papers stated she could cook, sew, launder, clean, polish silver and wait on table. Her references were excellent. The confidential check reported she had a good disposition, was sober and honest, and a good worker.

"I think I've found my girl," the housewife told Miss Ahneman. "I'd like an application."

The application our housewife filled out specified the size of her family and home, the hours and kind of work expected, distance to the nearest movie, shopping center, church, and so on, time off and pay offered. Pay for overseas people ranges from $100 to $150 and up a month, plus board and room, depending upon experience.

This finished, she paid the agency fee of twenty-six dollars and left the office with Marie's address. When she got home she wrote Marie a letter asking her if she would like to work for her. Marie wrote back that she would, and Domestic Service was so notified.

Next the housewife filled out affidavit forms, which she sent to the agency, along with letters for the American consul attesting the moral, financial and employment status of herself and husband. She also enclosed a check for Marie's passage by ship—then $250, now $265, from the British Isles—$300 from the Continent.

Over in Scotland, Marie signed a contract to work faithfully and diligently for a period of twelve months. She also agreed to return the passage money in installments to be deducted from her first six months' salary. At the end of the year, however, the housewife would return this to Marie as a bonus, so that if Marie wanted to go back to Scotland, she could, or if she wanted to find another job, she'd have some money.

It takes time to get a visa—usually three to four months from the British Isles. So the housewife had to wait a while. Finally, though, Marie arrived. She stayed thirteen months with the Long Island family, at $100 a month, before leaving for another, better-paying job.

Out-of-towners who want an overseas girl follow the same procedure as the Long Island housewife, except that everything must be done in writing. The agency gets some amusing requests in each morning's mail. For instance:

"We have a definite preference for Scandinavians so we would probably be most interested in a Swiss girl," confided a Chicago schoolteacher whose subject obviously wasn't geography.

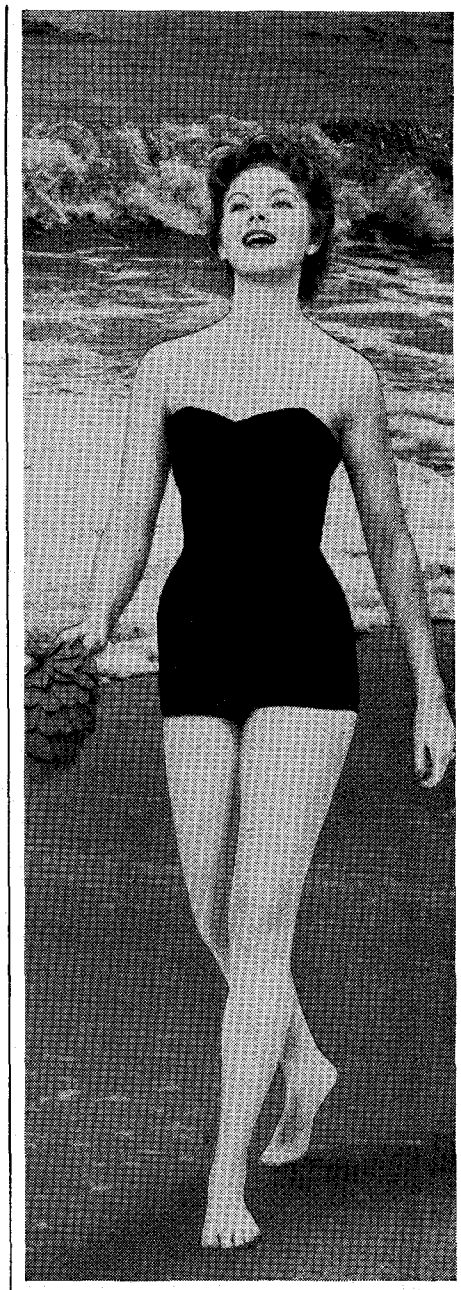
"Girl must be pretty. My husband can't stand having ugly women around."

"Don't want anyone who has worked for a duchess. She would give me an inferiority complex."

Most of the overseas people, who range in age from eighteen to sixty, come from the British Isles. "Because the quotas are higher for these countries," explains Lee Ahneman. (*Continued on Page 64*)

"It looks like we still have a long wait. She just changed ears."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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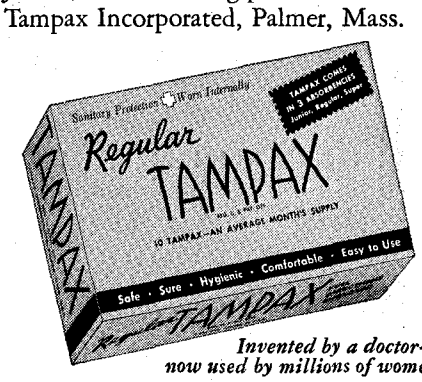

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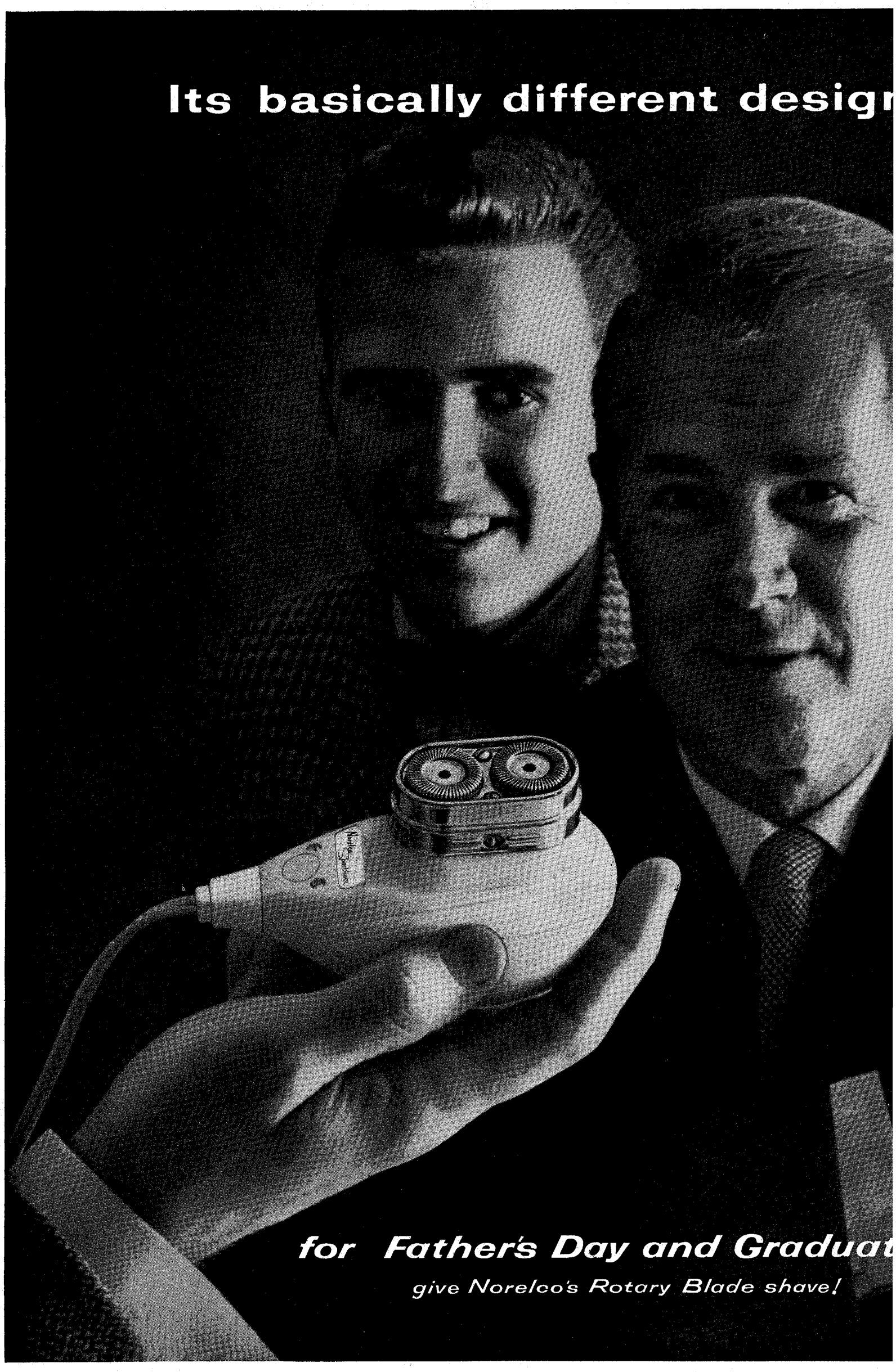

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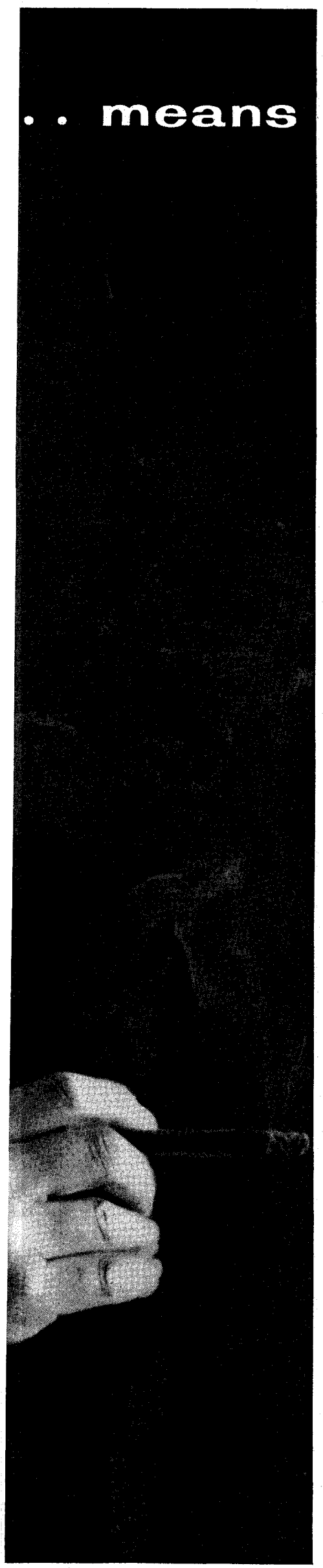

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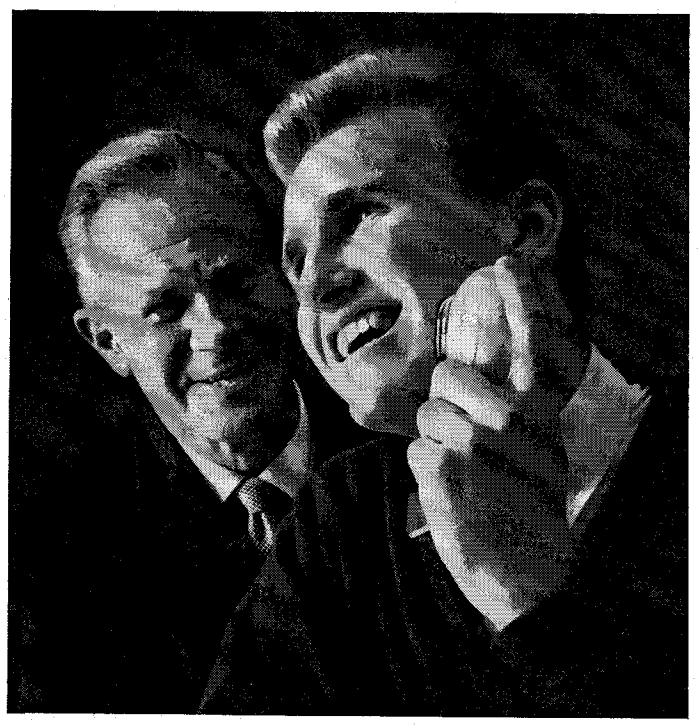

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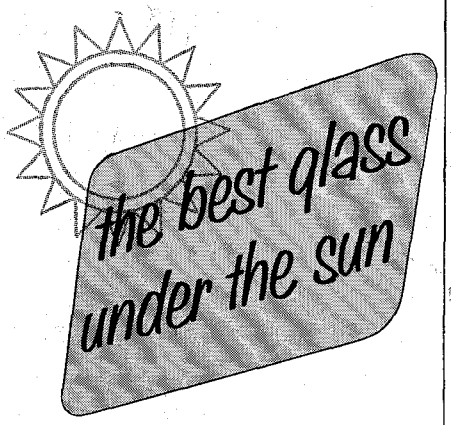

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PPG

(Continued from Page 61) "We've also brought over quite a number of Germans. People like German domestics because they're usually experienced. But there's a limited quota there, and it takes a long time for Germans to get visas. Six months generally. It takes even longer from Belgium, France, Holland, Switzerland and Italy."

No Scandinavians are brought in by the firm, for an interesting reason. They don't want to come. Domestics in these countries have recently organized and work only an eight-hour day. If longer, they get time-and-a-half pay.

The agency's chief concern, as might be expected, is how to find enough overseas domestics to go around. Lee Ahneman and Mary Kelleher are soft-hearted women, and when an expectant mother comes into the office and begs for "any kind of a girl," they get upset if they haven't someone for her.

"I don't have to have an experienced girl," the pregnant woman might say. "I'll train her myself. She can drive our car. She can wear my mink coat. She can have every evening off. Just get me a girl. Any kind of a girl. But quick."

"Any kind of a girl" is exactly what Domestic Service has always tried to avoid. This, probably more than anything else, accounts for the success of the firm.

"We try to find the right kind of home for every girl," explains Mary Kelleher. "And vice versa. Otherwise we know it won't work out. A formal family requires quite a different type from an informal family. And a girl who says she wants a city position isn't going to be happy with a country client. If we think an older woman is too set in her ways to tolerate lively American children, we place her with adults only.

"We wish, of course, it could be done quickly. But the United States consul must examine every applicant's background. The girls we bring over have to be of good moral character. And, of course, they must pass a strict medical examination."

There is no fast way of accomplishing any of the preliminaries, and clients often become impatient. Sometimes they wait a year to get an overseas girl. The shortest time on record is five weeks.

In the long run, though, this slow way of obtaining a domestic has provided a lot of satisfied clients who come back year after year for more overseas girls. "We're back to get another girl," they announce. "Bridget is getting married. We want to start in plenty of time."

There are times, of course, when the arrangement doesn't work out quite so happily. Clients often insist on the wrong category when selecting a girl, for instance. They need a general domestic, but ask for a mother's help. Or they get a general domestic and ask her to perform the duties of a cook-housekeeper.

Some clients expect a girl to do everything. "You'd think I was a truck horse," said one twenty-two-year-old English girl who came as a general domestic for $100 a month salary. She was expected to keep a twelve-room apartment clean, look after four children, do the laundry, including the husband's shirts, and cook specialized meals. It was too much for her, and she finally had to ask her employer to sign a release.

Although overseas domestics are under contract to work for a year, it's a rare employer who will refuse to release an unhappy domestic. And while the clients provide affidavits that guarantee employment for a year, they are obligated to keep the domestic only until another post is found for her.

Integrity on both sides is what the agency counts on. While this seems a nebulous quality, the firm wouldn't be in business if it hadn't proved a workable and valid concept. "By and large," says Miss Ahneman, "people are dependable."

The agency insists that a live-in domestic must have a private room and, when possible, a private bath. She must have a rest period each afternoon, and one and a half days off each week, with at least one free extra evening.

Most of the complaints from domestics are caused by employers who disregard these requirements. An English couple, for instance, was promised a suite which turned out to be a small room in an attic—so small, in fact, that both could not get dressed at the same time. In the summer months the room was like an oven. But the couple stayed their full twelve months. On the other hand, another couple wanted to quit their post after two months because their employers did not have wall-to-wall carpeting!

A few domestics have complained about poor food, and sometimes of not even having enough of it. One girl who came all the way from Dublin to Detroit said her employers didn't even wish her a Merry Christmas on that holiday. Another told of a New York fashion designer who was so lazy that she had to call the girl to hang up the telephone receiver. And one girl who'd been educated at the Sorbonne went to a client in a small Ohio town, where she taught piano and French to three children, in addition to doing all of the housework. The neighbors treated her as an equal when they visited her employer's home, but refused to speak to her on the street because she was a domestic. "And I thought this country was a democracy," the girl commented.

Complaints from clients vary from the trivial to the serious. A girl may smoke too much to suit an employer or she may be boy crazy. Most complaints, though, are for incompetence of some kind. "If Susie continues on her merry way for a year," wrote a dentist from the Middle West, after only three weeks, "we'll have to refurnish our home. She has already broken an expensive crystal goblet, a silver cream pitcher and an antique dessert dish. In dusting, she broke the neck of a Royal Doulton figurine, and she patched a broken imported ashtray so badly it can't be used. During her cooking attempts, she burned two copper pots, and I've had to call the repairman twice to put the dishwasher back into operating condition."

The trouble with Susie, who'd been a bus conductress back in Scotland, was mainly new-arrival nervousness. In addition, she was unable to use electric appliances, for the excellent reason that she'd never seen them before. She worked out fine in another post, where her employer had the time and patience to instruct her properly.

"The poor kid didn't even understand English the way we speak it," Susie's new employer said. "To her our French-fried potatoes were 'chips,' our potato chips were 'crisps.' Turnips to her were 'Swedes' and cookies 'biscuits.' As soon as she got used to our way of speaking, she worked out fine."

On the whole, employers are patient and kind to their domestics. Most provide television or radio sets for their rooms. Many permit them to drive the family car, and if the domestics don't know how, pay for driving lessons. Many give them extra time off and take them on excursions. Most take out hospitalization for them. And while the days of the big butlers' and maids' balls no longer exist, many employers see that their domestics get married in style. And domestics who stay in positions long enough frequently get pensions for the rest of their lives or are remembered in the wills of their employers.

Lee Ahneman and Mary Kelleher admit—and even point out—the element of risk clients take when bringing over foreign domestics. Some use the agency and its clients only as a means of getting into the United States and have no intention of staying after they've paid back the passage money. But both women have developed a sort of sixth sense that helps them spot these individuals and weed out their applications. Also they can usually tell when a *(Continued on Page 66)*

"Now let's see—where did we leave off yesterday?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Swept-Wing is sweeping the country! Every 45 seconds someone buys a new Swept-Wing Dodge!

There's a special kind of *magic* when you go Swept·Wing!

You've never known a moment quite like this. When the night was so still and the air was so warm and the road was a velvet ribbon winding ahead. You sweep along in the peace and privacy of your own thoughts —*your troubles a million miles away!*

Owning a Swept-Wing Dodge offers many moments like these. Magic-filled moments of contentment and relaxation, quiet pride and deep satisfaction.

And there are many *practical* compensations also. For this Swept-Wing Dodge offers the newest and most advanced features of 1957. Torsion-Aire Ride. Push-Button TorqueFlite. Total-Contact Brakes. A new aircraft-type V-8 engine ra.. l up to 310 hp.

Why not stop in soon at your nearby Dodge dealer's and ask for the keys to a new Swept-Wing '57 Dodge? You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it.

SWEPT·WING
Dodge

Enjoy Lawrence Welk twice each week on TV! "Dancing Party" and "Top Tunes and New Talent"—ABC-TV.

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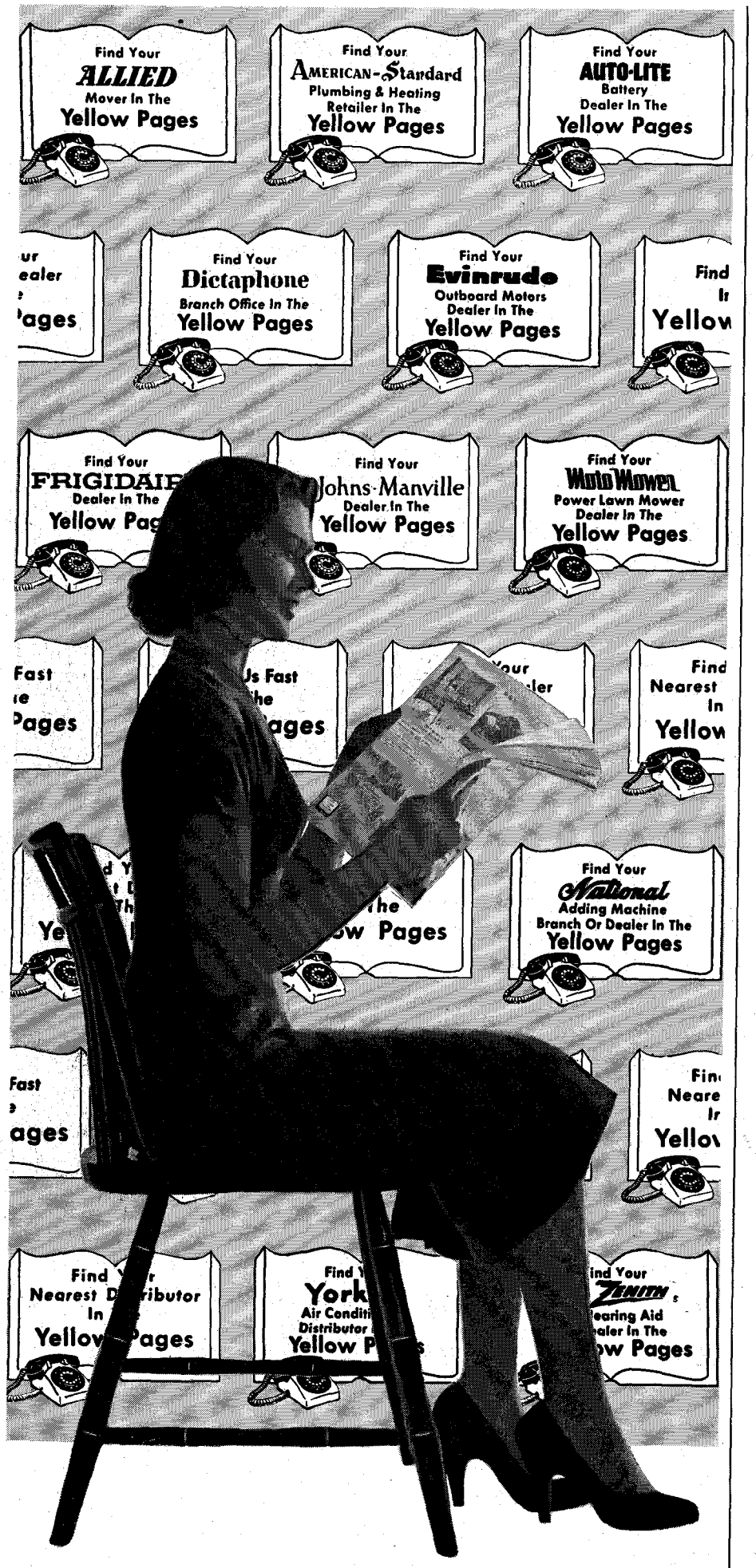

Look for the Yellow Pages emblem in advertising to save you time and trouble in shopping. It helps you find the retailer who sells the advertised product by guiding you to the Yellow Pages of your telephone book. That's where leading advertisers list their dealers for your shopping convenience.

(*Continued from Page 64*) girl will or will not work out well with a particular client.

Actually, about 80 per cent of the overseas people do work out well, 10 per cent can be marked off as unsuccessful, but the other 10 per cent can be called "wonderful." For example, one Scots girl, Margaret, went to a family in New Jersey, served her full year there, then went back to Edinburgh. No sooner had she reached her home than a cable arrived from her American employer saying that his wife had died and he had no one to look after his four children. Margaret took the next ship back, and has been a motherly housekeeper to the family ever since. "She's been like sunshine in the home," says the appreciative widower.

There was also a tiny ninety-eight-pound Irish girl, Agnes, who endeared herself to a family in Westchester. Aggie stayed almost two years, then had to return to Dublin to look after a sick mother. Her employer almost wept when she came into the agency to get another girl.

"There'll never be anyone like Aggie," the woman said. "She could have been a great actress if she'd had a chance. When she was with my teen-age son, she was exactly his age—he was fourteen, Aggie twenty-five—when she was with my seven-year-old daughter, she was her age. And with my husband—he's forty-two—she was his age. Each of us felt that Aggie was his or her special friend. If we had any troubles, Aggie was the one we told them to. I don't know how we'll ever get along without her."

And then there's the case of Mrs. Decker and Alice Millard, the Welsh girl mentioned earlier.

"Within twenty-four hours after Alice arrived," Mrs. Decker told me not long ago, "the whole tenor of our living changed. Happy confusion became happy order, not just because Alice is competent and conscientious, but also because she's just about the epitome of every virtue there is. She came as a general domestic, but we gave her the status of housekeeper at once. She has privileges I never felt we could give any housekeeper, but she never abuses them. She doesn't join us for dinner. When I take her about—and I do frequently, to the club or a museum or shopping—she sits on the back seat. If she is watching television and I come into the room, she is on her feet, and remains standing, even if I sit down. She won't have it any other way, and I must say it makes for wholly uncomplicated living.

"Because of her attitude, we encourage her to participate in our many activities, knowing she won't presume too much or take things for granted. It's a unique relationship, I know. We take her sailing—we have a racing-class Thistle—we take her to the private beach, and out to dinner.

"Outside the home, we insist that Alice be treated as one of us, and our friends accept her as such, and gladly. But within the home, there is this mutual respect for each person's status. It's completely refreshing."

I asked what Alice was like when she first arrived.

"I'll never forget that," Mrs. Decker answered. "She weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. She wore sensible low heels and the 'veddy' good British serge suit. She stood midway between our Gargantuan living room and equally Gargantuan dining room and said, in almost a whisper, 'What a homely place. I know I'll want to stop.' You can imagine the interpretation I put on this, not being familiar with English phraseology. But no, she loved the house, and she wanted to stay, and every smallest thing she has done proves her devotion to all of us, and her desire to make herself indispensable to our way of life. If we lose her, it will be because the right man comes along—and we're cheerfully cutting our own throats as we do everything possible to promote this. That may give you some indication of how much we think of Alice."

Today, via a high-protein diet, Alice is a trim 136 pounds and wears a Size 14 dress. She has a completely new wardrobe—also $500 in a savings bank—and is lovely to look upon. Her dark hair is glossy, her skin clear and transparent, and she has a happy smile. "America has been very good to me," she says.

Lee Ahneman and Mary Kelleher, of Domestic Service, love to hear about such transformation in the girls they bring over, and they dream of the day when all girls will be like Alice and all clients like Mrs. Decker.

But Alice isn't the only one who has changed. Anyone visiting the Decker home will find that the one who is pouring coffee and saying, "Yikes, oh, brother!" is Alice, and the one who is sipping tea and saying, "Rahthaw. Jolly good show!" is Mrs. Decker.

THE END

"Oh, no! Not another one of those days!"

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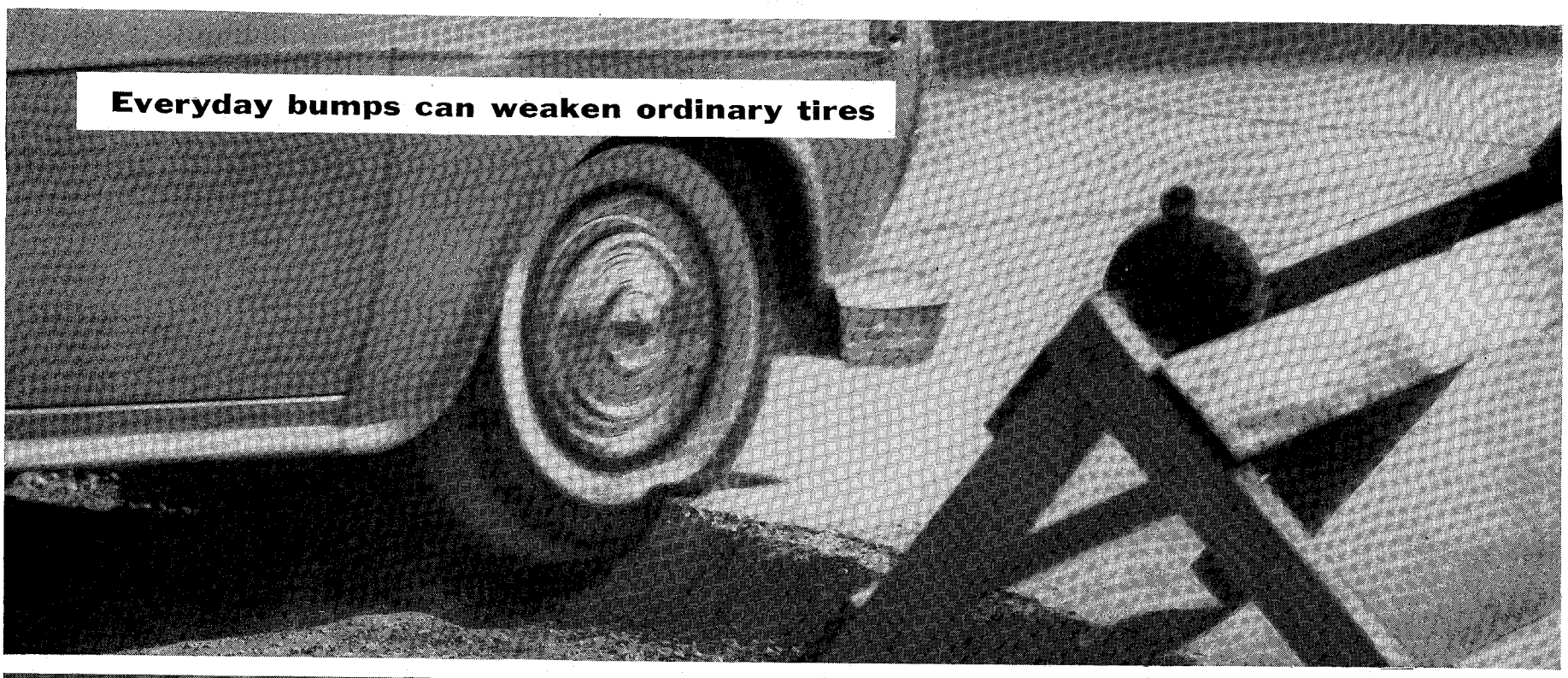
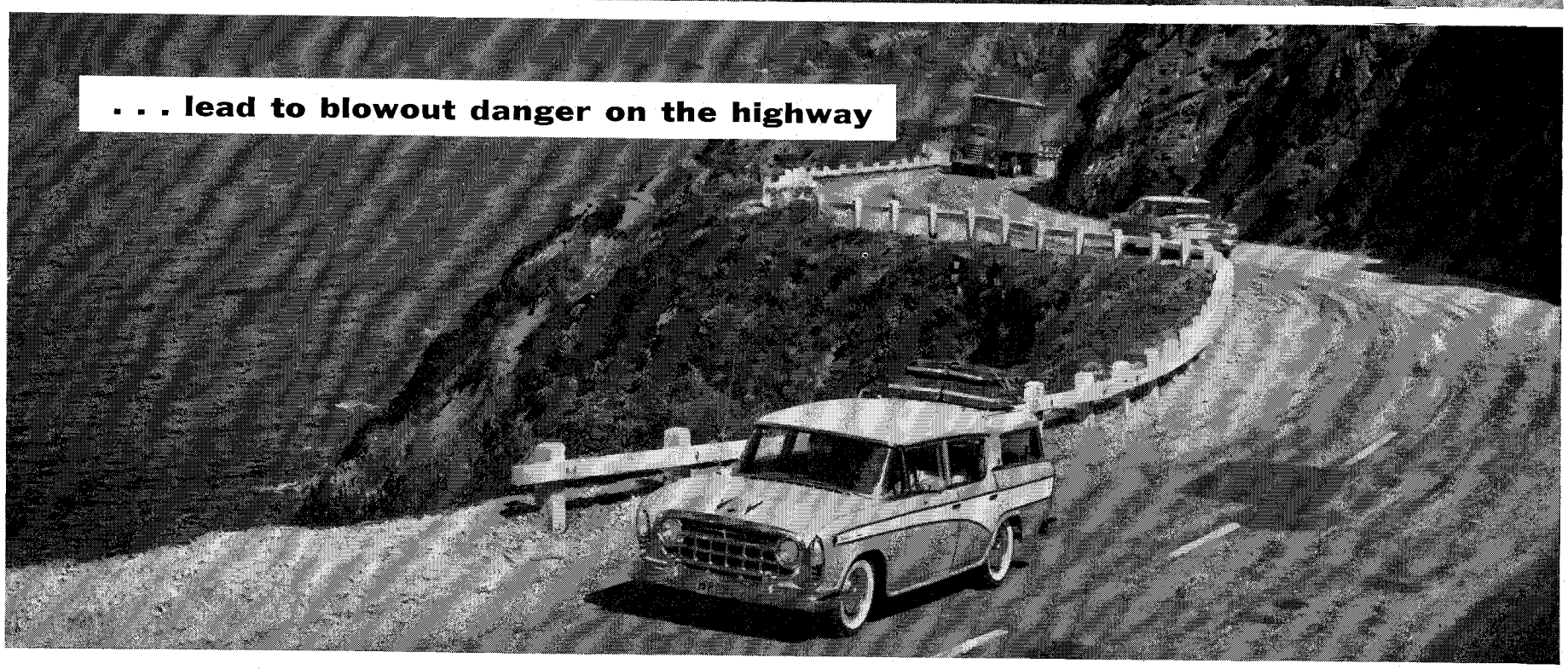




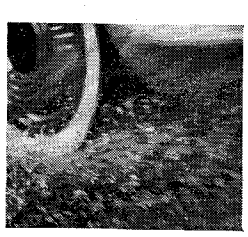
Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

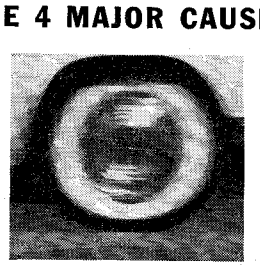
All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS

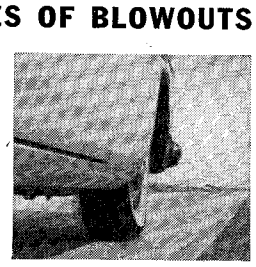
1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.



2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance, but also makes cooler-running tires.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON CORD

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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NEW ALEMITE KLEEN TREET ends one of biggest causes of engine failure!

Just add it to your gas tank...for a guaranteed carburetor cleaning and motor tune-up!

GUARANTEED! Kleen Treet is guaranteed to clean your carburetor and fuel system and restore new-car pep and performance within 50 to 100 miles of driving *or your money back!*

Sensational new Alemite Kleen Treet gives you an on-the-road motor tune-up, clears out fuel lines, stops icing in fuel systems, helps restore engine pep and power—*and does it while you drive!* Alemite Kleen Treet often saves costly carburetor overhauls and troublesome breakdowns. Try a can today!

Use Kleen Treet for Safe, Dependable 5-Way Engine Tune-up and Protection!

1. Cleans carburetors and fuel systems!
2. Guards against rust in fuel lines and gas tanks!
3. Stops icing in fuel lines!
4. Reduces annoying high compression ping!
5. Lubricates fuel pump and upper cylinder areas!

Try Kleen Treet today. Only $1.35 a can at your service station, car dealer, or auto supply store.

STEWART SW WARNER

ALEMITE
Division of
STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

No Blade of Grass (Continued from Page 49)

He shook his head. "We're within reach now. We'll be there before dark, which is all that matters. The kids are fagged out."

Roger said, "So am I." He lay back on the dry, stony ground and rested his head on his hands. "Pirrie isn't, though."

Pirrie was explaining something to Jane, pointing out over the flatlands to the south.

"She won't knife him now," Roger added. "Another Sabine woman come home to roost. I wonder what the little Pirries will be like?"

"Millicent didn't have any children."

"Conceivably Pirrie's fault, but more probably Millicent's. She was the kind of woman who would take care not to be burdened with kids. They would spoil her chances."

"Millicent seems a long time ago."

"The relativity of time. How long since I found you up in your crane? It seems something like six months."

The moors had been more or less deserted, but when they descended to cross the lower land north of Kendal, they witnessed the signs, by now familiar, of the predatory animal that man had become: houses burning, an occasional cry in the distance that might be either of distress or savage exultance, the sights and sounds of murder. And another of their senses was touched; here and there their nostrils were pricked by the sour-sweet smell of flesh in corruption.

But their own course was not interrupted, and soon they began to climb again, up the bare bleak bones of the moors toward their refuge. Skylarks and meadow pipits could be heard in the empty, arching sky, and for a time a wheatear ran along ahead of them, a few paces in front. Once they sighted a deer about three hundred yards off. Pirrie dropped to the ground to take a careful aim on it, but it darted away behind a shoulder of the moor before he could fire. Even from that distance it looked emaciated. John wondered on what diet it had been surviving. Mosses, possibly, and similar small plants.

It was about five o'clock when they came to the waters of the Lepe. It tumbled with the same swift urgency of pace that it had always had; here its course lay between rocky banks, so that not even the absence of grass detracted from the evocation of its familiarity.

Ann stood beside John. She looked calmer and happier than she had done since they left London.

"Home," she said, "at last."

"About two miles," John said. "But we'll see the gateway in less than a mile. I know the river for several miles farther down. And a bit farther up you can get into the middle of the river, on stepping stones. Dave and I used to fish from there."

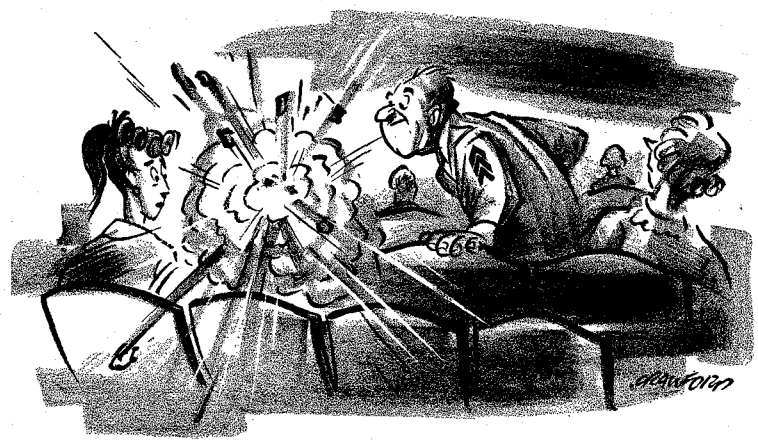
"Are there fish in the Lepe? I didn't know."

He shook his head. "We never caught any inside the valley. I don't think they travel so far up. But down here there are trout." He smiled. "We'll send expeditions out and net them. We must have some variety in our diet."

She smiled back. "Yes. Darling, I think I can really believe it now—that everything's going to be all right; that we're going to be happy and human again."

"Of course. I never doubted it."

They were in sight of the entrance of Blind Gill. "Dave's stockade," John



The Perfect Squelch

The movie screen was reflecting some very realistic battle scenes. But in one section of the theater the audience was badly distracted by the treble-voiced comments of a young R.O.T.C. student.

The student, who was having a wonderful time showing off his meager military knowledge to his coed companion, ignored the annoyed stares of those around him. Even when a large Air Force sergeant rose in the row ahead and turned to stare at him, the youngster continued his high-pitched explanations.

However, after the sergeant had eyed him for some seconds, he broke off and gave him an irritated glance. "Well," he demanded in his squeaky voice, "what are you looking at?"

The sergeant's reply was loud and clear: "I just wanted a good look at a military genius whose voice hasn't changed."

Louis R. Rafanelli

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said. "It looks nice and solid." The road squeezed in toward the river, and the high timber fence ran from the water's edge across the road to the steeply rising hillside. That part which covered the road looked as though it might open to form a gate.

Pirrie had come forward to walk with John; he, too, surveyed the fence with respect.

"An excellent piece of work. Once we are on the other ——"

It was the crude anger of machine-gun fire that broke into his words. For a moment, John stood there, shocked. He called, more in bewilderment than anything else, "Dave!"

There was a second burst of fire, and he shouted to the others, "Get into the ditch!" He saw that Ann was pulling Davey and Spooks down with her, and that Mary was already crouching in the ditch beside the road. He ran for it himself and lay down beside them.

Mary said, "What's happening, daddy?"

"Where is it firing from?" Ann asked.

He pointed toward the fence. "From there. Did everyone get clear? Who's that on the road? Pirrie!"

Pirrie's small body lay stretched across the camber of the road. There was blood underneath him.

Ann caught hold of John as he began to rise. "No! You mustn't! Stay where you are! Think of the children—me!"

"I'll get him away," he said. "They won't fire while I'm getting him away."

Ann held on to him. She was crying; she called to Mary, and Mary also grasped his coat. While he was trying to pull himself free, he saw that someone else had got up from the ditch and was running toward where Pirrie lay. It was a woman.

John stopped struggling, and said in amazement, "Jane!"

Jane put her hands under Pirrie's shoulders and lifted him easily. She did not look at the fence where the gun was mounted. She got one of his arms over her own shoulder and half dragged, half carried him to the ditch. She eased him down beside John and sat down herself, taking his head in her lap.

Ann asked, "Is he—dead?"

Blood was pouring from the side of his head. John wiped it away. The wound, he could see at once, was only superficial. A bullet had grazed his skull with enough force to knock him over. There was an abrasion on the other side of his head, where he had probably hit the ground. It was very likely the fall which had knocked him unconscious.

John said, "He'll live." Jane looked up; she was crying. "Pass the word along to Olivia that we want the bandage," John added, "and a wad of lint."

Ann stared from Pirrie to the fence barring the road. "But why should they fire at us? What's happened?"

"A mistake." John stared at the fence. "A mistake. We'll sort it out easily enough."

Ann tried to stop him when she saw him tying a large white handkerchief on the end of a stick.

"You can't do that! They'll shoot you!"

John shook his head. "No, they won't."

"They fired on all of us without provocation. They'll fire at you too."

"Without provocation? A whole gang of us marching up the road, and with arms? It was as much my mistake as theirs. I should have realized how their minds would work."

"Their minds? David's!"

"No. Probably not. He can hardly be manning the fence all the time. God knows who it is. Anyway, it's a different thing with one man, unarmed, under a flag of truce. There's no reason why they should fire."

"But they might!"

"They won't."

But he had an odd feeling as he walked along the middle of the road toward the fence, his white flag held above his head. It was not exactly fear. It seemed to him that it was nearer to exhilaration—the sense of fatigue allied to excitement that he had sometimes known in fevers. He began to measure his paces, counting soundlessly: *One, two, three, four, five*—— In front of him, he saw that the barrel of the machine gun poked through a hole in the fence a good ten feet above the ground, not far from the top. David must have built a platform on the other side.

He stopped seven or eight feet from the fence, and looked up. From somewhere near the gun muzzle, a voice said, "Well, what are you after?"

John said, "I'd like to have a word with David Custance."

"Would you, now? He's busy. And the answer's no, anyway."

"He's my brother."

There was a moment's silence. Then the voice said, "His brother's in London. Who do you say you are?"

"I'm John Custance. We got away from London. It's taken us some time to travel up here. Can I see him?"

"Wait a minute." There was a low murmur of voices; John could not quite catch what was said. "All right. You can wait there. We're sending up to the farm for him."

John walked a few paces and stared into the Lepe. (*Continued on Page 72*)

The striking design and brilliance of the floor above give this cafeteria an air of smart distinction. Marbleized colors shown are Chinese red, Burma ivory and Cinnamon.

Long-wearing KENTILE *vinyl asbestos tile helps increase business . . . cuts maintenance costs*

Re-modeling? Moving? Then long-wearing Kentile vinyl asbestos tile is your best flooring buy! Why? Its brilliant colors and design versatility allow you to tailor-make a floor to *your* needs. And it's completely *greaseproof* so spilled foods can't stain it . . . grease and oil can't penetrate its smooth, non-porous surface. Yet Kentile vinyl asbestos tile (KenFlex®) costs less than many materials that quickly scratch, pit and fade. Ask your Kentile flooring contractor for a free estimate soon. He's listed under FLOORS in your Classified Phone Directory.

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General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out

No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline

NEW 1-HORSEPOWER DE LUXE THINLINE works on 115 volts, packs a big 9,000 BTU* capacity. It's one of the most powerful air conditioners of its kind you can buy. Another *Thinline* model (¾ hp, 7.5 amperes) has a cooling capacity of 6600 BTU's.*

HERE'S why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. Takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models—so it fits almost any kind of window, even a casement. So *thin* (only 16½ inches) that you can have it flush with the inside wall, with no unsightly overhang outside. You can even have the *Thinline* installed *through* the wall.

It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have. So just about any home can have a General Electric *Thinline* without costly rewiring. Besides, you get all the big cooling benefits of high BTU* capacities. And General Electric's High Power Factor assures you of getting the most cooling out of the electricity you use.

It fits any color scheme. The new Accent-on-Color Plan blends your Custom *Thinline* with your home's décor. You choose from 6 cheerful spray-on colors.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* and the even lower-priced De luxe model are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. Whatever you pay, you get *Thinline* design, high cooling capacity, General Electric dependability. General Electric *Thinlines* come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's* in cooling capacity. All in compact, attractive cabinets.

Your General Electric dealer will gladly demonstrate *Thinline* advantages for you. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

• • •

Electronic filter (available at extra cost) for hay fever, asthma victims. Removes virtually 100% of dust and pollen particles from the air passing through it, not just the 98% of the normal filter. And it's *permanent. You* can clean it in just a few seconds—by replacing the filter insert—for just a few cents per cleaning. Other features include Jet Air Freshener, automatic thermostat controls.

***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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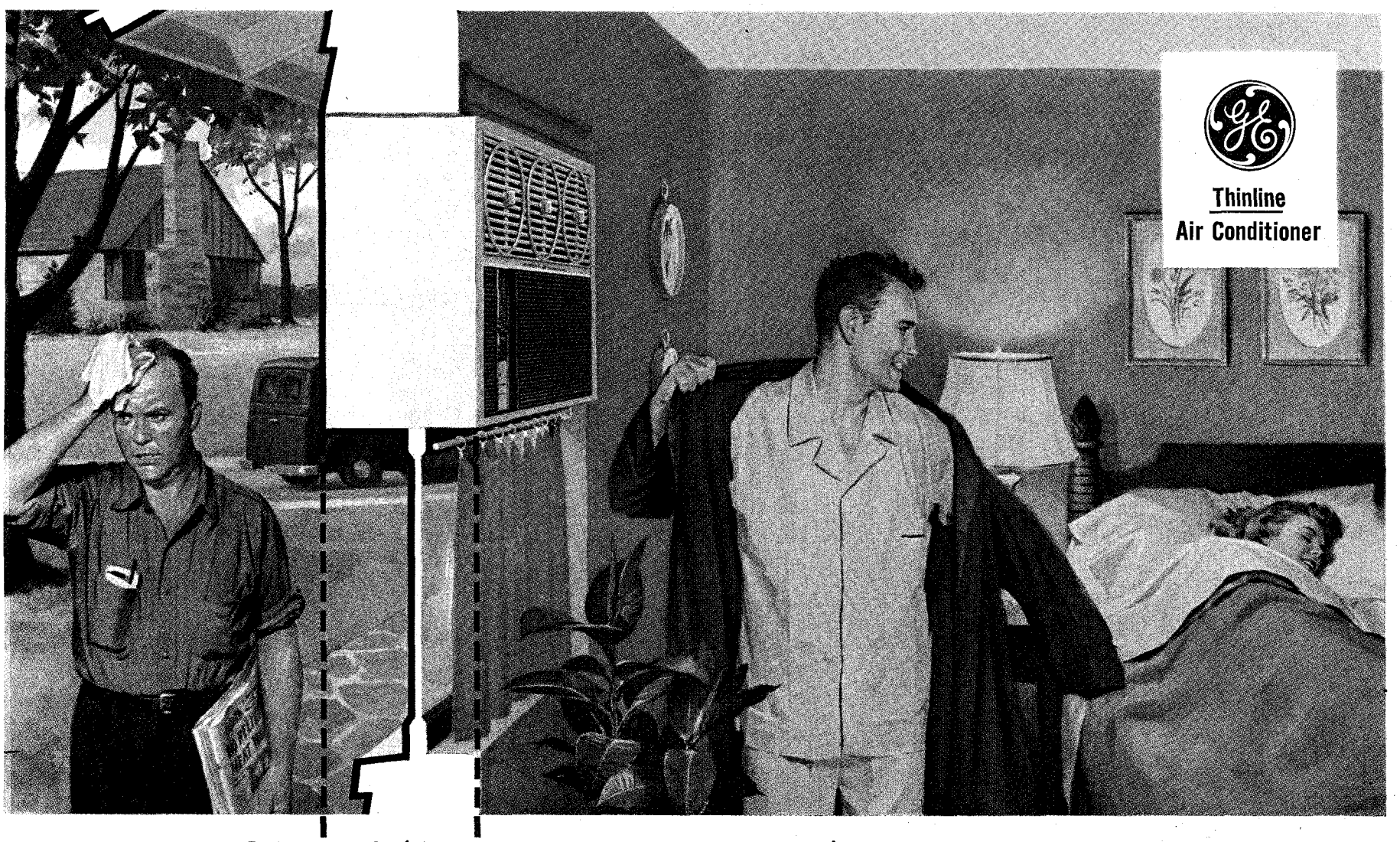
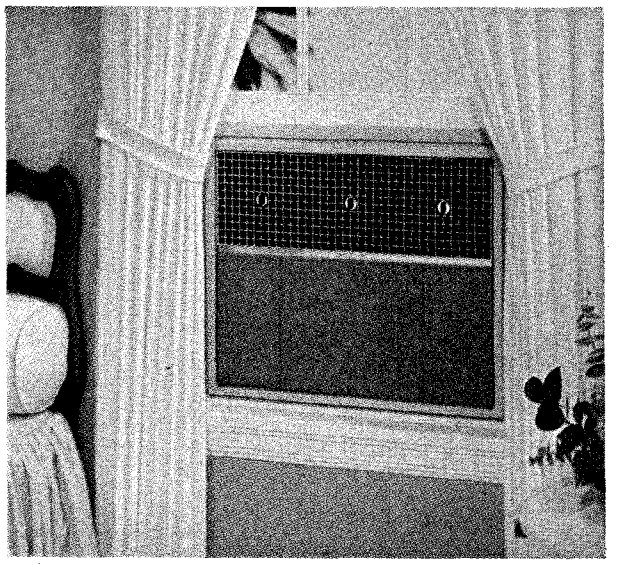


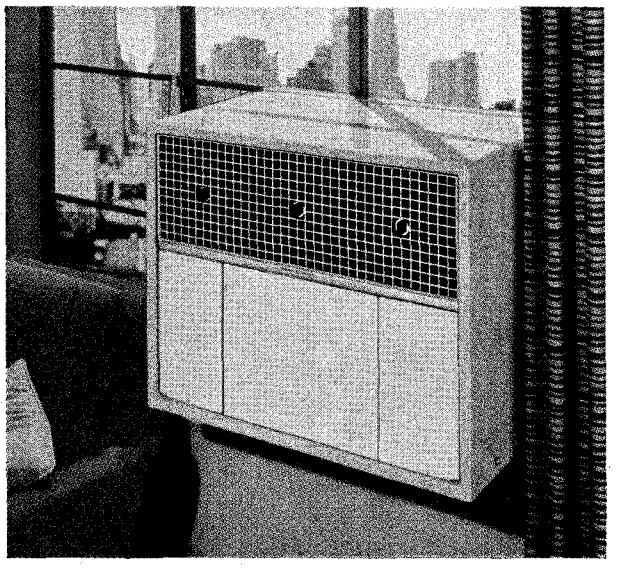
Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere

There are two General Electric Thinline styles—Custom and De luxe. Both fit almost anywhere with no unsightly overhang. And Custom models (shown here) give you a choice of colors . . .

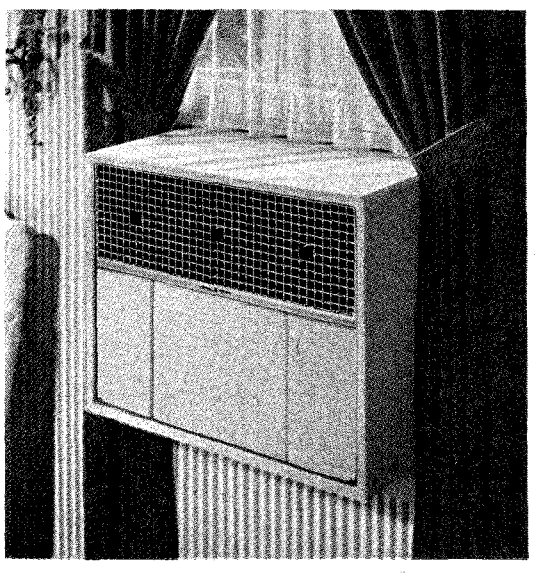


THINLINE FITS UPPER . . .

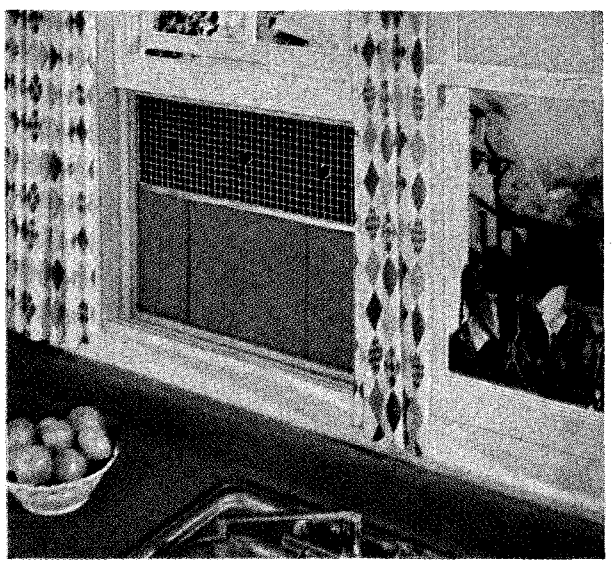
OR LOWER HALF . . .



FITS CASEMENT WINDOWS



CAN GO ALL INSIDE . . .



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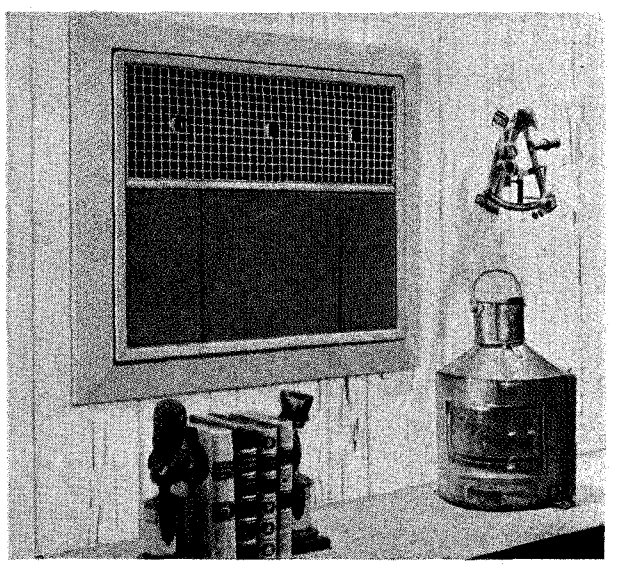

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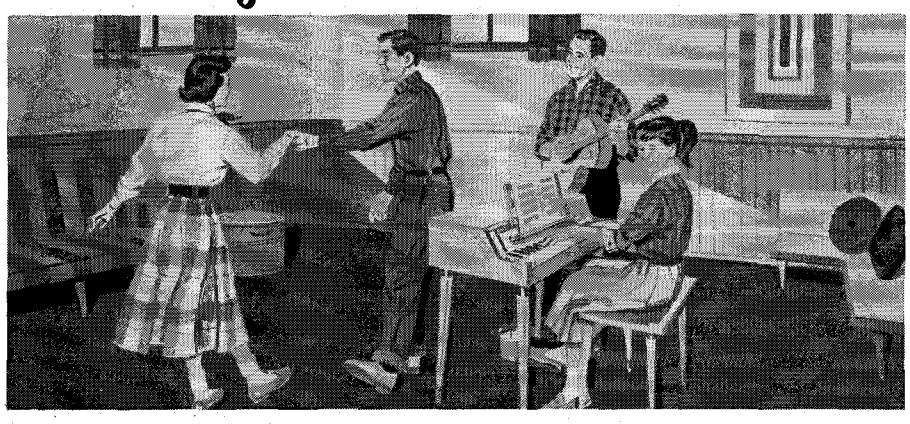

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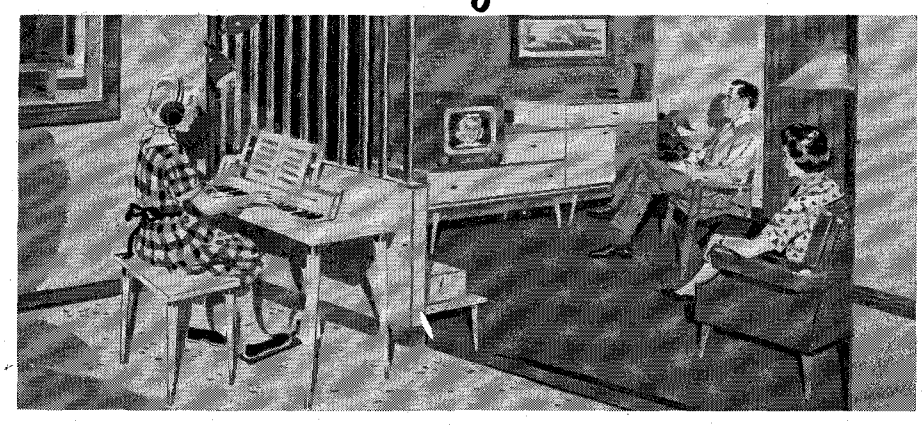

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Continued from Page 69) From beyond the fence he heard a car engine start up and then fade away along the road up the valley. It sounded like David's utility. He wondered how much petrol they would have in store inside Blind Gill. Probably not much. It didn't matter. The sooner people got used to a world deprived of the internal-combustion engine as well as the old-fashioned beasts of burden, the better.

He called up to the man behind the fence, "The people with me. Can they come out of the ditch? Without being shot at?"

"They can stay where they are."

"But there's no point in it. What's the objection to their being on the road?"

"The ditch is good enough."

John thought of arguing, and then decided against it. Anyone on the other side of the fence was someone they would have to live with; if this fellow wanted to exercise his brief authority, it was best to put up with it. His own disquiet had been allayed by the promptness with which it had been agreed to send for David. That at least removed the fear that he might have lost control of the valley.

He said, "I'll walk along and tell my lot what's happening."

The voice was indifferent, "Please yourself. But keep them off the road."

Pirrie was sitting up and taking notice now. He listened to what John had to tell them, but made no comment. Roger said, "You think it's going to be all right, then?"

"I don't see why not. The bloke behind the machine gun may be a bit trigger-happy, but that won't bother us, once we're behind him."

"He don't seem very anxious to let us get behind him," Alf Parsons said.

"Carrying out orders. Hello!"

There was the sound of an engine approaching. It halted behind the barrier.

"That will be David!" John got to his feet again. "Ann, you could come along and have a word with him too."

"Isn't it a risk?" Roger asked.

"Hardly. David's there now."

Ann said, "Davey would like to come, too, I should think—and Mary."

"Of course."

Pirrie said, "No." He spoke softly, but with finality. John looked at him.

"Why? What's wrong?"

"I think they would be safer here," Pirrie said. He paused. "I don't think you should all go along there together."

It took several seconds for John to grasp the implication; he did so then only because the remark came from Pirrie and so could be founded only on an utterly cynical realism.

"Well," he said at last, "that tells me something about how you would act in my place, doesn't it?"

Pirrie smiled. Ann said, "What's the matter?"

John heard David's voice calling him in the distance, "John!"

"Nothing," he said. "Never mind, Ann. You stay here. It won't take me long to fix things with David."

He had half expected the gate in the fence to open as he approached, but he realized that caution—possibly excessive, but on the whole justified—might prevent this until John's status, and the status of the troop that accompanied him, had been settled. He stood under the fence, still blind to whatever was happening on the other side of it, and said, "Dave! That you?"

He heard David's voice. "Yes, of course. . . . Open it. How the devil is he going to get in if you don't?"

He saw the muzzle of the gun waggle as the gate beneath it opened slightly. No chances were being taken. He squeezed through the gap, and saw David waiting for him. They took each other's hands. The gate closed behind him.

"How did you make it?" David asked. "Where's Davey and Ann and Mary?"

"Back there. Hiding in a ditch. Your machine gunner damn near killed us all."

David stared at him. "I can't believe it! I told the people at the gate to look out for you, but I never believed you would get here. The news of the ban on travel—and then the rioting and rumors of bombing. I'd given you up."

"It's a long story," John said. "It can wait. Can I bring my lot in first?"

"Your lot? You mean —— They told me there was a mob on the road."

John nodded. "A mob. Over thirty of them, a number being children. We've all been on the road for some time. I brought them here."

He was looking at David's face. He had seen the expression only once before that he could remember: when, after their grandfather's death, they had heard that the whole estate was being left to David. It showed guilt and embarrassment.

David said, "It's a bit difficult, Johnny."

"In what way?"

"We're crowded out already. When things began (*Continued on Page 76*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Try not to think about it."

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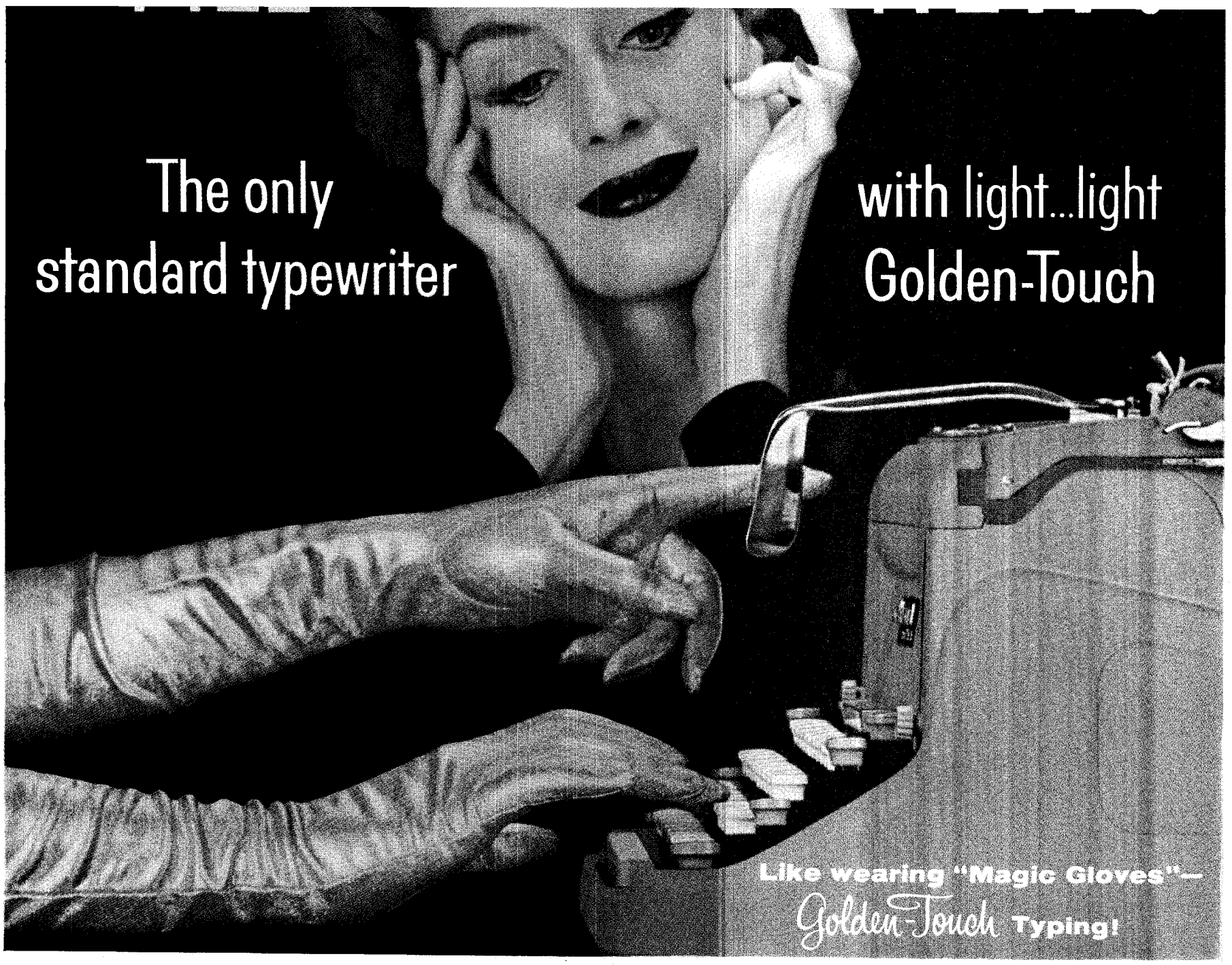

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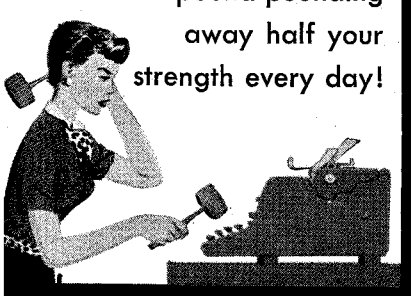

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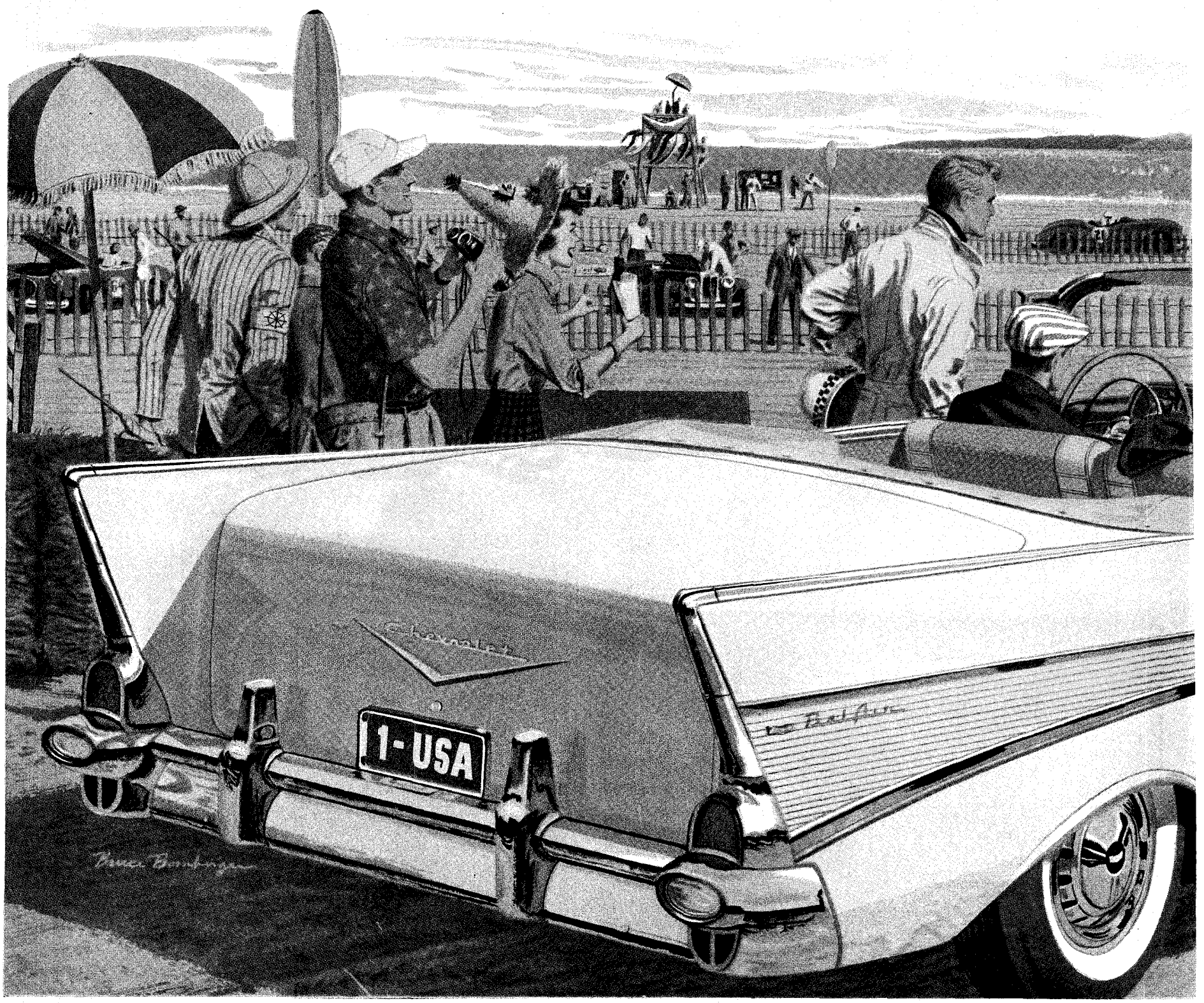

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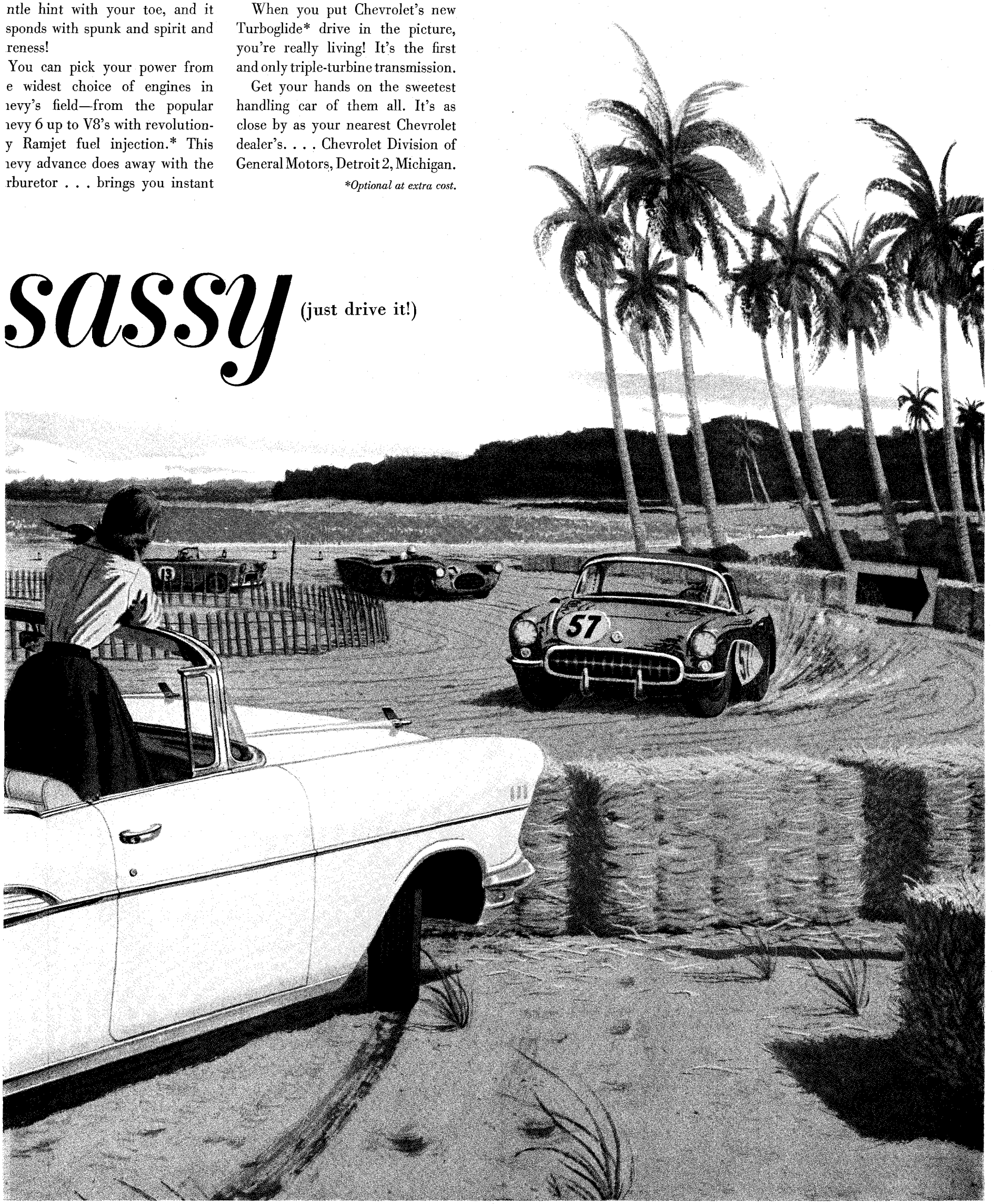

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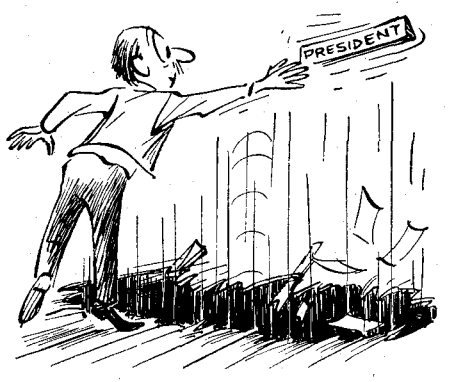

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(*Continued from Page 72*) getting bad, the locals began to come in. The Rivers from Stonebeck, and so on. It was their boy who got hold of the machine gun—from an army unit near Windermere. Three or four of the men came with him. It's spread thin. We'll manage all right, but there's no margin for accidents—a potato failure or anything like that."

"My crowd will spread it thinner," John said. "But they'll work for their keep. I'll answer for that."

"That's not the point," David said. "The land will only support so many. We're over the mark now."

A brief silence followed. The Lepe rushed past on their right. The man tending a fire on which a pot was simmering and the two men up on the platform were both out of earshot.

Nevertheless, John found himself lowering his voice. He said, "What do you suggest? That we turn back toward London?"

David grasped his arm. "Good heavens, no! Don't be a fool. I'm trying to tell you; I can make room for you and Ann and the children, but not for the others."

"Dave," he said, "you've got to make room for them. You can do, and you must."

David shook his head. "I would if I could. Don't you understand? Those people aren't the first we've had to turn away. There have been others. Some of them were relations of people already here. We've had to be hard. I've always told them that you and your family must come in if you got here. But that lot! It's impossible. Even if I agreed, the others would never let me."

"It's your land."

"No one holds land except by consent. They are in the majority. Johnny, I know you don't like the idea of abandoning the people you've been traveling with, but you will have to. There's no alternative."

"There's always an alternative."

"None. Bring them here—Ann and the children—you can make some excuse for that. The others—they've got arms, haven't they? They'll manage all right."

"You've not been out there."

Their eyes met again. David said, "I know you won't like doing it, but you must. You can't put the safety of those others before Ann and the children."

John laughed. The two men on the platform looked down at them.

"Pirrie!" he said. "He must be psychic."

"Pirrie?"

"One of my lot. I don't think we should have got through without him. I was going to bring Ann and the children with me when I came to meet you. He put a stop to it. He made them stay behind. I saw that he was protecting himself and the others against a double-cross, and I was righteously indignant. Now, if I did have them here, inside the fence, I wonder what I would have done?"

David said, "This is serious. Can't you fool him somehow?"

"Fool him? Not Pirrie." John looked away, up the long vista of Blind Gill, snug beneath its protecting hills. He said slowly, "If you turn those others down, you're turning us down, you're turning Davey down."

"This man, Pirrie. I might persuade them to let one other in with you. Can he be bribed?"

"Undoubtedly. But the idea will have entered the heads of the others by now—particularly since I shall have to tell them they can't just walk in, as they had been hoping. There isn't a hope of my getting the children in here without them all coming."

"There must be some way."

"That's what I said to you, isn't it? We aren't free agents any longer, though." He stared at his brother. "In a way, we're enemies."

"No. We'll find a way round this. Perhaps, if you were to go back, and then I got our people to run a sortie against you, under machine-gun cover —— You could have passed the word to Ann and the children to lie still until we had chased them away."

John smiled ironically. "Even if I were prepared to do it, it wouldn't work. Mine have been blooded. That ditch makes a fair cover. The machine gun isn't going to scare them."

"Then—I don't know. But there must be something." John looked up the valley again. The fields were well cropped, mostly with potatoes. "Ann will be wondering," he said; "not to mention the others. I shall have to get back. What's it to be, Dave?"

He had come already to his own decision, and the agony of his brother's uncertainty could not touch that grimness.

Dave said at last, forcing the words out, "I'll talk to them. Come back in an hour. I'll see what they say about letting the others in. Or perhaps we'll think of something in that time. Try to think of something, Johnny!"

John nodded. "I'll try. So long, Dave."

David looked at him miserably. "Give my love to them all—to Davey."

John said, "Yes. Of course I will."

The two men came down from the platform and unbarred the gate again. John squeezed through. He did not look at David as he went.

They were waiting for him as he dropped into the ditch. He saw from their faces that they expected only bad news; any news was bad that was not signaled by the gate to the valley thrown open and an immediate beckoning in.

"How'd it go, Mr. Custance?" Noah Blennitt asked.

"Not well." He told them baldly, but passing quickly over the invitation to his own family to come in. When he had finished, Roger said, "I can see their point of view. He can make room for you and Ann and the children?"

"He can't do anything. The others had agreed about that, and apparently they're willing to stick by it."

"You take it, Johnny," Roger said. "You've brought us up here; we haven't lost anything by it, and there's no sense in everyone missing the chance because we can't all have it."

The murmur from the others was uncertain enough to be tempting. *It's been offered*, he thought, *and they won't stop me if I take it straight away while they're still shocked by their own generosity. Take Ann and Mary and Davey up to the gates, and see them open, and the valley beyond* —— He looked at Pirrie. Pirrie returned the look calmly; his small right hand rested on the butt of his rifle.

Seeing the bubble of temptation pricked, he (*Continued on Page 78*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The umpire can be left in the dark, along with the rest of us, if the stadium lighting fails. Here in a simulated major-league setting is what could happen at a night game:

Assume the Yankees lead the Washington Senators, 4 to 3, as the Senators come to bat in the last of the ninth inning at Griffith Stadium.

Jim Lemon fouls out, Jim Runnels brightens Washington's hopes with a base hit to center. Eddie Yost, with a one-one count, raps a sharp grounder to second baseman Billy Martin. Martin accepts the chance and throws to shortstop Gil McDougald for a force play on Runnels.

As Gil starts to throw to first baseman Moose Skowron for the double play that will end the game, the lights go out. The darkened stadium is in an uproar. After five minutes of quick repairs, the lights flash on again.

If you were umpiring, would you let the game proceed? How?

(See page 78 for answer)

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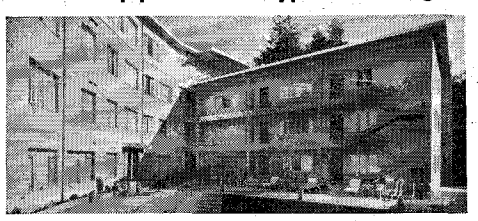

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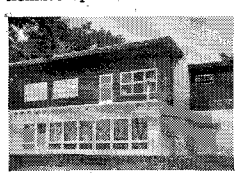

L. H. Cole, owner of this fine home in Clear Lake, Iowa says, "SelecTemp is the most economical of any heating system we ever had; the rooms all heat uniformly, no cold floors or hot ceilings and it is so clean" . . .

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(*Continued from Page 76*) wondered how he would have reacted if he had had the real rather than the apparent freedom of action. The feudal baron, he thought, and ready to sell out his followers as cheerfully as that. Probably they had been like that—most of them, anyway.

He said, looking at Pirrie, "I've been thinking it over. Quite frankly, I don't think there's any hope at all of my brother persuading the others to let us all in. As he said, some of them have seen their own relations turned back. That leaves us two alternatives: turning back ourselves and looking for a home somewhere else, or fighting our way into the valley and taking it over."

Ann said, "No!" in a shocked voice.

Davey said, "Do you mean—fighting Uncle Dave, daddy?" The others stayed silent.

"We don't have to decide straight away," John said. "Until I've seen my brother again, I suppose we can say there's an outside chance of managing it peaceably. But you can be thinking it over."

Roger said, "I still think you ought to take what's offered to you, Johnny."

This time there was no kind of response; the moment of indecision past, John reflected wryly. The followers had realized the baron's duty toward them again.

Alf Parsons asked, "What do you think, Mr. Custance?"

"I'll keep my opinion until I come back next time," John said. "You be thinking it over."

Pirrie still did not speak, but he smiled slowly. With the bandage round his head, he looked like a frail and innocent old man. Jane sat close by him, her pose protective.

It was not until John was on the point of going back to the gate that Pirrie spoke. Then he said, "You'll look things over, of course? From inside?"

"Of course," John said.

If there had been any hope in his mind of David's persuading the others in the valley to relent, it would have vanished the moment he saw his brother's face again.

Four or five other men had accompanied him back to the fence, presumably to help the three already on guard, in the event of John's troops' being reluctant to accept their dismissal. There was, John noticed, a telephone point just inside the fence, so that the men there could summon help quickly in the event of a situation's looking dangerous. He glanced about him, looking for further details of the valley's defenses.

David said, "They won't agree, Johnny. We couldn't really expect them to."

The men who had come with him stayed close by, making no pretense of offering privacy to the brothers. As much as anything, this showed John the powerlessness of his brother's position.

He nodded. "So we have to take the road again. I gave Davey your love. I'm sorry you couldn't have seen him."

"Look," David said, "I've been thinking. There is a way." He spoke with a feverish earnestness. "You can do it."

John looked at him in inquiry. He had been noting the angle the fence made with the river.

"Tell them it's no good," David said; "that you will have to find somewhere else. But don't travel too far tonight. Arrange things so that you and Ann and the children can slip away, and then come back here. You'll be let in. I'll stay here tonight to make sure."

John recognized the soundness of the scheme, for other people under other conditions. But he was not tempted by it. In any case, David was underestimating the intervention Pirrie might make in the plan; a reasonable error for anyone who did not know Pirrie.

He said slowly, "Yes, I think that might work. It's worth trying, anyway. But I don't want to have the kids mown down by that gun of yours in the night."

David said eagerly, "There's no fear of that. Give me our old curlew whistle as you come along the road. And it's full moon."

"Yes," John said, "so it is."

John dropped down into the ditch where they all were.

He said immediately, "We shan't get in there peaceably. They won't budge. My brother's tried them, but it's no good. So we have the alternatives I spoke of—going somewhere else or fighting our way into Blind Gill. Have you thought about it?"

There was a silence; Alf Parsons broke it. He said, "It's up to you, Mr. Custance; you know that. We shall do whatever you think best."

"Right," John said. "One thing, first. My brother looks like me, and he's wearing blue overalls and a gray-and-white-check shirt. I'm telling you this so you can watch out for him. I don't want him hurt, if it can be helped."

Joe Harris said, "We're having a go, then, Mr. Custance?"

"Yes. Not now. Tonight. Now we are going to beat an orderly retreat out of the range of vision of the people on the fence. It's got to look as though we've given up the idea of getting in. Our only hope is having the advantage of surprise."

They obeyed at once, scrambling out of the ditch and heading back down the road, away from the valley. John walked at the rear, and Roger and Pirrie walked with him.

Roger said, "I still think you're doing the wrong thing, Johnny. You could leave us and take the family back. They would have you."

Pirrie remarked, in a speculative tone, "I don't think it's going to be easy, even as a surprise attack." He looked at John. "Unless you know a way of getting in over the hills."

"No. Even if there were a reasonable way, it wouldn't do. The hillsides are steep in there. It would be impossible to avoid starting small slides of stones, and

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 76

Cancel the out on Runnels and send him back to first base. Send Yost back to bat with a one-one count. Play resumes as though the last pitch had never been made.

(See American League regulations: "In the event of the inability to complete a double play because of the failure of lights, no decision will be rendered. On restoration of the lights *play will start over from the pitch.*")

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once they knew where we were, we should offer a target they couldn't miss."

"I take it," Pirrie said, "that you do not contemplate rushing that fence, with a Vickers machine gun behind it?"

"No." John looked at Pirrie closely. "How do you feel now?"

"Normal."

"Fit enough to wade half a mile through a river that's cold even at this time of year?"

"Yes."

They were both watching him in inquiry. John said, "My brother put a fence across the gap between hill and river, but he took it for granted the river was fence enough in itself. By the banks it's deep as well as swift; there have been enough cattle drowned in it, and quite a few men. But I fell in from the other side when I was a kid, and I didn't drown. There's a shelf just about the middle of the river; even as a boy of eleven I could stand there, with my head well above water."

Roger asked, "Are you suggesting we all wade up the river? They would see us, surely. And what about getting out of it, if it's as deep by the banks as you say?"

Pirrie, as John had anticipated, had grasped the idea without the need of elaboration.

"I am to knock out the machine gun?" he suggested. "And the rest of you?"

"I'm coming with you," John said. "I'll take one of the other rifles. I'm not likely to succeed if you fail, but it provides us with an extra chance. . . . Roger, you've got to take that fence, once we've got the gun quiet. You can get the men up within a hundred yards of it, along the ditch. The fence is climbable. They will bring the gun round to bear on us as soon as they realize they are under fire from the rear. That's when you take our lot in."

Roger said doubtfully, "Will it work?"

It was Pirrie who answered him. "Yes," he said, "I believe it will."

John stood with Ann, looking at the children as they lay asleep on the ground—Davey and Spooks and Steve tangled up together, and Mary a little apart, her head pillowed on an outthrust arm. He told her then, in an undertone, of David's plan.

When he had finished, she said, "Why didn't you? We could have done it. We could have got away from Pirrie somehow"—she shivered—"killed him if necessary! There's been enough killing of innocent people, and now there's going to be more. Oh, why didn't you take it? Can't we still?"

The sun had gone down and the moon was yet to rise. It was quite dark. He could not see much of her face, nor she of his.

He said, "I'm glad of Pirrie."

"Glad!"

"Yes. I needed the thought of that trigger finger of his to stiffen me, but it only stiffened me into taking the right course. Ann, some of the things I've had to do to get us here have been nasty. I couldn't have justified them even to myself, except in the hope that it would all be different once we got to the valley."

"It will be different."

"I hope so. That's why I won't pay for admission in treachery."

"Treachery?"

"To the rest of them." He nodded his head toward the others. "It would be treachery to abandon them now."

"I don't understand." Ann shook her head. "I don't begin to understand. Isn't it treachery to David, to force a way in?"

"David isn't a free agent. If he were, he would have let us all in. You know that. Think, Ann! Leaving Roger and Olivia outside, and Steve and Spooks. What would you tell Davey? And all these other poor devils. Jane—yes, and Pirrie! However much you dislike him, we should never have got near the valley without him."

Ann looked down at the sleeping children. "All I can think is that we could have been safe in the valley tonight, without any fighting."

"But with nasty memories."

"We have those anyway."

"Not in the same way."

She paused for a while. "You're the leader, aren't you? The medieval chieftain? You said so yourself."

John shrugged. "Does that matter?"

"It does to you. I see that now. More than our safety and the children's."

He said gently, "Ann, darling, what are you talking about?"

"Duty. That's it, isn't it? It wasn't really Roger and Olivia, Steve and Spooks you were thinking about—not them as persons. It was your own honor—the honor of the chieftain. You aren't just a person yourself any longer. You're a figurehead as well."

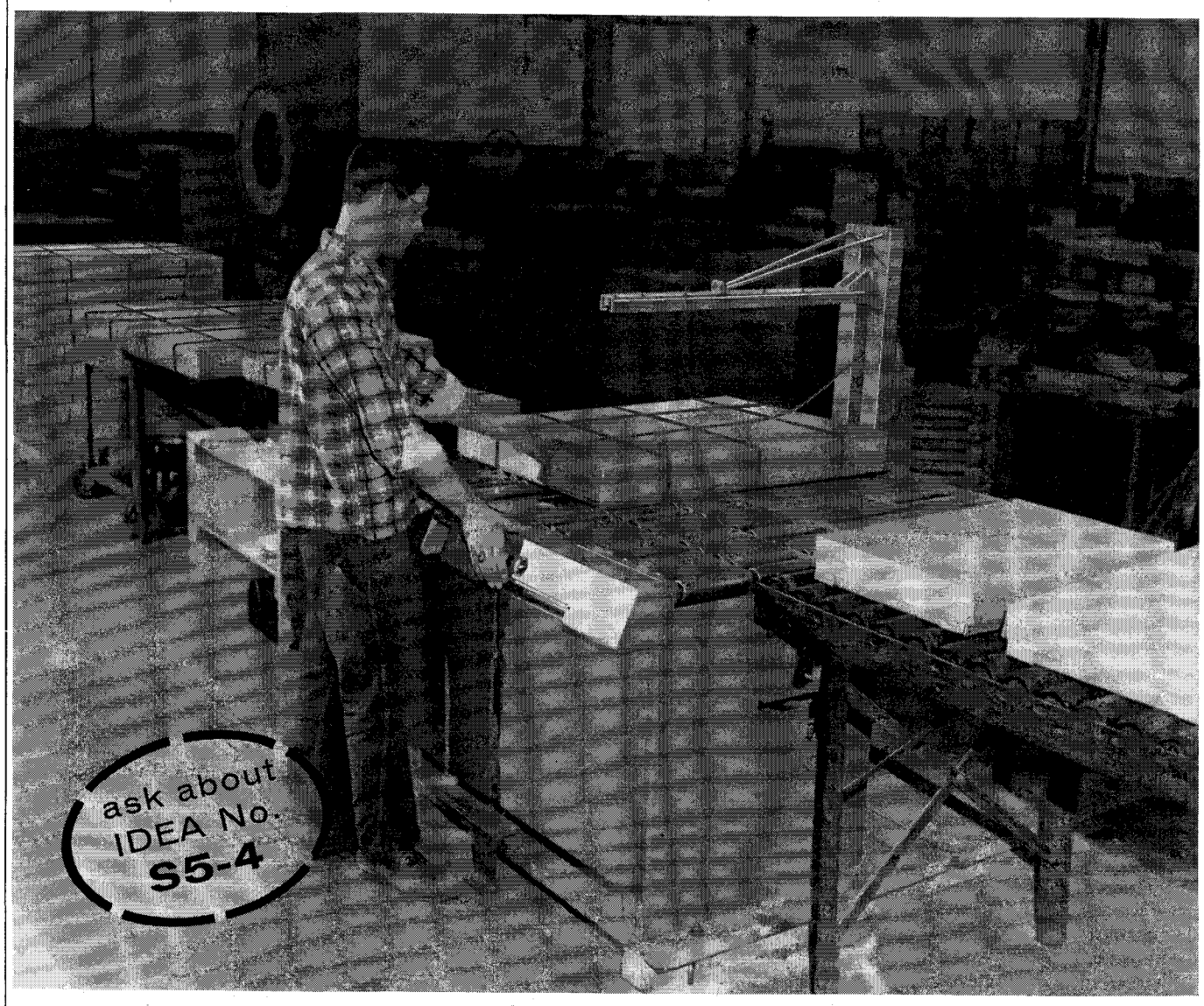
"Tomorrow it will be all over. We can forget about it all then."

"No. You half convinced me before, but I know better now. You've changed, and you can't change back."

"I've not changed."

"When you're King of Blind Gill," she said, "how long will it be, I wonder, before they make a crown for you?"

The risky part, John thought, was the stretch between the bend of the river and the point, some thirty yards from the fence, where the shadow of the hill canceled out the moonlight. If they had left it until the moon was fully risen, the project



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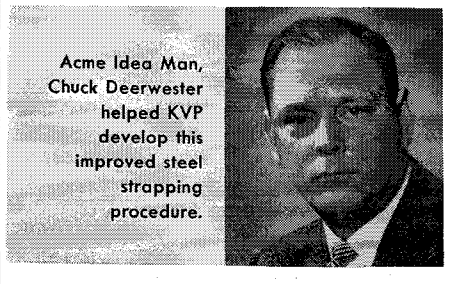

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would have been almost impossible, for the moonlight was brilliant and they had to pass within yards of the defenders.

As it was, they were exposed, for some twenty-five yards, to any close scrutiny that the people behind the fence turned on the river. The reasonable hope was that their attention would be focused on the obvious approach by road rather than the apparently impractical approach up so swift and deep a river as the Lepe. Pirrie, in front of him, crouched down so that only his head and shoulders and one hand holding the rifle on his shoulder were out of the water, and John followed suit.

The water was even colder than John remembered it as being, and the effort of struggling forward against the current was an exhausting one. Once or twice, Pirrie slipped, and he had to hold him. It was a consolation that the noise of the river would cloak any noise they might make.

They pushed ahead and, at last, to their relief, found themselves clear of the moonlight. The hill's shadow was long, but of no great width; they could see the moonlit road and the fence quite plainly. John had not been sure of this beforehand, and it raised his hopes still further. If the fence had been in shadow, even Pirrie's marksmanship might not have availed them.

When they were not more than ten yards from the fence, Pirrie stopped.

John whispered urgently, "What is it?"

He heard Pirrie draw gasping breaths. "I . . . exhausted!"

It was a shock to remember that Pirrie was an old man, and of frail physique, who had made a harassing journey, and only a few hours before had been knocked over by a bullet. John braced himself and put his free arm round Pirrie's waist.

He said softly, "Rest a minute. If it's too much for you, go back. I'll carry on by myself."

They stayed like that for several seconds. Pirrie was shuddering against John's body. Then he pulled himself upright.

He gasped, "All right now!"

"Are you sure?"

Making no answer, Pirrie waded on. They were abreast of the fence, and then beyond it. John looked back. The valley's defenses were outlined in the moon's soft radiance. There were three men on the platform and another three or four huddled on the ground behind it, presumably asleep.

He whispered to Pirrie, "Here?"

"Give ourselves a chance," said Pirrie. "Lengthen the range. I can hit them at another twenty yards."

His voice seemed stronger again. Pirrie was probably indestructible, John reflected. He trudged after him through the swirling water, aware of fatigue now in his own limbs doubling the water's drag.

Pirrie stopped at last, and turned, bracing himself against the current. They were about twenty-five yards inside the valley. John stood at his left elbow.

"Try for the one on the right," Pirrie said. "I'll manage the other two."

"The machine gun first," John said.

Pirrie did not bother to reply to that. He threw his rifle up to his shoulder, and John, more slowly, did the same.

Pirrie's rifle cracked viciously, and in the moonlight the figure of the man behind the machine gun straightened up, cried in pain and went down again, clutching at the edge of the platform and missing it. John fired for his own target, but did not hit. More surprisingly, Pirrie's second shot failed of its mark. Both men remained on the platform, raced for the machine gun and tried to swing it round. Pirrie fired again as they did so, and one of them slumped across it. The other pushed him free and managed to turn it. John and Pirrie fired again unsuccessfully. The figures beneath the platform had risen and were reaching for guns. Then the machine gun began to sputter in a staccato rhythm of sound and flame.

It did not manage much more than a dozen rounds before Pirrie got his third victim and the deadly chatter stopped. The men on the ground had begun to fire at them now, but the whine of individual bullets seemed irrelevant.

Pirrie said, "The ladder. Keep them off the platform."

His voice was weaker again, but John saw him reload, and, with his usual snatched but unwavering aim, hit yet another figure, which had begun to climb the ladder to the platform. John tried to listen for sounds of Roger and the others beyond the fence, but could hear nothing. They must have reached the fence by now. He looked at the black line of the fence's top, searching for the figures that should be climbing over it.

Suddenly, in an entirely natural and unforced tone, Pirrie said, "Take this." He was holding out his rifle.

John said, "Why?"

"You fool," Pirrie said. "I'm hit."

A bullet whined toward them across the surface of the water. John could see, examining him closely, that his shirt was holed and bloody at the shoulder. He took the gun, dropping the one he had into the water.

"Hang on to me," he told Pirrie.

"Never mind that! The ladder!"

There was another figure on the ladder. John fired, reloaded, fired again. The third shot succeeded. He turned to Pirrie.

"Now ——" he began.

But Pirrie was gone. John thought he saw his body several yards downstream, but it was difficult to be sure. He looked back to the more important concern—the fence. Figures were swarming across the top, and one already had hold of the machine gun, tilting it downward.

He saw the remaining defenders throw their guns away, and then, chilled and utterly tired, began looking for the best place to get in to the bank.

Into this room he had come with David, side by side, their fingers locked together to calm each other's fear and uncertainty before the mystery of death, to see the corpse of Grandfather Beverley. The room had changed very little in a score of years. David had never had any desire to modernize his surroundings.

Ann said, "Darling, I'm sorry—for what I said last night." He did not answer. "It is going to be different now. You were right."

And in the afternoon of that faraway day, the solicitor had come up from Lepeton, and there had been the reading of the will, and David's embarrassment and guilt when they learned that all had been left to him—money as well as land, because a good farmer will never, if he can help it, separate the two. *Well*, he thought, *I got it in the end.*

"It's not your fault," Ann said. "You mustn't think it is."

His mother had said, "You don't feel badly about it, do you, darling? It doesn't mean that grandfather didn't like you, you know. He was very fond of you. He told me all about this. He knew David wanted to be a farmer, and that you didn't. It means that all my money goes to you—all that your father left. You will be able to have the very best training an engineer could have. You do see that, don't you?"

He had said yes, more bewildered by his mother's seriousness than anything else.

He had always expected that Blind Gill would go to David; neither property nor money counted for anything against his one overwhelming feeling of distaste, repugnance for the fact and presence of his grandfather's death. Now that the funeral was over and the blinds had gone up again, he wanted only to forget that grimness and shadow.

"You will have quite enough, darling," his mother had said. He had nodded impatiently, eager to be free of this conversation which was a last link with the unpleasantness of death. He took as little note of the urgency of his mother's tone as he had done of her increasing pallor and thinness in the past year. He did not know, as she did, that her own life had only a short time to run.

"Johnny," Ann said. She came and put her hands on his shoulders. "You must snap out of it."

And after that, he thought, the holidays with aunts, and his comradeship with David, all the deeper for their shared isolation. Had there been, beneath all that, a resentment of what his brother had—a hatred concealed even from himself? He could not believe it, but the thought nagged him and would not be quieted.

"Everything's going to be all right," Ann said. "The children can grow up here in peace, even if the world is in ruins. Davey will farm the valley land." She glanced at the body lying on the bed. "David wanted that more than anything."

John spoke then. "He'll do more than farm it, won't he? He will own it. It's a nice bit of land. Not as much as Cain left to Enoch, though."

"You mustn't talk like that. And it wasn't you who killed him; it was Pirrie."

"Was it? I don't know. We'll blame Pirrie, shall we? And Pirrie is gone, washed away with the river, and so the land flows with milk and honey again, and with innocence. Is that all right?"

"John! It was Pirrie."

He looked at her. "Pirrie gave me his gun; he must have known, then, that he was finished. And when I saw that he had gone under, I thought of throwing it after him—that was the gun which brought us here to the valley, killing its way across England. I could have got to the shore more easily without it, and I was deadly tired. But I hung on to it."

"You can still throw it away," she said. "You don't have to keep it."

"No. Pirrie was right. You don't throw away a good weapon." He looked at the rifle, resting against the dressing table. "It will be Davey's when he is old enough."

She shrank a little. "No! He won't need it. It will be peace then."

"Enoch was a man of peace," John said. "He lived in the city which his father built for him. But he kept his father's dagger in his belt."

He went to the bed, bent down and kissed his brother's face. He had kissed another dead face only a few days before, but centuries lay between the two salutations. As he turned away toward the door, Ann asked, "Where are you going?"

"There's a lot to do," he said. "A city to be built." THE END

Comment in Re Girls Who Look Good Enough to Eat

They don't always cook
like
What they look like.

By Stuart Pennington

The Worst Swindle (Continued from Page 25)

Experienced drag girls do not consider the game worth the risk unless the vic's savings amount to at least $1000. The stock method of ascertaining this is to interject, "But I heard that the Government is taxing all savings over a thousand dollars four per cent." No such Federal tax exists, but if the vic's savings run to four figures, she will usually betray the fact by expressing alarm.

Mrs. Matthews, it developed, was worth slightly more than $5000. Bessie gave her accomplice "the raise," adjusting an earring as a signal to prepare for action. Had Mrs. Matthews not responded satisfactorily, Bessie would have called off the game with "the brush," flicking an imaginary speck of dust from her sleeve. If either player spots a policeman, she strokes her elbow—"the roller"—and retreats.

"Speaking of advice," Bessie was presently relating, "a few minutes ago a lady stopped me to ask for mine. She'd just found a wallet with a bunch of horse-betting slips, about six hundred dollars, and nothing to show who owned it. What did I think she ought to do? Well, I didn't care to say, but I thought to myself if I'd found all that money—probably gambling money, too—and no identification, I'd keep it. Wouldn't you? . . . Why, there she is again! I wonder what she decided."

Bessie waved, and up stepped Myrtle, a somewhat older girl, similarly garbed. "I decided," Myrtle volunteered, "to consult my boss. I took the wallet to the office—it's in the Occidental Building right across the street—but he was still out to lunch. So I locked it in my desk. I'm on my way back there now. If you ladies don't mind waiting, I'll tell you what he says." Nothing short of an earthquake could have budged Mrs. Matthews.

When Myrtle reappeared, she was breathless with excitement. On closer inspection, she announced, the wallet had proved to contain not $600, but $6600. Mrs. Matthews gasped. "And Mr. Clark, my boss, he told me I should feel free to keep it, because it was certainly won by some gambler who'd never pay the income tax on it anyway. Then he asked me if anybody else knew. I had to tell him about meeting you ladies, and he said in that case I should split it three ways—that's (*Continued on Page 82*)

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(*Continued from Page 80*) twenty-two hundred dollars waiting for each of us in the office safe."

Mrs. Matthews' heart overflowed with gratitude toward her new friends, and such scruples as might have troubled her were allayed by the thought of the money's illicit source. There were conditions, though. Myrtle defined them as follows:

"Before we divvy up, my boss wants to make sure you're responsible people who know how to handle money. He wants you to go to his office one at a time and show him your net worth—no bankbooks or papers, but cold cash. Can you ladies satisfy him?"

It was no problem for Bessie with her settlement from the bus company. She fished a wad out of her bag—in reality stage money, "the poke."

"The office is on the fourth floor, Room Four-twenty. But be careful. Mr. Clark has a very nosy partner," said Myrtle.

In Bessie's absence, Myrtle reminisced, "Strangest thing how Mr. Clark came to hire me. I was at a church picnic when this little boy fell into the lake and I saved him from drowning. He turned out to be Mr. Clark's only child. Well, Mr Clark offered me a lifetime job. He's grown so fond of me he keeps a picture of me on his desk. He's made me a bonded messenger, and I do all the firm's banking."

Bessie returned and exclaimed, "I simply must congratulate you! Your boss certainly thinks highly of you. Why, there's a picture of you on his desk!" This bit of flummery, contrived to convince the vic that the catch girl really met the boss, is called "the cross."

A complication had arisen, however. As Mr. Clark started to tote up her assets, said Bessie, he spied his partner in the offing. Sweeping the bills into her bag, he instructed her to take them down to Myrtle, who, as the firm's banking messenger, could then redeliver them without arousing his partner's curiosity. Bessie's spurious roll of bills changed hands, Myrtle departed once more, and was back shortly with the roll plus Bessie's share of the found money—another poke.

Now came Mrs. Matthews' turn to establish her responsibility. But her savings were in an Arlington, Virginia, bank, miles away. Her friends rushed her there by taxi. The bank teller showed some concern. He urged Mrs. Matthews to accept a draft. But she insisted on cash. So bedazzled are most vics that no entreaty, no warning can move them. The teller had no legal right to refuse, and evidently it did not occur to him to call the police. He counted out $5126—all the money the widow possessed.

The trio taxied back to a restaurant near the Occidental Building, where Mrs. Matthews gave Myrtle her money to show Mr. Clark. Myrtle returned empty-handed. Mr. Clark's omnipresent partner, it seems, had intruded before the transaction was completed. But if Mrs. Matthews would go to the office herself in five minutes, she would receive her reward. Myrtle guided her to the elevators—a tactic known as "elevating the vic."

There was nobody named Clark on the fourth floor. Thinking she had not heard the room number aright, Mrs. Matthews went back to the restaurant. She did not see her friends. She waited. She waited a long time. It was "the blowoff."

"They didn't look like crooks to me," the impoverished widow recalled afterward, "and I was so carried away by the thought of getting a little money for nothing."

Until recently, the headquarters of the drag syndicate was Cleveland, and many members still hole up there between scores. In a wedge-shaped area of a hundred blocks—the equivalent of New York's Harlem—lived the kingpin of the Old Men, the late "Boss" Harvey Caldwell. The syndicate's closest approximation to an overlord, controlling droves of girls and other Old Men, Caldwell grossed a fortune from con games, prostitution and narcotics. He was himself addicted to cocaine. He was arrested only twice—for violating the Mann Act, and on suspicion—and quickly released both times.

Long and cadaverous, with a voice like a clogged trumpet, Caldwell sported diamond adornments, ankle-length camel's-hair coats and $7000 cars. He was a physical wreck, suffering from asthma and a strained heart. Liable to paroxysms of coughing, he carried an atomizer in his pocket and constantly sprayed his throat. In his declining years he professed profound religious convictions and devotion to his fellow men. "Fancy clothes, women don't mean a thing," he philosophized. "What counts, ever'where Ah go, Ah'm loved."

His prize scorer was Sherry Kamas, a trim blonde of Hungarian extraction with a marked resemblance to the Gabor sisters. She joined the syndicate at fifteen, and at eighteen became Caldwell's wife. Before he divorced her, she bore him two daughters.

Boss Caldwell's entourage included Robert Hill, his partner in vice rackets, and their junior associate, Craig Devoe, also a cocaine addict; Bertha Schultz, alias Vera Cooper, a recruiter, trainer and dispatcher of drag girls; Jabo Davis, who served the syndicate as a reconnoiterer of

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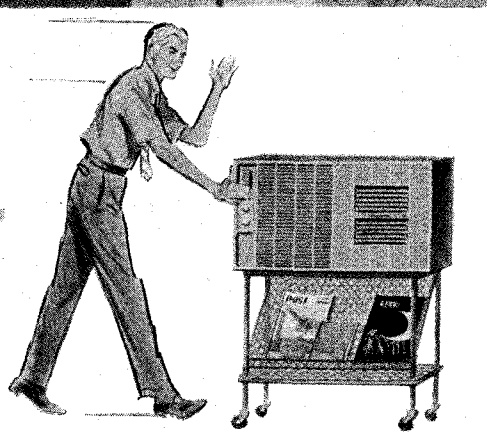

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new territory; and Oakey Jackson, a renowned teacher of the game, who plays it himself, and won a legendary reputation for having achieved the biggest score ever—$20,000.

Cleveland remains Jackson's home base. A sullen, beady-eyed man of fifty-two, he owns a thirty-three-room hotel, the Anchor, which earns him around $700 a month. It is both a way station for drag players on the move and a teaching center. Sometimes called "the dean of con men," Jackson keeps a scrapbook of newspaper stories about himself. Ulcers have slowed him up, though last year in Pittsburgh he was indicted for four scores. Subpoenaed by the Kefauver subcommittee, he made a colorful and cagey witness.

The most bizarre of the Clevelanders was Emmet Cobb, self-styled Ahmad El, the Prophet, who combined quasi-Oriental mysticism with peculiarly vicious felonies. Luxuriantly bearded, wearing a fez and with a ring in his left ear, he claimed to have studied autosuggestion at something called the New York Institute of Hypnology, and to have taken a degree in Meta at the Neotarian College of Philosophy. ("Meta deals with the intangible attributes of man and his divine essence.") "I am a Moslem educator," Cobb set forth. "My teachings stress highly moral principles according to which I live." These teachings covered the usual syndicate curriculum, with emphasis on prostitution. At one point the Prophet had twenty-four girls on the string.

Lt. Martin P. Cooney, head of Cleveland's crack Special Investigation Bureau, got wind of Cobb's little empire when one of his girls was arrested for passing a bad check. What she revealed under questioning rocked the city. Jailed in 1954 on eleven counts of moral offenses, the Prophet protested: "I'm another prominent investigator who has fallen victim to McCarthyism." He was committed to a state hospital for the insane.

The Cobb case climaxed a sequence of events which caused the Old Men to scatter. The Cleveland police had been considerably shaken up by the Kefauver racket hearings, one of which was held there in 1951. A former Kefauver investigator, John N. McCormick, was appointed assistant director of public safety and later director. Cleveland's strait-laced mayor, Anthony J. Celebrezze, a reinvigorated police force under Chief Frank W. Story, and Cooney's boys made life hard for organized criminals.

In the general exodus, Boss Caldwell shifted his headquarters to Los Angeles. Craig Devoe went to New York, where he became the syndicate's Eastern anchor man. Although some of the regulars have stayed put, notably Oakey Jackson, the drag game is rarely played in Cleveland itself any more.

When Sherry Caldwell was jailed last summer for a $3470 score, her ex-husband wired her, hoping, no doubt, to insure her loyalty and silence:

HEARD ABOUT YOUR PREDICAMENT. VERY SORRY. I HAVE BEEN AWFUL SICK AND CANNOT TRAVEL OTHERWISE I WOULD BE AT YOUR SIDE. IF THE LORD LETS ME OUT OF THIS BED I WILL COME IMMEDIATELY. THEY ARE CONSPIRING TO PUT SOMETHING ON ME. BUT PRAY THE DEAR LORD AS I DO.

The only truth in the telegram was the state of his health. Two months later, before he could answer a subpoena from the Kefauver subcommittee, Boss Caldwell died.

It is axiomatic that con men cannot prosper without an occasional umbrella to work under. This does not, however, reflect on the integrity of entire police departments. A single venal member of a bunco squad suffices to provide protection in various ways. He can, for example, temporarily remove the swindlers' photographs from the files, so that complainants will be unable to identify them. If he must, for appearances' sake, make an arrest, he can summon to the line-up every recent drag victim except those he knows the prisoners flimflammed. A conniving officer can prevail upon some complainants to accept partial restitution instead of pressing charges; some he can intimidate into silence.

To what extent umbrellas exist is a touchy topic in police circles. The question was put to Oakey Jackson not long ago. He smiled pityingly at the questioner as one might at a child innocent in the ways of the world. "Every place," he replied. In confessions by drag girls, the cities named where "the tree was up" at one time or other have included New York, Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland,

The Worst of It

The fact that I can't take it
with me
Is not what leaves me vexed.
It's the fact that I can't
even take it from
One payday to the next!

By Hal Chadwick

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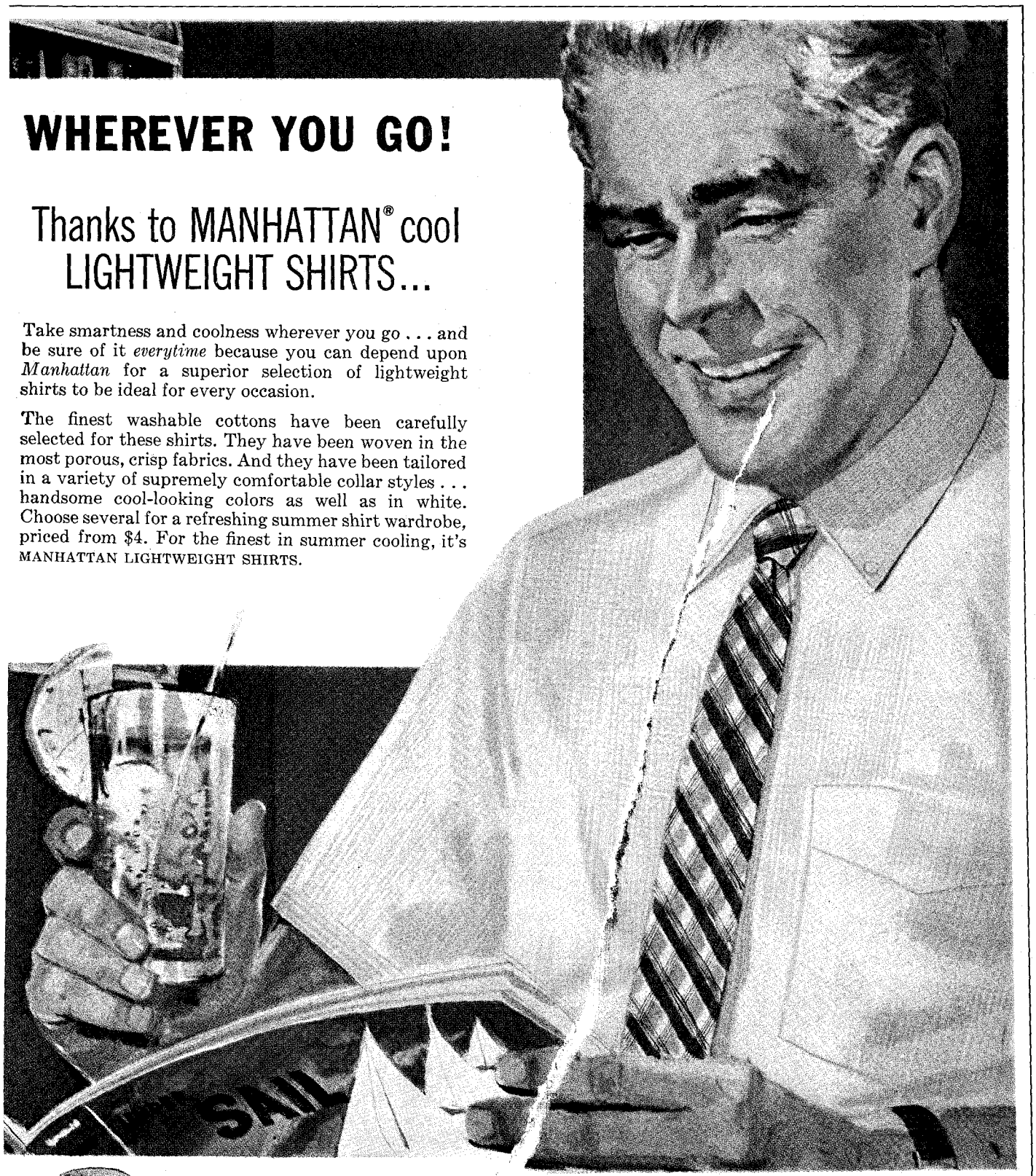

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The perfect gift for Dad . . .
from the whole family!

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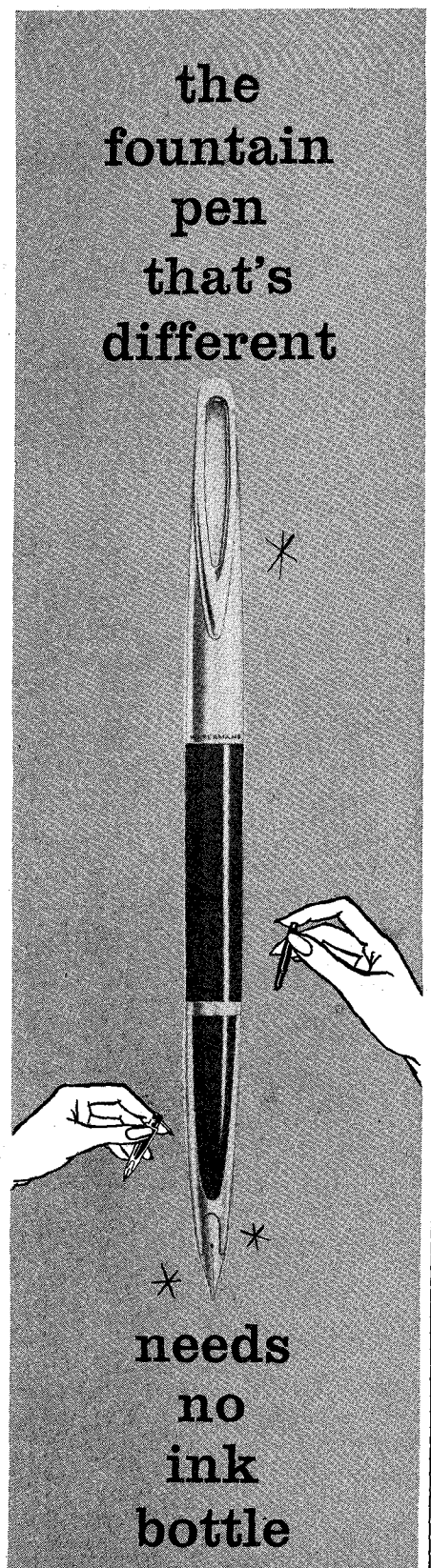

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The scene of one of the widest-open, longest-standing umbrellas was Baltimore. Originally set up in 1948 by a native Old Man, it served Oakey Jackson and a bevy of his doxies for three years. They later admitted having taken seven vics for a total of $6530, probably a modest estimate. The operating license cost 25 per cent of each score, which went to the two detectives through whose hands passed most flimflam complaints—Lts. Joseph R. Bucher and Henry T. Sherry.

Before leaving Cleveland for Baltimore, Oakey would telephone the detectives. He would telephone them again on arrival, and a third time to inform them whom he had swindled and in what amount. After tampering with the identification files, Bucher and Sherry would then meet Oakey to collect their commission.

The Baltimore tree toppled with a crash in 1951, and it was Oakey himself who swung the ax. "I was about to get an unjust deed done to me," he says. He had been nailed by a patrolman as he was fleeing from an enraged vic. That rap Sherry could not square, and Bucher had left the force. Seething at the unfairness of it all, Oakey turned state's evidence against his erstwhile umbrella men. The upshot was prison, six years of it, for both of them.

Supporting a drag girl on the road costs fifty to a hundred dollars a day. If she fails to score, she is expected to pull her weight by other means. Prostitution is the commonest, but an adept can also draw upon a repertoire that includes "boosting" (shoplifting), picking pockets, "lush-rolling" (robbing drunks), and assorted short cons.

Constance Ballard, a Caldwell protégée, once bamboozled a Chicago bookie with the age-old "green-goods game." This utilized a glittering, multi-wheeled contraption, purportedly full of mysterious chemicals, that is supposed to make perfect counterfeit money. You paste genuine greenbacks to pieces of chemically treated paper, shove the lot into a hopper, and place the machine in an oven set at medium heat. As the chemicals boil, they "transmute" the paper into facsimile greenbacks. The bookie ventured $1000. When nothing emerged but blank paper—Constance having palmed the money—she upbraided him for turning up the heat too high. He not only accepted this explanation but tried again with another $1000.

Marion Greenberg, a plump, middle-aged postgraduate of the New York drag schools, favors "mud-kicking," the crudest of the short cons. She and a teammate will enter some small shop around nine A.M., before the owner has banked the previous day's profits, and while the teammate diverts him with amorous wiles, she rifles the till.

Among the current inmates of Clinton, a New Jersey women's reformatory, there is a twenty-year-old drag girl, Barbara Scott—to use one of her aliases—who is vastly prettier than her mug shots indicate and has an IQ of 134—close to the genius level. She reads omnivorously, favoring modern poetry. She is a voluble and cogent talker, her voice pleasing, her diction correct. She shows aptitude for painting. She has always longed to be an actress, and once attended a Broadway drama school. She continually dramatizes herself. Slender and graceful, she has big, dark-brown eyes, dark hair worn in a pony tail, and an air of pert innocence.

At thirteen she learned to like hard liquor and frequently drank herself senseless. At fourteen she was seduced by a high-school boy. At fifteen she began smoking marijuana, systematically looted department stores, became a prostitute. At sixteen she was living in Harlem with Craig Devoe.

The case of Barbara Scott is not isolated. It typifies that of a good many girls who were recruited by the syndicate in their teens. Like Barbara, a number of them are no products of the slums, reared amid poverty and ignorance. One is a college graduate. Another grew up in a wealthy neighborhood. Two were student nurses. Nearly all, however, bear the same handicap—one which most psychiatrists consider to be the greatest single factor contributing to juvenile delinquency. They come of broken homes.

An only child, Barbara was born in Brooklyn to Morris and Lottie Bloom—not to use their real names—a Jewish couple. Her mother was sixteen when she married, her father twenty. Too immature to shoulder the responsibilities of family life, he decamped. Barbara was then two. Around this absent father she wove an elaborate fabric of fantasies. To playmates who asked what became of him, she would explain that he died a war hero.

... ...

People are So Inconsistent

By Arthur Frederic Otis

People always stand and
talk
In open door, on busy
walk,
Obviously to impede
My speed.

On the other hand, when I
Pause to greet a passer-by,
They just jolt me from their
path,
In wrath.

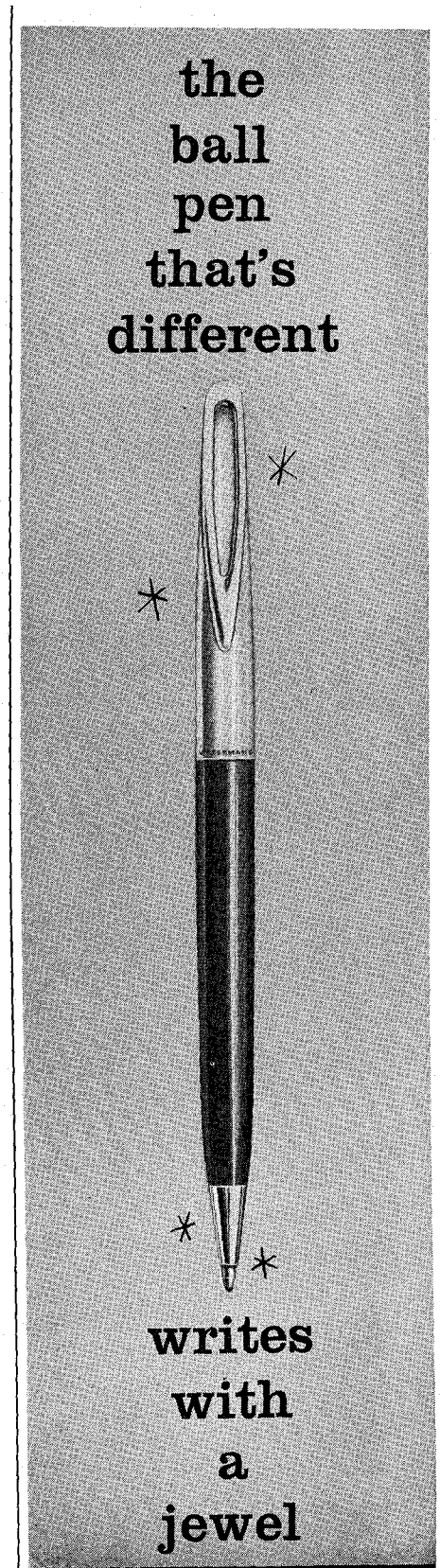
... ...

"My da ddy," she would say, "was a knight in shining armor." She used the identical phrase years later to describe her feeling for Craig Devoe.

Lottie Bl oom was determined to spare her daughte r the slightest hardship. She took a cour se in hairdressing and landed a job in a be uty parlor at seventy dollars a week. Her own mother, Ida Kronen—her name—enjoyed a somewhat brighter economic outlook. She and her husband o owned a seven-room house. Lottie and Ba rbara went to live with them.

It was an un fortunate arrangement. The family persiste d in treating this only child and only gra ndchild like a pretty toy, incapable of in dependent decisions. "Bobby," they nick named her. Mrs. Kronen, moreover, bel ittled Lottie's ability to raise a child, and a ttempted to conquer the clash of wills Bobby was alternate ly overdisciplined and overindulged. S he felt con-fused and unworthy. "I never found out who was boss," she says.

Mrs. Kronen sent her to a private school. Her teachers remember her as a docile, sunny little girl and a fair student, though untidy and disorganized. Withdrawn after a year, she progressed through the eighth grade in Brooklyn public schools. She collected toy animals, taking one to bed every night. She still does, the solace of her nights at Clinton being a felt rabbit fashioned by her mother. She devoured ultra-romantic novels. Her favorite was George du Maurier's Peter



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Ibbetson, a lachrymose tale of lovers separated by circumstance, who meet in each other's dreams.

Lottie Bloom remarried. Her second husband, whom we shall call Gus Friedman, is a gentle, compassionate, honorable man. At the time of the marriage he was earning good pay as a foreman of a fur-cutting plant. He moved his new family into a four-room apartment in the Bronx, where Barbara entered the William Howard Taft High School.

Under the Friedmans' roof parental constraints were light. Regarding dates with boys, to whom she was violently attracted and attractive, her mother stipulated only that they call for her at home and announce when they would bring her back. Some nights Bobby stayed out past midnight. "I never dreamed," says Mrs. Friedman, "of associating children with sex."

Eager to win his stepdaughter's affection, Gus Friedman treated her generously. He gave her an allowance of a dollar a day, sent her to summer camps, encouraged her to take piano lessons. Recognizing her histrionic bent, he enrolled her in Saturday-afternoon classes at a drama school. She clamored to portray Salome, enchanted by the picture of herself stalking across a stage, like Sarah Bernhardt, carrying the head of John the Baptist. Her schoolmates dubbed her "Sarah Heartburn."

She accepted her stepfather as a friend, yet at the same time resented him for not measuring up to her fantasy image of her real father, an ambivalence that was to characterize all her relations with men.

She gravitated toward a group of shiftless teen-agers who hung out in front of a Bronx poolroom called Percy's. Among them she met Paul, aged sixteen, who headed a gang of shiv-wielding, pilfering neighborhood hoodlums. He became her first lover. For both of them the experience engendered more fear than pleasure, and they never repeated it. Throughout all her subsequent liaisons, Barbara, unable to emerge emotionally from childhood, knew only a dim satisfaction and a fleeting illusion of love.

With her second lover, Seymour—known as "Wootsie" to his cronies—it was different. A puny delinquent of eighteen, with disquieting green eyes, he frightened Barbara, and initially she ignored his pleas for a date. But when he taunted her for being childish, she rose, childishly, to the bait. On their first date he offered her some marijuana. *I'll show him how grown-up I am*, Barbara told herself, and smoked a stick of it to the end.

Though despising Wootsie and knowing that he despised her, she drifted into a prolonged, nightmarish affair. "I wanted to make myself indispensable to somebody," is the way she explains it, "and I wanted to hurt him too."

They spent a good deal of time in a basement club organized by a pack of like-minded youngsters, whose deluded parents, believing it to be a recreation center, heartily approved. Of this club Barbara testified before the Kefauver subcommittee, her tone edged with contempt for parental blindness, "It was supposed to be a good thing, to keep us off the streets . . . it was just a den of iniquity . . . being off the street only meant that we were protected from the public eye."

Under Wootsie's wing, she strayed further afield. Night after night they roamed the city from the sleazy ginmills of "Sin Street"—their name for 47th west of Broadway—to the cellar dives of Harlem. Smoking "pot" (marijuana), she was often wildly high—"stoned," as she says. To the protests of her bewildered parents, as she floated home later and later, she retorted that she was no longer a baby. She had turned fifteen. They could find no way of curbing her.

The nocturnal rambles were costly. "Gimme some dough," Wootsie would demand, and she would hand over her allowance. It was hardly enough. He put her up to stealing, first from her family, then from department stores. Presently he proposed a more profitable line. "If you'll be nice to certain friends of mine," said he, "you'll make some real dough. What's the difference—them or me?" A few nights later he introduced her to a sailor.

By her sixteenth birthday Barbara was a full-fledged call girl, registering in Broadway hotels under various aliases, while Wootsie scurried around the neighborhood soliciting clients. Not until her arrest, long after she parted from Wootsie, did she finally succeed in hurting him. She rendered a detailed account of the relationship, with the result that Wootsie wound up in Elmira Reformatory under a sentence of seven to fifteen years.

In the spring of 1953, to escape her mother's anguished questioning, Barbara walked out for good, leaving a note: "I'm going to lead my own life, Don't try to get in touch with me or I'll kill myself." Among the belongings she packed was a toy kitten. In the months of degradation to follow, it was never far from her side.

In a raffish bar-and-grill off Broadway, she caught the appraising eye of Craig Devoe. A rangy, sinuous, languid-voiced Arkansan in his early thirties, with the movements of a stalking panther, Devoe lorded it over a harem of fifteen girls, all but two of them white. Vain as a peacock, he obliged them to address him as "Mister Craig Devoe." The name was

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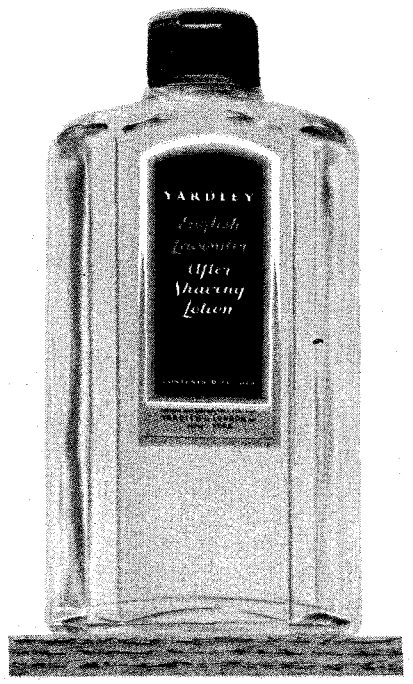

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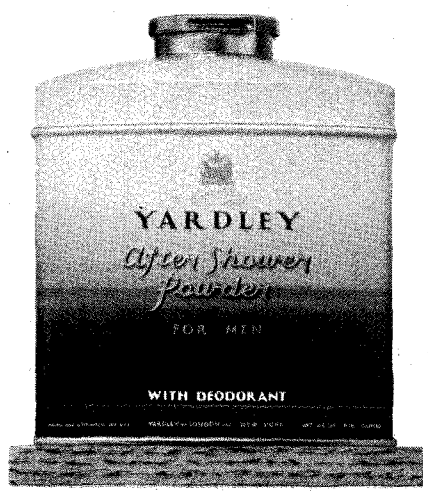

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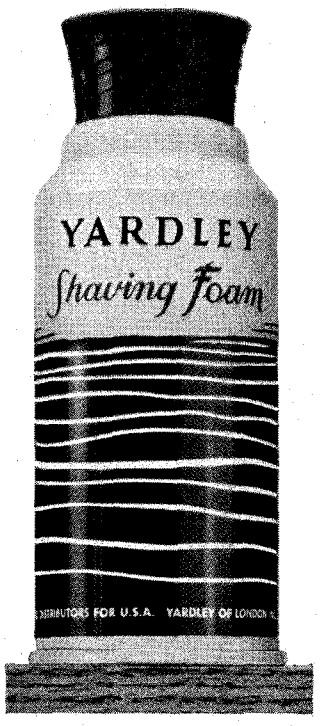

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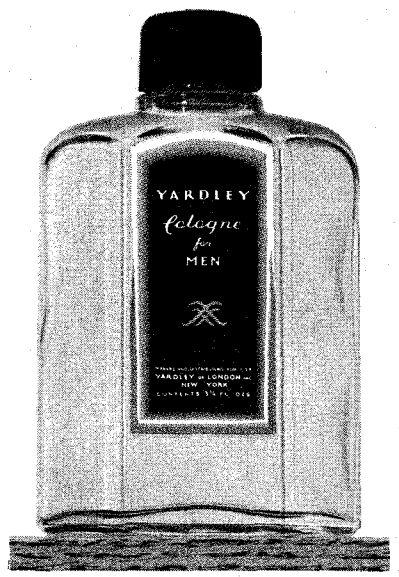

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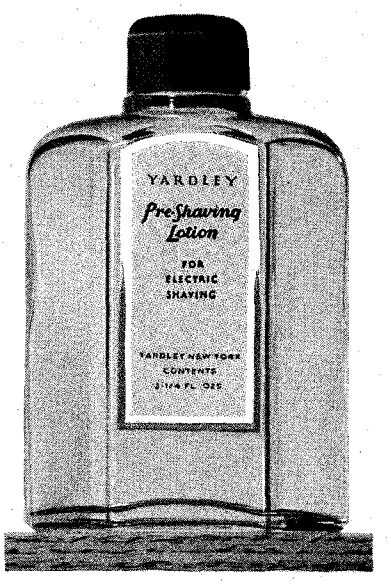

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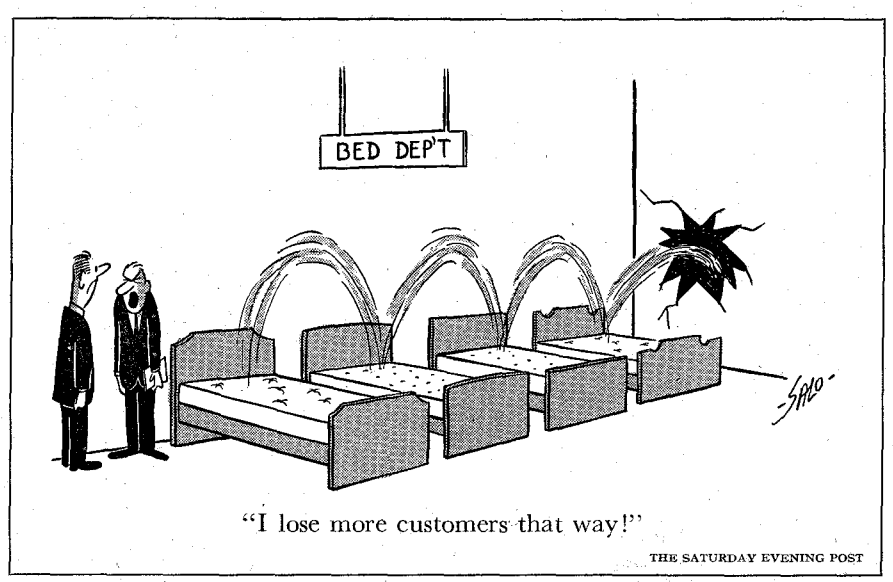
embroidered in full on all his clothes, shorts included. In his two Harlem apartments the closets bulged with sixty custom-tailored suits and forty pairs of hand-sewn shoes. He drove an orchid-colored convertible. His nose, once askew, had been surgically beautified.

Devoe quickly sized up Barbara as promising training material, and he proceeded to ingratiate himself. She was stoned with him that first night and every night after for weeks. The time passed in a murky, slow-motion phantasmagoria of which she retains few lucid impressions. She remembers coming to eventually in one of Devoe's apartments without knowing how or when she got there.

Their relationship followed the standard pattern established by the syndicate. At the outset he made few demands, but showered her with luxuries, habituated her to them. Of still greater importance to her was an illusion of security, of belonging and adulthood. "Sometimes he forced decisions on me just like my family did," she relates, "but I didn't resent it, because at least I knew who was boss. I thought I loved him. He was my knight in shining armor."

To keep her mother from trying to trace her, she telephoned or visited her almost daily. She swore that she had found a steady job as a receptionist, but implored her not to inquire further. All she wanted, she insisted, was to preserve her independence. "And I believed her," Mrs. Friedman recalls with bitter self-reproach. "I was a fool, of course. But Bobby never storied to me and I still trusted her."

When Devoe judged the moment to be ripe, he showed Barbara an eighteen-page handwritten document. It was the training manual of the drag-game schools, of which every Old Man possesses a copy if he does not know it by heart,



"I lose more customers that way!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

and bade her memorize it word for word. The actress in Barbara rose enthusiastically to the challenge. She studied the script hour after hour, until she could recite it to Devoe backward. Because of her quick-wittedness, he decided to cast her in the more difficult role of catch girl, and he made her rehearse it endlessly before a mirror. He would rouse her in the middle of the night to fire every question at her that a vic might conceivably ask, until she could instantly snap out plausible answers.

By the summer of 1953 Barbara was ready to attempt her first score. A former favorite of Devoe's, Sybil Howard, had breezed into town from Nebraska, temporarily at liberty under bail bond. At Devoe's insistence, she went on the stroll with Barbara. On their first outing, in Jamaica, Long Island, they scored $2000. "The game thrilled me," says Barbara. "I almost believed what I was telling that old woman." Devoe grabbed the major part of Sybil's share and all of Barbara's. Sybil's bail being too high to forfeit, he then sent her back to Nebraska. She drew a three-year sentence.

With a series of new partners, Barbara piled up scores in fourteen cities. In New York she hooked four vics for a total of $16,340; in Cleveland three for $5200. In Washington a widow surrendered $4000 in the very bank of which her husband had been president. In Indianapolis a clergyman's wife dipped into the church funds, sublimely confident of tripling them. Within nine months Barbara amassed more than $30,000, probably a record for one so new to the game.

She transmitted the boodle to Devoe by wire or registered letter, keeping only what she needed for traveling expenses. At prearranged hours she telephoned him from a public booth to report the day's take. This is routine procedure, and the expense is defrayed by using slugs instead of coins. If not heard from on the dot, the drag girls are assumed to be under lock and key. For those deemed worth their salt, the Old Men then prepare to post bond and dispatch a lawyer. One of the syndicate's favorite New York mouthpieces is Selig Lenefsky, in whose office at 9 East 40th Street some fifteen members have sought counsel. To succor his girls, Boss Caldwell would sometimes fly clear across the country with his Los Angeles attorney, Mrs. Martha Jefferson Malone.

In her wanderings Barbara met or learned about most of the syndicate characters with their Runyonesque nicknames: "Twin Mill," "Honey Dripper," "Proposition Joe," "Pretty Charlie." There was Pauline White, of Baltimore and New York, the main outlet for shoplifted goods, and "Commodore" Richardson, whose shack near bleak Moses Lake in the state of Washington sheltered many an Old Man on the lam. Among the syndicate's most useful Harlem ports of call are the apartments of two old-timers named Roxie Henry and Arzoria Bundy. At either of them an Old Man short of a drag girl can usually find one.

As the novelty and excitement of what Devoe *et al.* called "the Life" faded for Barbara, she fell prey to terror. "The gay, fast bubble I'd been whirling around in burst," she says, "and I realized how completely I was cut off from normal, decent people." She wanted to go home, but could not bear to face her mother. Twice, in the throes of self-pity, she attempted suicide. Devoe revived her. With nowhere else to go, she continued to submit slavishly to his will.

On July 6, 1953, Barbara brought off a master stroke. The hit girl was eighteen years older, a Mrs. Jane Dickenson, with whose Old Man, Jack Grant, Devoe had

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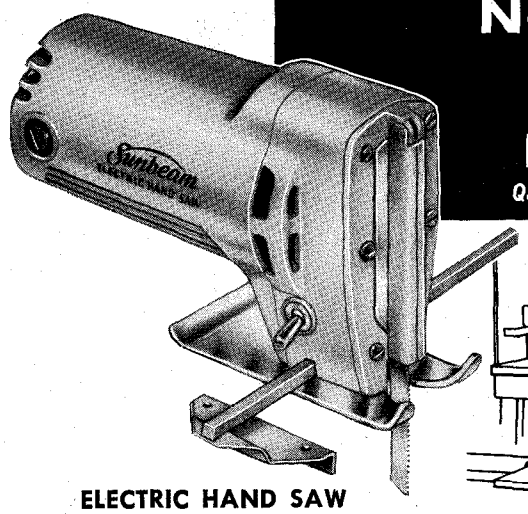

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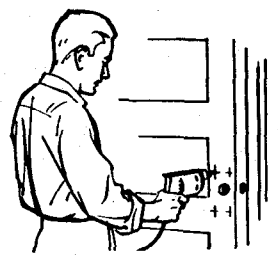

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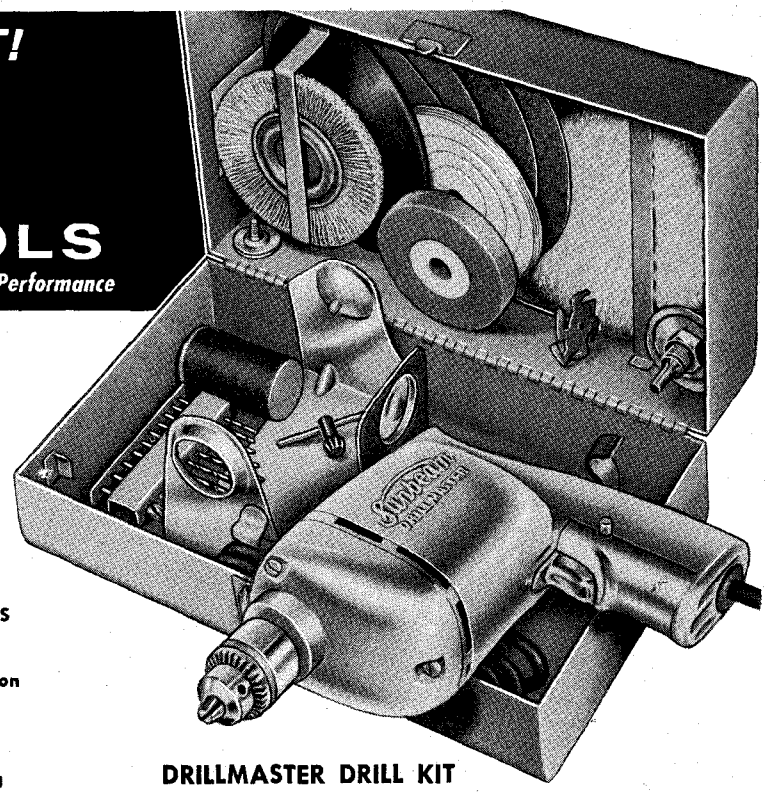

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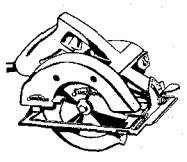

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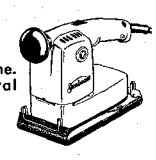

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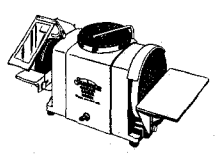

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been closely associated ever since they both inhabited Cleveland. Jack Grant sometimes signs himself "Ulysses S. Grant." He is hulking and popeyed, with an elongated skull, and spouts metaphysical gibberish in the style of Prophet Cobb, whom he knew in Cleveland. "The city of God," he will say, "lies within me." Jane was one of four "Mrs. Grants" whom he taught the drag game.

Around noon on the day of the big coup, Devoe and Grant drove their pupils to New Jersey. Lest they be seen together, Jane crouched on the floor of the car in back, and Barbara lay on the rear seat under a bedspread. Barbara wore blond bangs and spectacles, Jane a wig. The Old Men dropped them off in Jersey City.

On the stroll in Journal Square, keeping a block ahead of Jane, Barbara paused by a five-and-ten-cent store. At the soda fountain perched a small, white-haired woman, blissfully lapping up a strawberry sundae. Sitting down beside her, Barbara began, "Pardon me, madam, can you direct me to the post office?"

The woman was a Miss Nellie Drain, aged eighty-three and somewhat confused mentally, and few vics ever swallowed the drag story more avidly. She said she would fetch her bankbook immediately. She lived alone in an apartment nearby and she asked Barbara to accompany her. The bankbook, issued by the Chambers Street, New York, branch of the Emigrant Savings Bank and enclosing some withdrawal slips, showed $18,000. Heart thumping, Barbara telephoned the bank to make sure it was still open, helped her tremulous quarry fill out a withdrawal slip and offered to take her to Chambers Street in a taxi. (When Barbara was asked on the witness stand, three years later, whether no twinge of pity stirred her, she replied, "To me it was a great stage and I was the star.")

At the bank, the teller counted out the $18,000 without raising any awkward questions, and in the taxi riding back to Journal Square to rejoin Jane, Miss Drain confided the packet to Barbara. The blow-off followed fast. Within half an hour the girls were Harlem-bound, each to enrich her Old Man by $9000.

Their days of freedom were numbered, however. A photograph of Jane had been on file since a previous arrest. Although Barbara had yet to be mugged, a description of her pieced together from the recollections of various complainants, and fairly accurate despite her disguise, was also in circulation. To these dossiers hapless little Miss Drain added her tale of woe.

The following December the sharp-eared house detective of a Brooklyn department store overheard snatches of a familiar dialogue between Barbara and an elderly shopper. He ran Barbara in. Lacking evidence to support a flimflam charge, the police booked her for disorderly conduct, thus gaining time to investigate her possible connection with other recent cases. The inquiry resulted in a multitude of indictments, among them one for swindling Nellie Drain.

Bail was set at $25,000. Devoe raised the bondsman's fee through a cousin in the syndicate, and retained lawyer Lenefsky. As soon as Barbara was released, Devoe instructed her to fly to Cleveland to see how much she could score there before standing trial. She returned with $3000. The rest of that year she spent in the House of Detention for Women, pending the disposition of the various warrants out against her.

Her mother, meanwhile, completely out of touch with her for the first time since she left home, went searching for her and, to Barbara's horror, found her in prison. "Thank God, you're alive," was all Lottie Friedman could find to say.

Barbara was to be prosecuted first for a $5000 flimflam, perpetrated in Brooklyn, before Kings County Court's celebrated Judge Samuel Leibowitz. The judge had the defendant and her mother brought to his chambers. He told Barbara that if she would make a clean breast of everything, naming her associates, he would request leniency from the other courts. She refused.

"Then," said Liebowitz, "all I can do is give you the maximum penalty." Mrs. Friedman fainted. "Look," cried the judge, "look what you're doing to your mother!" Barbara broke. She slumped against the judge, sobbing hysterically, and promised to talk.

Craig Devoe, who had been prowling around the courthouse, smelled disaster and fled West. He was extradited from Chicago a year later. In separate trials, he and Jack Grant were sentenced to five-to-ten years in Sing Sing.

All but one of the jurisdictions in which Barbara had been indicted took no further action. The exception was Jersey City. For the $18,000 larcency she was committed to Clinton for an indefinite term. Jane Dickenson, apprehended in 1954, also pleaded guilty and went to the same reformatory.

Mrs. Friedman faithfully visits Barbara once or twice a week. Though she is only thirty-seven, her hair has turned gray and she has lost forty pounds. "Sometimes," she says, "I wish that Bobby had been born ugly or deformed. But she won't stray again. I'll see to that. I have no more illusions."

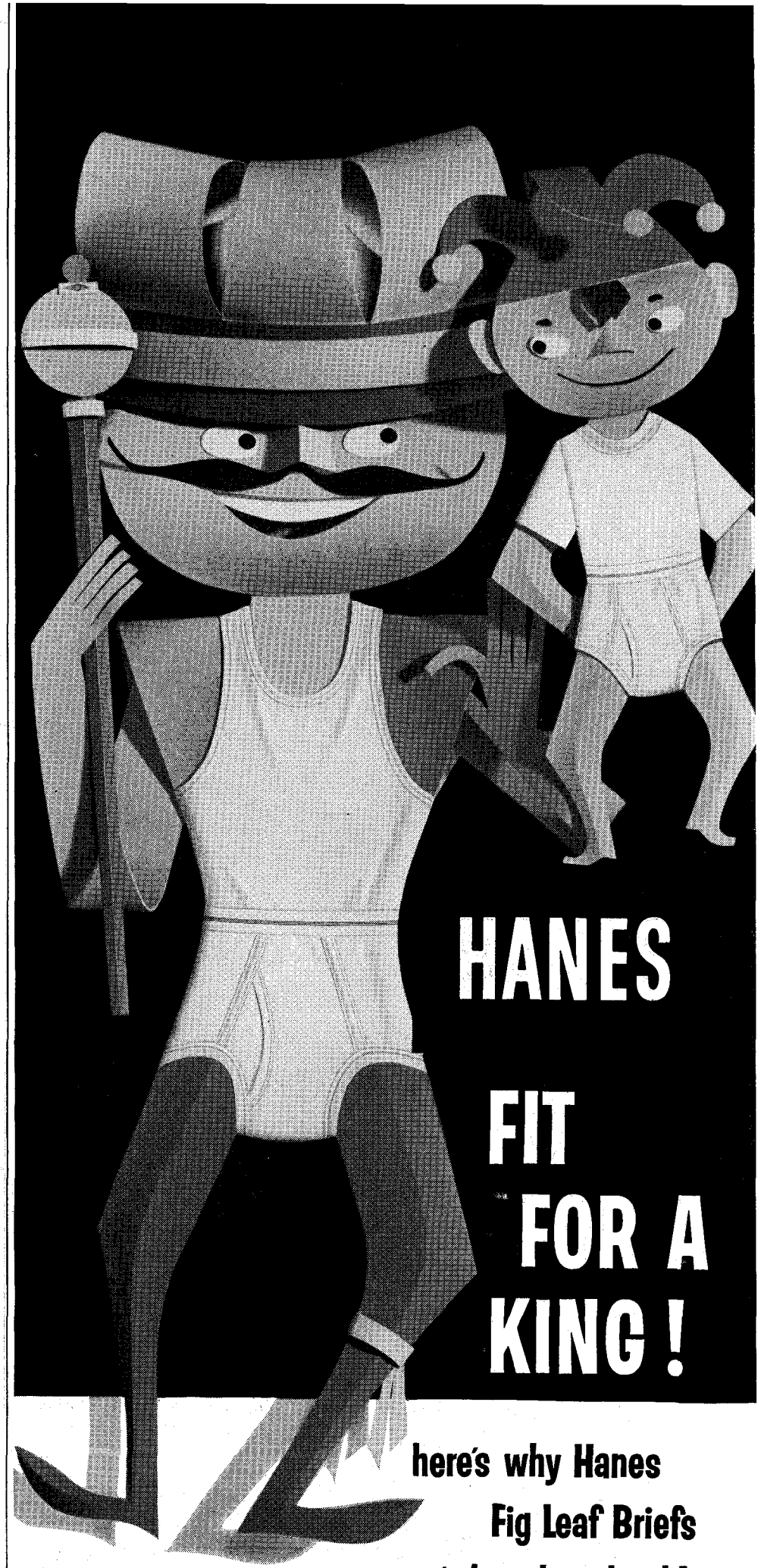
Barbara often speaks of a Navy officer she met long ago, who wants to marry her, and who has no inkling of her record, believing her to be recuperating from tuberculosis in a sanatorium. But whether this is another fantasy, even Barbara herself may not know. "I'm still looking for my knight in shining armor," she says. "I guess I always will be."

There is now before Congress a bill drafted by Senator Kefauver to cripple the drag syndicate. It calls for an amendment to the National Stolen Property Act of 1934. As that act stands, the interstate transportation of stolen property in excess of $5000 constitutes a Federal crime, and is thus subject to action by the FBI with its countrywide facilities. Kefauver would lower the amount to $1000. The original statute, he argues, enormously reduced the depredations of the big con men; the proposed amendment should be an equally effective weapon against interstate swindlers operating in the $1000-to-$5000 zone.

Kefauver has also appealed to banking agencies to devise means of protecting drag victims against themselves. Among the possibilities envisaged: that elderly women depositors wishing to make sudden large withdrawals be accompanied by a relative or that they notify the bank in advance by letter—as many banks already require—that banks be authorized to issue at their discretion checks for large sums instead of cash; that a twenty-four-hour cooling-off period elapse between the demand and the withdrawal; that the drag players' *modus operandi* be enclosed with monthly bank statements; that tellers be conditioned to call the police at the faintest suspicion that a drag game is in progress.

Meanwhile, the syndicate thrives. The Old Men continue to enslave wayward teen-agers through sex or narcotics or both. Credulous old women continue to be, in the words of Counsel Ernest Mitler, "economically exterminated."

THE END



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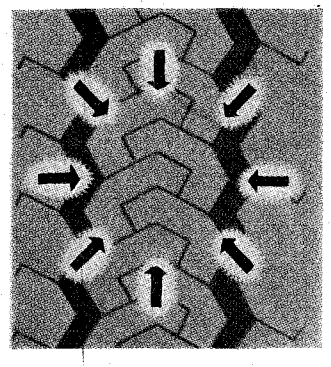

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Let the Arctic Kill Him

(Continued from Page 26)

and the blasted ship might be caugh here until next summer. No, I've got to get back on board, and we'll have to settle this in Montreal if we can. Thanks, though. Let's get on down."

At the beach the Eskimos had all gone off to the warehouse with their loads; the four crewmen stood by the lighter, and the second mate, Brierly, a squat, red-headed Halifax hardcase, walked impatiently up and down.

"I'd thank you to shake a leg, Mr. Hughes," he said ungraciously. "The tide's due to change."

Hughes nodded at him and shook hands with Roberts. "Good-by, Robbie," he said in a low tone. "It was good to see you again. When you get the chance, sneak in a suggestion on your radio to our man at Frobisher to watch the bootleg market."

"Yes. Keep an eye on these fellows, Grif. A sharp eye. Good-by."

Hughes jumped into the lighter; the engine was started, the crewmen pushed and the lighter rasped off the shingle and turned from the shore.

When the lighter reached the ship, Hughes climbed over the side and went to his cabin. He was chilled from the cold wind on the sound, and didn't intend to

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The most critical period of many a man's life is that during which he is married.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

---

question that captain until they were well under way. He undressed and took a hot shower and dressed again. He sat down on his bunk and looked around the little cabin at the old and rather dirty fittings, thinking about how he was going to talk to the captain.

Now that the ship was moving and he was cut off from everything he could trust, he admitted to himself that he was more concerned about his position than he had let Roberts see. He would be the only handy witness, when they got home, to what he felt was a piece of brazen thievery, and he was under complete control of the thieves. They had thousands of miles to go, and a lot of it was through the loneliest and most inhospitable seas in the world. Anything could happen in such a situation; a great variety of accidents could occur, and as he reviewed all the impressions he had gathered about the ship's officers since the voyage began, had a sudden trapped and claustrophobic sensation. He stood up and discovered that his hands were shaking and his palms damp with sweat. He shook his head and told himself roughly that he'd get nowhere that way. It was nonsense to get into a lather over what might have been, after all, pilferage or a loading mistake; it was nonsense to get into a lather anyhow. He had some brains, and he had better begin to use them.

He bathed his face and hands in the cracked washbasin, and sat down and thought for a bit.

The upshot of it was that he decided not to say anything while he was on the ship. He wouldn't argue, or make accusations, or even bring the matter up; he wouldn't wander about the deck at night, and he'd always try to be in view of as many of the crew as possible when he was out of his cabin. Little could happen to him if there were enough people watching; the possibility of blackmail should take care of that.

When he reached this point he began to feel much better; at least, he had a plan of operations and wouldn't be stampeded into some dangerous foolishness. He had never been a violent man, but he didn't doubt his own courage. It had always been there when he wanted it, and he had wanted it several times. He stretched his arms and legs with a feeling of relief, and stood up to get his pipe and tobacco pouch. He was halfway across the cabin when there was a knock at the door.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Captain would like to see you on the bridge."

Hughes got his pipe and pouch and went out on deck and climbed the ladder to the bridge. No one was about; the crew was at lunch, or, as they called it, dinner. No one was on the bridge either. Hughes went around the bridge and into the wheelhouse. The quartermaster was at the wheel; one of the seamen stood behind and to one side of him, and Hughes noticed, without thinking about it, that the man was in his stocking feet.

Hommedieu, the captain, and the first mate, Turpin, stood together in the far corner, looking at Hughes as he came in. Turpin was a stocky, sullen man; a knife scar from his right ear to the corner of his mouth gave him a squint. Captain Hommedieu was the most unlikely fellow for his name that Hughes had ever seen; he looked more like a great spider than a man of God. He had a short, stout body and inordinately long, thin arms and legs, at least one of which seemed to be moving all the time. His head was always moving, too, and his eyes were seldom still.

"Ah, Mr. Hughes," Hommedieu said. "They tell me the stuff checked out short ashore."

"Didn't you check when you loaded her?" Hughes asked.

Hommedieu looked at him and looked away. "Mr. Turpin?" he asked.

Turpin looked at Hughes from under his forehead, like a hostile bull in a paddock. "No need," he said, in a surly tone. "It was the last lot."

Hughes, not knowing yet what they were after with this gambit, was silent. Hommedieu moved his hands up to his collar and dropped them again. "You think they might have short-loaded us down south?" he asked.

"There's that possibility, of course," Hughes said noncommittally, not mentioning the fact that they surely would have checked the cargo as it came aboard.

Hommedieu took a step or two. "Ah," he said. "A possibility." He clasped his hands behind his back. "And what do you think, Mr. Hughes?"

"It's immaterial what I think," Hughes said. "It was short, and what I think won't fix it." It began to appear to him that they wanted to find out whether he'd been in the hold during the voyage to look over the cargo. "It can all be taken care of when we get home."

"It makes us look bad," Hommedieu said, licking his lips. "You wouldn't know definitely, then?"

"How would I?" Hughes asked.

Hommedieu and Turpin glanced at each other, and the captain said, surprisingly enough, "Ah. Thank you, Mr. Hughes. I won't hold you from your dinner any longer."

Hughes, puzzled by all this and the quick end of it, went out of the wheelhouse, around the bridge, and grasped the rails of the bridge ladder. He was so engrossed in wondering what the conversation had been about that he missed the top step and dropped the length of his arms. Almost immediately there was a yell, and a man fell over and past him, crashing down on the deck below. Hughes clawed himself up the ladder, got his feet under him and stared. The man sprawled below him was the seaman from the wheelhouse—the one without shoes.

Hughes stared for a moment longer, thinking that he looked very dead. Then he turned and started for the wheelhouse just as the captain ran around the corner, saw him and stopped. Hommedieu's eyes widened and he fell back a step; he stood for a moment and seemed to shrink into himself, and then he straightened up again.

"What was that?" he demanded. "What the hell was that noise?"

Hughes was beginning to think by then, and almost said, "As though you didn't think you knew." But he caught himself and didn't say anything; he took Hommedieu's arm and propelled him to the railing. The captain began to screech "Brierly! Brierly!" almost before he

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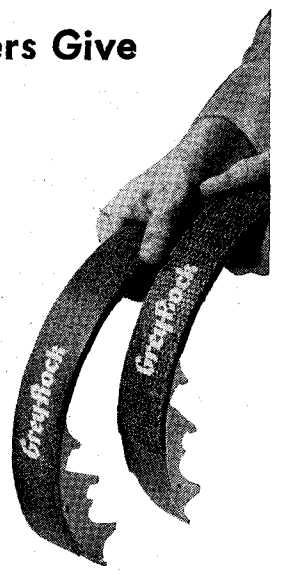

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looked down, and Hughes saw that his hands were shaking badly. He moved around the man, made his way carefully down the ladder, walked wide of the prostrate seaman and turned toward his cabin as all the doors leading out on deck began to spill out members of the crew.

Half an hour later there was another knock at Hughes' door. He hesitated before he opened it, for he was still shaken by events. The short and pointless conversation on the bridge now seemed to him no more than an excuse to get him up there so he could be pushed down. Everything pointed to it, from the crew below at dinner to the seaman in his silent socks. Even the timing of the thing looked bad, as though they had decided to strike at him swiftly, before he had time to think anything out.

The knock came again, and he opened the door. The captain was standing there; it was the first time he had sought Hughes out since the voyage began.

He was obviously agitated, and said, "I'd like to come in."

Hughes stood aside, and the captain came in and sat down on the bunk. With his eyes on Hughes, he reached around, got hold of a dirty handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"A dreadful thing, Mr. Hughes," he said. "Thank God he didn't fall into you and carry you down."

"I fell myself or he'd have had me," Hughes said, and watched to see what the effect of that would be.

Hommedieu stared and twitched, but that was all. "You fell?" he asked. "And how did you do that, Mr. Hughes?"

Hughes told him, and added, "He seemed very close behind me, captain. The last time I saw him he was in the wheelhouse."

"I sent him after you," Hommedieu said, shifting his feet. "I thought of a question. A question."

"And what was that?"

"I forget, Mr. Hughes. I've been so shook it's clean gone out of my head." He swallowed. "He went on the run, and in the stocking feet I think he slid or couldn't stop himself. He's got foot trouble; he don't wear shoes much aboard." He started to rise and changed his mind. "He's in bad shape, Mr. Hughes. We radioed for a doctor or a plane to take him. There was an old PBY at Frobisher; it should meet us before dark."

Hughes' reaction to this was an immediate feeling of immense relief; he could take the plane back and be rid of them all for good. There was no reason now for him to stay aboard, since all the cargo had been delivered. On the heels of this feeling there came a sense of confusion because Hommedieu had been plausible and hadn't acted like a man who had almost got him killed. Hommedieu's unquiet air and shifty eye were no more pronounced than usual, and he would surely have thought of the possibility of Hughes' leaving by plane and stirring up trouble for him at home. He was quite capable, in Hughes' opinion, of letting the seaman die if it suited his plans.

With all this running through his mind, Hughes didn't say anything; he didn't know what to say. He just stood there, looking at Hommedieu.

"Ah," Hommedieu said suddenly, into the silence. "A very bad voyage for me, Mr. Hughes. A good man at the edge of death, and the shortage. You didn't load the ship. We didn't load it. The company was in a rush, and us just back from a hard trip and scattered to our homes for a minute. Some contractors did it, there might have been pilferage, and now what happens to us? The company's got half the money in Canada; it will have us in more courts than you can count; we'll be branded as thieves and held away from our rightful work for God knows how long."

He paused for breath, and Hughes' confusion deepened. He had got to the ship so late that he didn't know whether a company man had checked the loading or not, and now he cursed himself for not doing it on the long voyage up. He had been a fool, and the company had no use for fools. He was almost ready to believe that he had been a fool all the way, with his damned suspicions. He stared at Hommedieu, and Hommedieu stared back at him.

Hommedieu suddenly leaned forward, licked his lips and said in a wheedling tone, "Mr. Hughes, a list—a real list made on board—would settle everything for all of us. Did you go down and make one on the way up, Mr. Hughes?"

Hughes suddenly found himself right back where he had started, or in even a worse position; for if he had such a list, they had to have it; and now that the question was out, he didn't see how he could hedge about it. He was very glad the plane was on the way.

He took a turn to the porthole and back, and said, "No. I wasn't in the hold, captain."

Hommedieu looked at him with obvious disbelief. "It was careless of you, Mr. Hughes," he said, with a softness Hughes hadn't heard him use before, "and the company don't usually hire careless men."

"Nevertheless ——" Hughes began, and there was a knock at the door. "Come in," he said.

A seaman stuck in his head. "They want you on the bridge, captain," he said. "There's a fog makin' up, and it might give us trouble meetin' the plane."

Hommedieu looked at Hughes again, with no expression whatever, and went out. Hughes stood for a moment and then walked to the porthole. The day had grown darker, and gauzy veils were reaching across the water; several miles away, a long white iceberg stood out against the dim loom of the distant, hazy shore. Looking at it, Hughes thought of his pretty wife and two pretty children waiting for him in Montreal, and shivered. He realized then that it was very quiet, and knew that the engines had been stopped. Then the thought came to him that in this locality, and at this time of year, fogs were frequent and likely to last for days.

To Hughes, restlessly moving about in his cabin, the hours seemed to crawl on and on—many more hours than even an old PBY should require to lumber two or three hundred miles. He finally looked out the porthole to find the fog a little thicker, with an odd, diffuse radiance near the ship. Puzzled by this, he stepped out on deck and saw that the searchlight was on and directed up into the air.

He returned to his cabin and more time passed. No one moved through the corridor; the ship was silent except for the small creakings in her structure; it was as though everyone had gone and left him there alone. He wondered if the plane had gone back, and then realized the ship would probably be moving, if such was the case; she had a navigating radar. He tried to read and couldn't concentrate on his book, and finally got up and looked out the porthole again.

It was a good deal darker now, the fog seemed thicker and snow was falling, but worse than any of these things was the fact that the radiance was gone. They had turned the searchlight off.

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They had apparently given the plane up, and it must have turned back until tomorrow or until the weather cleared, or had trouble. Searching his recollections, Hughes couldn't recall a PBY, even an old one, having trouble. They were slow and cumbersome, but thoroughly dependable. There was, however, a first time for everything; and as Hughes thought of this he remembered the captain's question and the captain's reaction to his answer.

The claustrophobic feeling moved a little closer to him again and he decided, come what might, that he wasn't going to sit in his cabin any longer.

He went into the corridor and on into the room which served as a combination lounge and dining saloon for the officers. The steward, a perpetually sniffling Greek called Jimmy, was clearing the remains of a meal from before the second mate, Brierly, and serving him with coffee. Brierly looked up, and, to Hughes' astonishment, almost smiled at him. Hughes stopped, adjusting to this development. Maybe, he thought, the captain had believed him, after all.

"Sit down, Mr. Hughes," Brierly said, with extraordinary good nature, "and have a cup of Jimmy's liquid mud for yourself."

"Thank you," Hughes said, and sat down. "How's the sailor?"

"Not good," Brierly said, "and his prospects ain't much better. Didn't you hear the damned plane's down?"

"Down?" Hughes exclaimed, startled. "You mean it's crashed?"

"It's crashed, right enough; it's down in the hills and they've told us to stand by and send a man in to find it in the morning. They can't get Air Rescue off in this weather." He drank, and went on with the most unusual loquacity, "They know pretty well where it is, and we're the closest to it."

Jimmy set the pot and a cup before Hughes, who filled his cup almost without looking at it. "But how can they ever find it?" he asked.

"We're in luck," Brierly said, "or they are. There's a valley runs in to where they think it is, and our man can follow that. And our man," he said, with another grin, which somehow reminded Hughes of a shark's, "will probably be me." He finished his coffee and stood up. "Well, I've got to get back to the bridge. We're going to try to anchor closer in presently, and get an early start tomorrow." He went out, and Hughes stared after him.

"You want to eat, maybe?" Jimmy asked.

"Eat? Oh. Some eggs, Jimmy, and a slice of ham, if you could fix it."

"Can fix. Mr. Brierly, he talk a lot, huh?"

"Mr. Brierly," Hughes said, "seems to feel more friendly than usual."

"Sure, sure," Jimmy said, looking at Hughes with his opaque black eyes. "Long time poor ship's mens not liking rich company man. Now all like. What you do, huh?"

"I just tried to be friendly," Hughes said, searching his face for some reaction. But there was none, and the black eyes remained as opaque as ever.

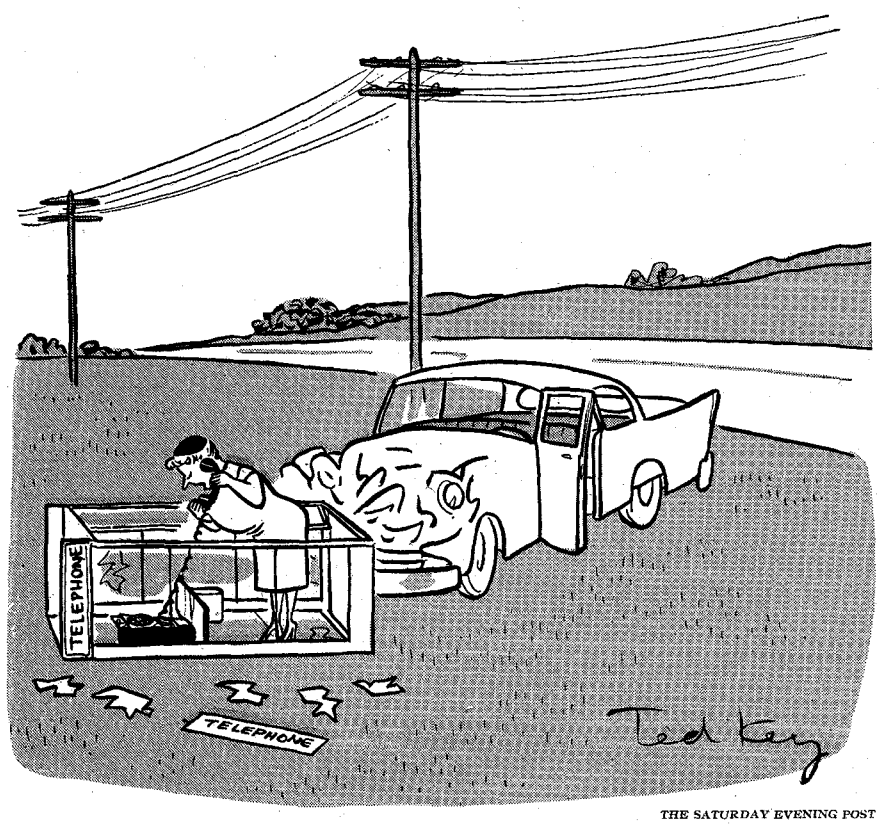
The snow had stopped by morning, but the fog held several hundred feet above the water; the tops of the hills were cut off, and the sky. They had anchored about three quarters of a mile from shore, and as Hughes came out on deck he found the captain leaning over the rail. Hommedieu turned and gave him what could have passed for a smile.

"Ah, Mr. Hughes," he said. "Come join me. We're just getting a boat away."

Hughes joined him. Below, in the water, the boat was shoving off. Brierly sat in the bow, with a rifle slung over his shoulder and a parka and mukluks on. There was a small sled in the boat that the carpenter had obviously knocked together the night before, loaded with packages.

"There's the spot, Mr. Hughes," the captain said, and pointed to a wide valley ashore. "Brierly follows that for twenty miles or so and comes to a high sugarloaf where the valley splits. The pilot talked to them, and they got some cross bearings on him, too, and they're sure that's the place. The valley going there's a bit of luck, right enough."

Hughes looked at him, and had to admit to himself that there seemed to have been a (*Continued on Page 93*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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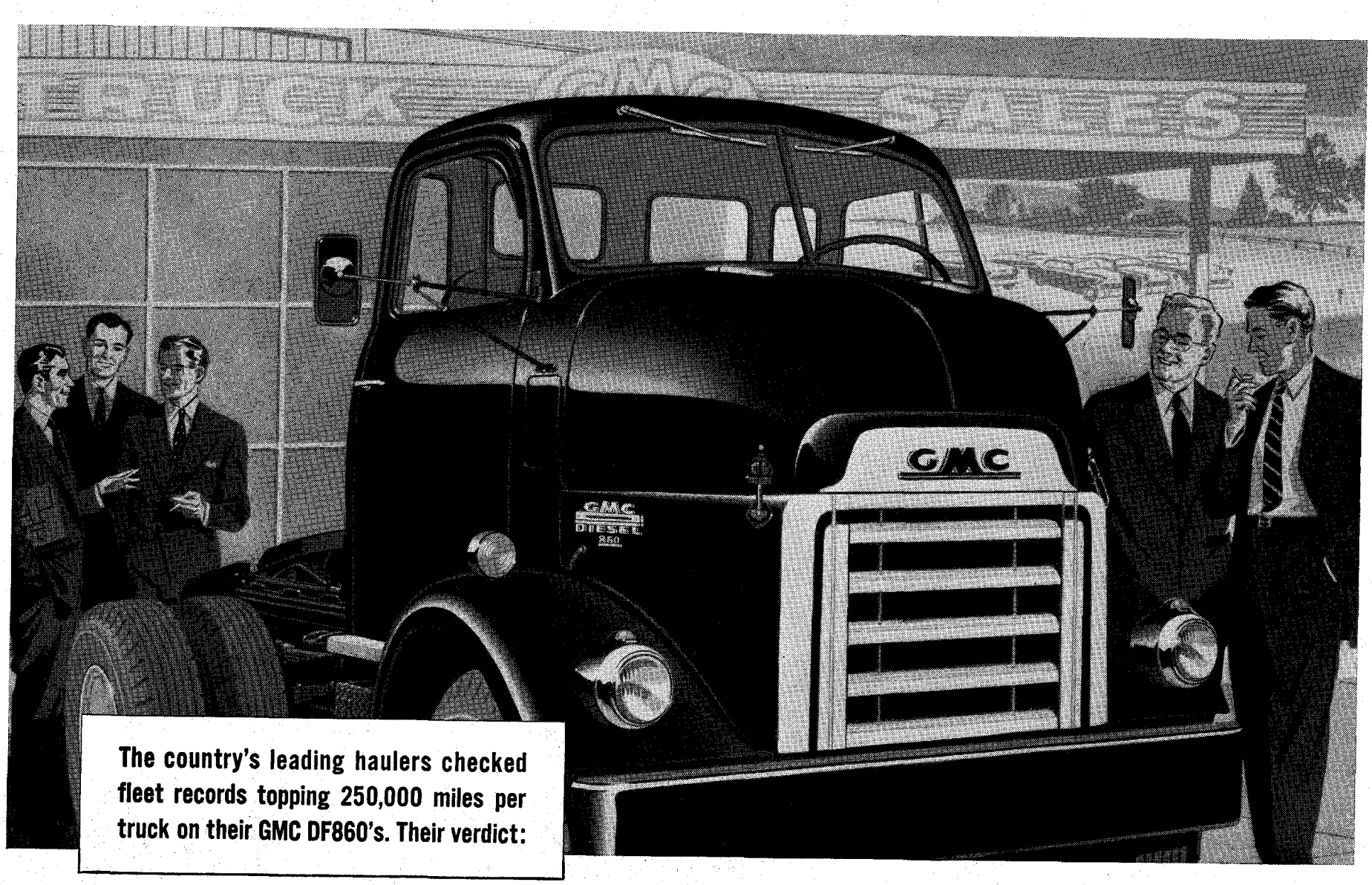

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In the country's key fleets, GMC's new DF860 is breaking records for stamina—for low upkeep—for road time—for fuel mileage

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REASON: Putting out its 190 hp at a lazy-stroking 2,000 rpm, the DF860 never has to strain. Even the hydraulic fan, working only when needed, frees up to 15 hp you add to the easy mastering of top loads. That's why maintenance is mainly *preventive,* repair costs negligible. And equipment life is far longer!

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REASON: 190 hp *without turbo-charging,* a net torque of 508 foot-pounds, easily swings a 65,000 GCW load away *fast* from every stop. doesn't fade on hills. With either a ten-speed transmission, or a five-speed with two-speed rear axle, you hit peak speeds for all conditions—pronto!

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(*Continued from Page 91*) change in the man. He appeared to be more relaxed, and his eyes were steadier; it was as though a great load had been taken off him. It still seemed rather unlikely to Hughes that the captain had believed him, but he was at a loss for any other answer.

"I don't like these seas, Mr. Hughes," the captain went on pleasantly. "I want to get out of here. Water temperatures are near freezing now, the glass don't look too good, and a bit of nasty weather now —— I hope Brierly hops to it. The bottom's bad for holding hereabouts."

"Do you think there's a chance they're alive, and he'll find them?"

"Oh, they're alive, Mr. Hughes. The pilot talked with his headquarters by radio after the plane was down. The two of them are alive and sound or I'd have to send more than one man in. They had a bit of fire, but the pilot had time to talk. I gave Brierly three days in and out, and that will do it. I'll let you know if I hear more," he said, and turned away.

Hughes stood watching the boat awhile, a small white dot in the distance, and went back to his cabin again. His feelings were mixed, but there was an undeniable sense of relief among them. He read, ate, moved about a little. The wind freshened and it grew colder; the fog lifted a little and revealed a low, dense overcast. A few rare and watery shafts of sunlight highlighted the bleak rocks on shore and made them look more bleak; he didn't envy Brierly his trip through that barren and freezing wilderness.

Going to supper he encountered Turpin coming out of the saloon, and even Turpin ceased picking his teeth long enough to look at him with a marked decrease in surliness and say, "No news yet." That night he slept rather well.

The next morning there was a knock on the door just as he awoke, and he got up and opened the door to find Hommedieu and the second mate standing there.

"Ah, Mr. Hughes," the captain said. "We have a bit of trouble. Do you mind if we come in? Jimmy's bringing you some coffee."

He turned and they followed him into the cabin; he sat on the bunk and they took the two chairs. Jimmy came in with the coffee and handed it to him, and he noticed then that the ship was rolling more. The wind had picked up.

"Now, then," the captain said. "You see what the wind's at, Mr. Hughes, and it will be worse. We've got to move south a bit, to better holding ground. We're in a tight and we've got to get out of it, and I've got a favor to ask you, Mr. Hughes."

Hughes didn't say anything and put his cup carefully on the floor. All of his distrust of them had suddenly returned.

"We've got to move the ship," Hommedieu said, "and I can't wait for Brierly to come back here and find a message and have to put in another two days or more getting up—down the coast looking for us. None of the crew's good enough to send out to him, and I can't spare them or Turpin anyhow, with a blow coming up and maybe freeze-up on top of it. Would you go out and meet him and direct him to the new anchorage, Mr. Hughes?" He leaned forward and ran his hands up and down his thighs and licked his lips.

For a moment, Hughes didn't say anything; he felt the blood beating in his ears, and then had a wild impulse to shout refusal at them. If they got him off the ship and into that desolation —— His glance slid to Turpin, whose squinting regard was on him like a cat's at a mousehole, then back to the captain.

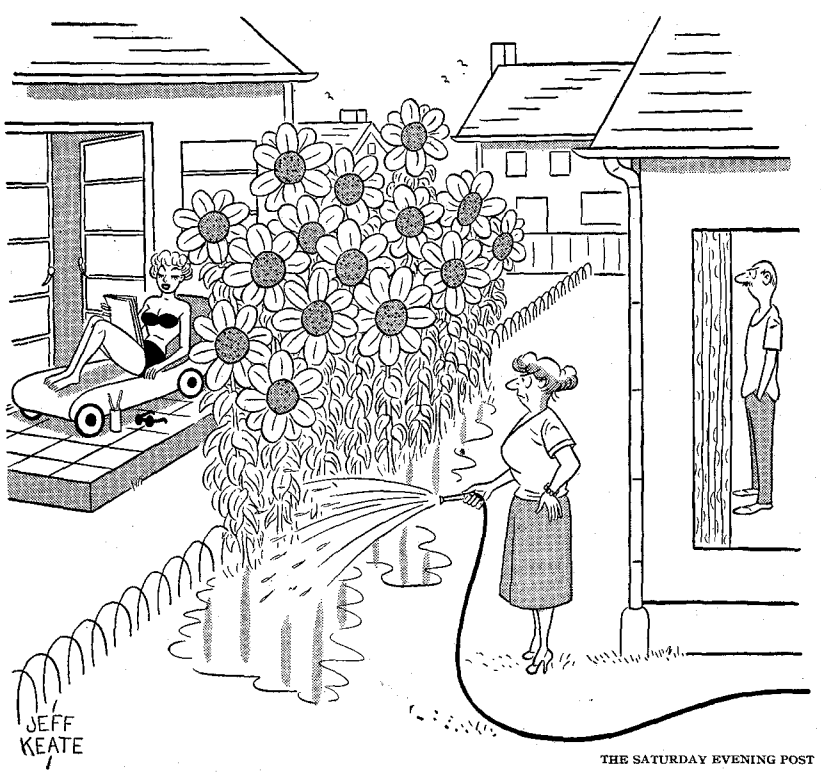
"Don't say anything for a minute, Mr. Hughes," the captain said. "You don't have to go, and nobody can make you. You can leave Brierly and maybe a couple of shook-up men to make the added distance and the ship to freeze in, and nobody will be the wiser except us."

"Until we get 'ome," Turpin said.

Hughes realized then why the captain had brought the mate with him; he had a witness. And they had him trapped; he had to go. Perhaps the change in them had been genuine and perhaps the seaman who had caused all this, and the three officers themselves, were completely innocent; it was immaterial now. He looked across the cabin at the built-in bureau, on top of which was a picture of his wife and children, took a deep breath and said, "I'll go."

Both the officers jumped up and strode over to him and shook his hands. There was immense relief on their faces, and Hughes saw that Hommedieu's forehead was wet with sweat.

"Damn me!" Turpin said. "When we get back I'll show you some spots in 'Alifax the bloomin' tourists never sees."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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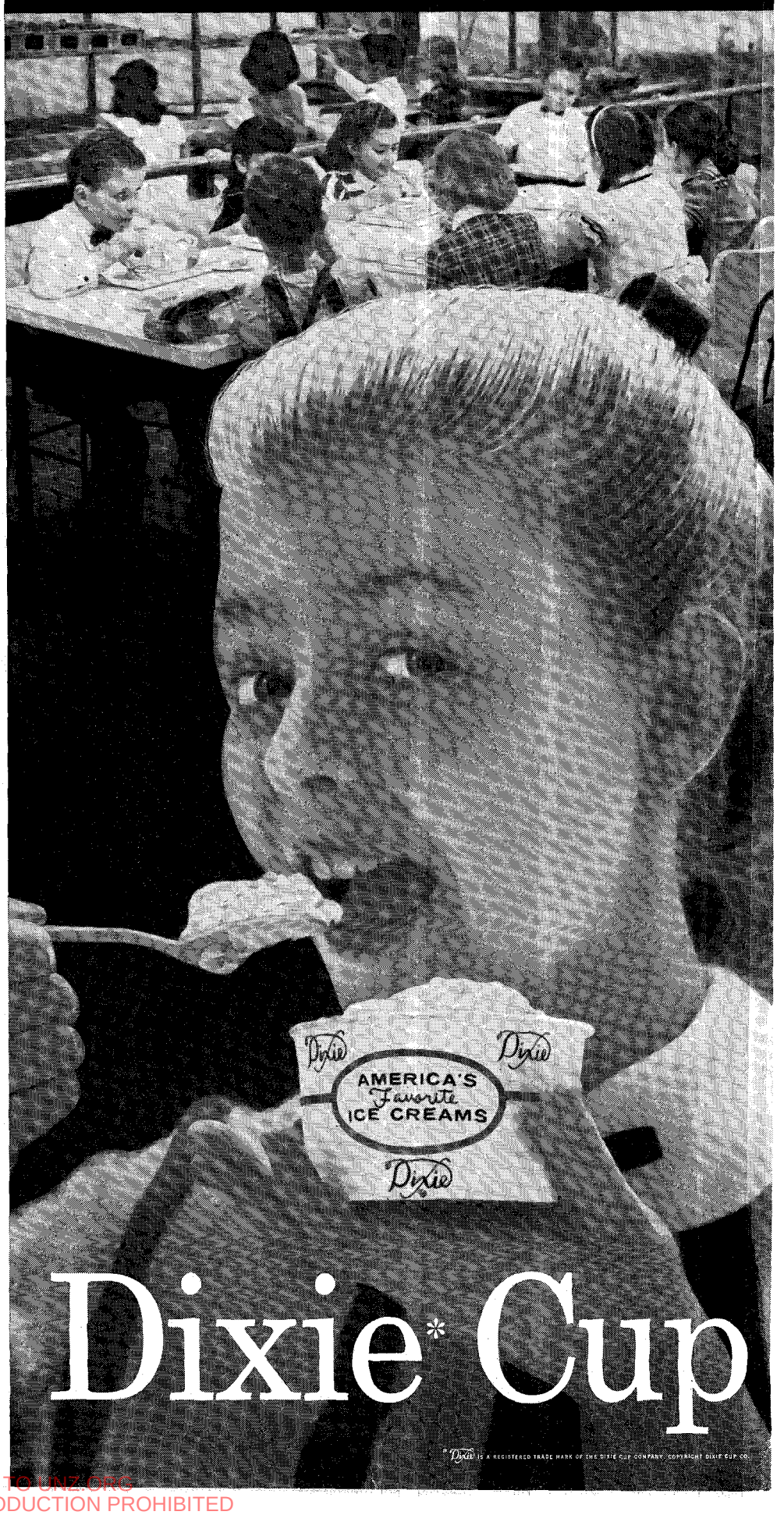

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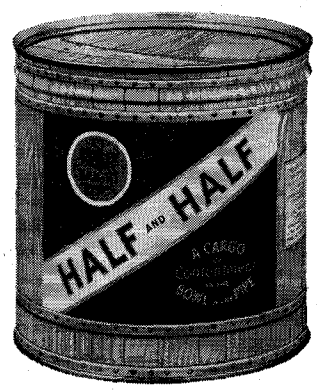

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A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE!

"Mr. Hughes ——" the captain said, moving about. "You're a good man, Mr. Hughes. You might be saving their lives. I've made a bit of a chart for you; you can't get lost, no matter what the weather." He dug into his pocket and came up with a piece of paper, then made for the bunk to lay it out.

The snow made walking difficult, as Hughes soon discovered after he set out. It covered the small rocks that were everywhere and rolled under him when he tried to hurry, and he wanted to hurry, in case of more fog or more snow. He, like Brierly, had a little sled with an oil-burning stove, food, dry clothes, a sleeping bag and a tarpaulin lashed on it; he had soon taken the rifle off his back and put that on the sled too. He'd wondered at first whether they would give him a rifle, but it was one of the first things they had given him, saying there might be a wandering polar bear. He'd shot at a mark with it when he'd got ashore, and it worked; he felt a little better after that.

The valley climbed gradually, but it wasn't hard to follow, and they had put him ashore as soon as he'd had breakfast, but the day would be short and he had a long way to go. When he met Brierly they were to go back, if he met Brierly before he reached it, to a cross valley marked by a triple-notched hill and follow that valley south to a stream. The stream would bring them out to the new anchorage, Hommedieu had said, and the sketch map showed all this.

There was still a low overcast, and little wind reached him in the valley. As he made his way through the empty landscape, the blasted rocks and the snow, the footing improved and he made better time; he picked up his pace until he moved at a trot. After several hours the loneliness of the land began to get into him, and a queer feeling that he was the only man who had ever been in it hovered at the edges of his mind. In several hours more he found himself beginning to give it a personality, imperturbable, coldly serene and waiting, and several times this grew so strong that he had to shake it off.

Late in the morning he suddenly saw a figure on a low hill against the sky, and shouted and waved, It could be no one but Brierly, but the figure didn't move. He stopped and shouted again, and the figure was still motionless, and so it became inimical: Brierly waiting to waylay him and enjoying for a moment his helplessness. He looked quickly around and found no cover; he felt like a helpless and doomed insect on a great, flat, white table, and frantically scrambled to get the rifle off the sled. When he had it, the figure still held its threatening stillness, and so, with the rifle ready and the sled rope under one arm, he closed on it until he saw that it was a figure made of stones. He remembered then hearing that wandering Eskimos sometimes made these things, to look back on for companionship in the intolerable loneliness. The shock of the experience showed him the state he'd been drifting into, and settled him down. He increased his pace again, sweating despite the chill, and so came finally to the cross valley marked by its strangely notched hill. Brierly wasn't there, nor was there any sign of him in the long reach ahead.

Brierly, almost two full days ahead, should have been this far back, or farther, by now; and the first real presentiment of trouble came to Hughes. He stood for a long moment irresolute, and then decided to go on. He had set himself a grueling pace before, but he increased it. His breath whistled between his teeth and stabbed his lungs, his legs had lost all sensation, but he drove himself on. The miles went past in a blur, the country around the valley turned into more of a plateau and it was windier; and then, suddenly, it began to snow.

The flakes were white and thick and whirled past him on the wind; they blotted everything out beyond a radius of a few yards and Hughes immediately lost his sense of direction. As he stood there immobilized, a shiver went up his back, for there was no telling how long it would last. There was nothing to do but endure it, and hope that it was a passing squall; and after what seemed hours to him, it fell off into an intermittent fall of scattered small flakes and he could see again. It was over, for the time at least. A line he had read somewhere came into his mind: "An ironic paw stroke of the wilderness." It had shown him another aspect of the land, and he never got the thought, the apprehension, of it out of his mind again.

He went on, and as the gray light began to fail he came to the forking of the valley and the sugar-loaf hill before he realized he was there. He looked up to see it in front of him; at the base of the hill, a fire that still smoldered a little had melted some of the snow, and out of this thrust up the twisted metal of the plane, partially covered with snow. There was nothing else, and for a moment he was too bewildered to realize that Brierly had returned another way.

Hughes stared at it in a sort of unbelieving stupor and then looked all around. The snow had covered any tracks there might have been and stretched away in a mocking smoothness. He suddenly ran toward the plane, and as he ran he kicked something which flew into the air and freed itself of clinging snow to reveal an opened and emptied meat can, and then he knew what they had done to him.

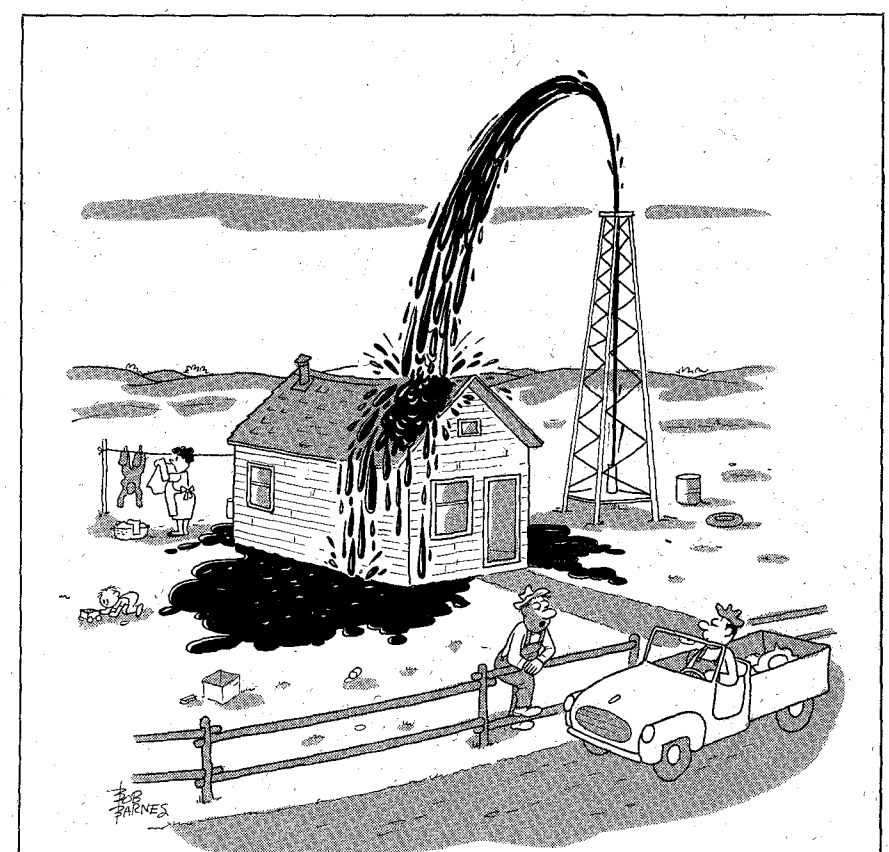
For an instant he was on the edge of a blind panic that would have swiftly widened upon itself and ruined him, but it was succeeded by a cold and strangely impersonal fury and calm. With it came a thought he hadn't had before: that Hommedieu hadn't believed him when he said he'd fallen down the ladder, but thought he'd seen the seaman coming at him in time and disposed of him. Thus the captain had to do away with him as a witness for attempted murder, if not for theft; and events had played into his hands. Hughes remembered the sweat on Hommedieu's forehead in the cabin, and the immense relief of both of them; and he was sure now that the ship had gone north instead of south and that Brierly would meet it there. He clenched his fists as though he held the necks of all three of them, and knew that he had better be right in his estimate because it would be his last chance to get out.

The light was going now, but Hughes ran to the sled, got the flashlight they'd packed in the sleeping bag, and moved out at a right angle to the southern direction that Brierly would think he would take because of the map. He ran to and fro, making sweeps to find their tracks in some sheltered spot that might give him their starting direction; for in this plateaulike country Brierly would take a true course at first.

He knew his chances were very small, and soon he had to go to the flashlight, but in the end, nearly three hundred yards from the plane, he found what he was looking for along the side of an outcrop of rock that had held off the wind. He raised his head and saw that the sky had cleared enough to show a few stars, and that there was a bright one he could use for direction.

This convinced him that fortune favored him, and that perhaps luck would get him through.

Keeping the star over his right shoulder, he went back to the sled and cooked a big meal and swallowed it. Then he changed his socks, put the flashlight in his pocket, took the stove in one hand, put some food in the parka bib, slung the rifle over his back and started out. He left the sled and everything else on it, knowing that if he didn't make the ship he wouldn't need it anyhow. He remembered a little about the declination of stars and tried to puzzle it out and allow for it, and hoped he was right. He didn't worry much (*Continued on Page 96*)



"Oh, nuthin' much—what's new with you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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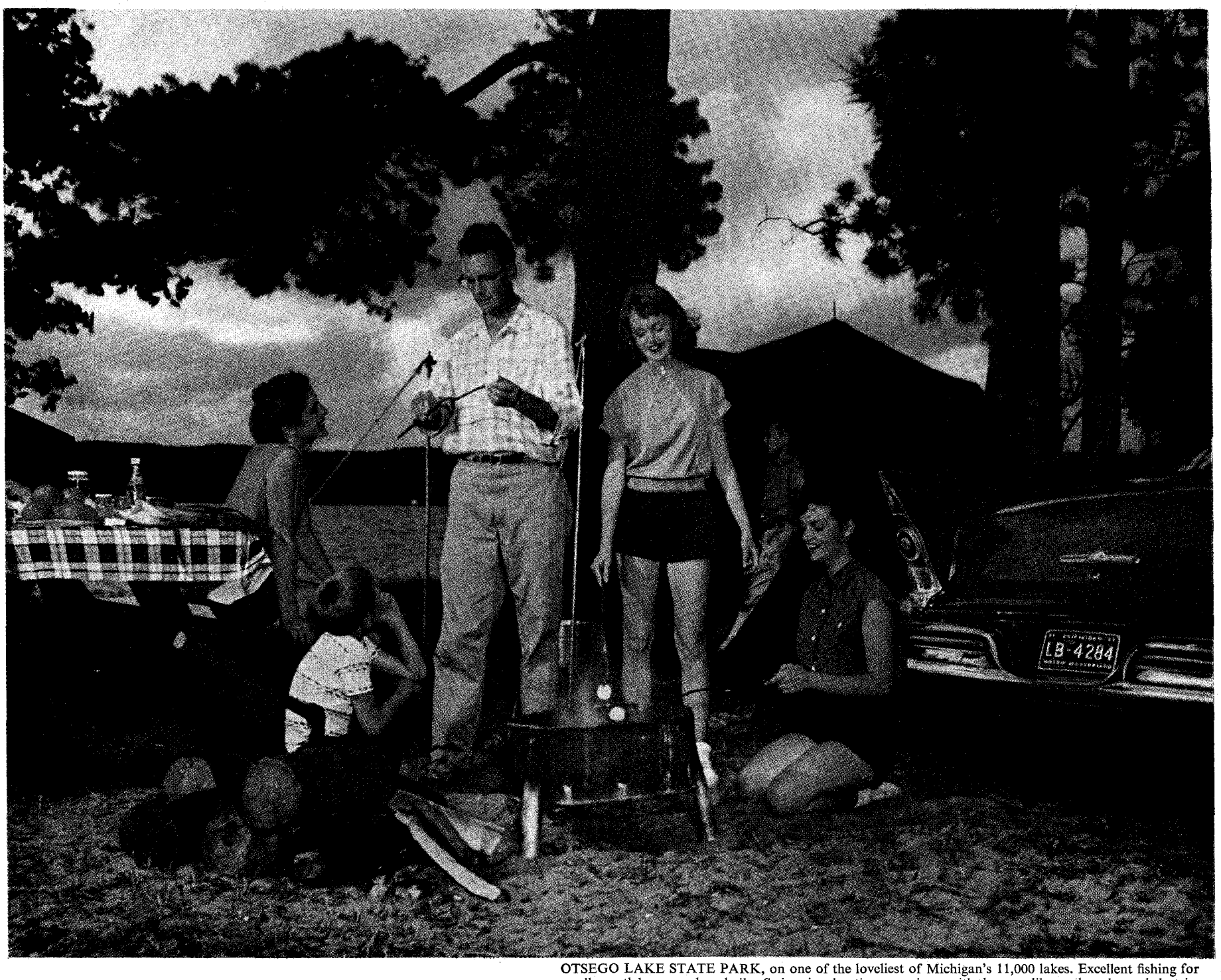

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(*Continued from Page 94*) about it; it was just one imponderable among a multitude of them.

When the star showed signs of vanishing into the thickening overcast again, he stopped and lined up two cans of food on it. Then he thought of the wind, and lined up two cans of food on that as well. He scraped a rock-sheltered area clear of snow and sat down. The wind was cold and he couldn't keep it out. He ached everywhere and was very tired, but in spite of this and the knowledge that he had the thinnest possible chance of success, he somehow felt buoyant and sure. Deep within himself, beyond the aches and the cold, his courage held; he felt more alive, closer to the urgent and essential realities of existence, than he had felt since he'd got through several hopeless-seeming times in the war. Presently his head dropped forward and he fell into a fitful sleep.

He was up with the first wan gray light, stiff and sore, and cooked a meal. He saw from the cans that the wind hadn't changed, and was pleased with that, for it would give him direction. He thought of leaving the stove and the rest of the food, and decided not to; he might need it if he had to move along the shore to look for the ship. It never occurred to him to wonder what he was going to do if he did find it.

He took up his march again, at a killing pace. For a while his feet hurt so badly that he was afraid they'd give out on him, for with the soft-soled mukluks they had been bruised by the rocks the day before, but presently he forgot them. The country grew less plateaulike and rougher as he got closer to the coast. He slid or fell down hills and clawed his way up others in endless succession, and took chances on the slippery rocks that would have chilled him with a crawling horror if he'd seen anyone else do it. If he'd thought, he probably would have reasoned that Brierly wouldn't take this line because the terrain was so rough, but in his weariness he felt the line must be right because Brierly had started out on it when the going was straightaway. It was a fixed idea in his tired brain. He had become a running and climbing machine, a mad, staring man with clenched teeth, with the breath roaring in his throat, tearing his clothes and himself on the diabolical rocks at which he hurled himself. But his instinct was right. It was long after noon, after he had fought his way up a precipitous hill and looked down into the valley below, that he saw their tracks in the old snow. They had walked beyond the fresh, obliterating snow, and his luck had held after all.

He didn't believe it at first, and then a strangled cry came out of him. He began to shake; and then he threw his rifle away and hurled himself down the hill and fell on the tracks like a hound. He was close to exhaustion, having been running for two days, and the shock of finding the tracks was great; and now that he had found them he remembered that the captain had said he would give Brierly three days and that Brierly had had a day's start on him at least. And he remembered even more keenly the snow that had caught him inland and stopped him, and tried to increase his pace before it caught him again. He ran and fell, and scuttled forward on his hands and knees and got up and ran again.

He fell many times, and a long time later, when he came around the cliff face and out on the shore where they were standing, it was Brierly who saw him first. Brierly looked and stiffened, and then frantically began to get the slung rifle off his back. The two other men whirled and looked, too, and Hughes' brain was clear enough to realize how wild and desperate he must have seemed to them and that Brierly, in their minds, had got them out, and he did the only thing he could: he threw his hands high. As Brierly got the rifle free and began to swing it up, one of the men quickly stepped behind him and pinioned his arms and the rifle fell.

"Let's wait a minute," the man said, "before we start shooting people."

The other man—the one with the glasses—pulled out an automatic pistol and pointed it at Hughes. "Come in," he said, "but not too close, and have your say."

Hughes staggered closer to them with his hands still up, and they began to swim about in his sight. He stopped several feet away, gasping loudly for breath, trying to talk, and then his legs gave way and he sat down.

The man holding the pistol pointed at him knelt several feet away. "Take it easy, man," he said. "Get your breath back."

Hughes fought grimly for breath, and finally found enough. "The ship!" he said, for his mind was still fixed on it. "The ship!"

"The ship's right out there," the man said. "The boat's just left her. Do you belong on her too?"

"Ah!" Hughes said. He suddenly felt that it was real, that it had to be real now. He stared at his hands and didn't recognize their torn and bloody shapelessness, and then he put his head down on his knees and a great blackness swam over him. After a time it steadied and grew less, and he raised his head. "I'm Hughes, the company man," he said. "They ——"

"Hughes?" the man with the pistol said. "I'll be triple damned. We had a message from Roberts at Pangnirtung that you might be in a bit of a spot."

"They sent me in to find you and Brierly and take you south," Hughes said. There was a great need on him to explain. "The ship was to move and we were all to meet her there. But she went north, and Brierly knew it." The memory of the endless miles, the snow and the cold and empty land, waiting and still, filled his head. "They had to lose me in there," he said, "because they tried to kill me, and I knew. Or they thought I did."

The man with the pistol put it back into the holster, looked at Hughes for a moment, and then suddenly stood up and walked over to the pinioned Brierly and hit him with great force on the point of the jaw. Brierly's knees buckled, and the other man turned him loose and stood over him. The man with the glasses came back and put a warm arm around Hughes' shoulders.

"Don't bother yourself with it any more now," he said. "You're safe. You're a bit knocked out, but we'll fix that shortly. I'm Doctor Barlow. Jack. This," he said, indicating the other man, "is Nicky Farr, one of the best of the bad pilots. He lets your aircraft fall down, but he gets you out before the fireworks start."

Hughes looked at them and realized that they had been in there, too, with a heap of twisted metal, alone and lost under the overcast. He suddenly felt ashamed for thinking of no one but himself.

"You didn't like it either, I'll bet," he said.

Barlow gave him a wide and reassuring smile. "That's better," he said. "What did they want to murder you for?"

Hughes told him. "I don't think they planned to kill me at first," he said. "I'm sure they just wanted to knock me out to get the cargo list, if I had it. But then they thought I'd seen the sailor, and panicked, and had to do me in. Your plane went down, and that was their chance. They even gave me a map. There was a river on it; they said that cross valley ran into it, and we were to follow the river to the ship."

"I hope you kept it," the other man, Farr, said. "I've flown over this country enough to know there's no river there. I gave them that cross valley as a reference point." He raised his head as though he had heard something, and turned to look over the sound; then he turned back again. "Jack!" he said, pointing out.

They all looked and saw the helicopter with its big pontoons, coming low up the sound toward the ship.

"There was one coming into Frobisher by boat," Barlow said. "This one must be it, so they sent it up. They were to check with the ship to see what direction you both took when you went in. They know we're here by now." He grinned again. "It begins to look," he said to Hughes, "as though the righteous now have a quorum. Our visit to your shipmates may be more pleasant for us than for them." THE END

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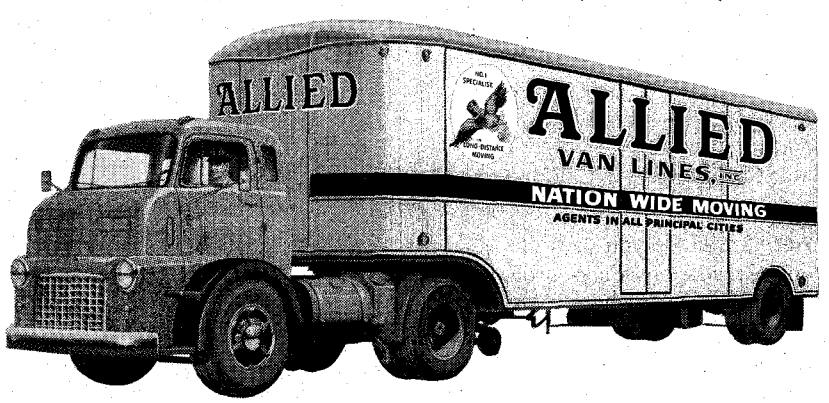

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America's Oldest Spectacular

(Continued from Page 43)

Harvard commencement. For Harvard set the pattern of the splendid academic flag-raising which is, I sometimes fear, our chief American contribution to higher educational practice.

I have to confess that I went to Harvard myself and take a strong nostalgic pleasure in this curious annual celebration. I am not ashamed to do so, for I have the precedent of that grim, austere, great man, John Quincy Adams. The sixth President of the United States always attended the Harvard commencement if he could possibly get there, and he noted in his diary, toward the end of his long life, that it was still the high point of his year. Furthermore, the Harvard commencement is not only the primordial archetype of one of America's major tribal customs. In my perhaps prejudiced belief it is also interesting in a quite different way, as which I count as fortunate in the national rituals of a republic.

Harvard commencement, however, is the oldest American ritual, deep-rooted in our remotest past. It is not made up; it has accumulated naturally and gradually. There is nothing synthetic about it. And by sheer force of accumulation, the Harvard commencement has by now become a true ceremony. It is ceremonial from the very first moment in the fine June morning, when his excellency, the governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts ("which God Save!" as the official proclamations always pray), drives up to the great gate of Old Harvard Yard with his jingling, scarlet-coated escort of mounted lancers. The governor's lancers, Queen Elizabeth's yeomen and the Vatican's Swiss guards are the last troops in the world to be armed with pikes. And this is only right and proper, for they are the lineal descendants of the eight pikemen, somewhat more functional in that time before Indian King Philip's bloody war, who guarded Gov. Thomas Dudley at the first commencement in 1642.

His excellency's arrival is the signal for marshaling the academic procession, when Harvard's Board of Overseers are formally summoned to their place in line with the unexpected salutation of "Honorable and Reverend." In old times, you see, the Board of Overseers was composed of honorable members of the Great and General Court of the Bay Colony and reverend clergy of the Bay Colony's six leading towns—Boston, Cambridge,

The Faithful Lover

By Richard F. Armknecht

As icebergs glitter in the sun,
But hide their bulk beneath the sea,
Her eyes may smile for everyone—
Her deepest love be all for me.

And even I may never know
The boundaries of her bestowing,
For faith has taught me long ago
Love is not measurement, but knowing.

something altogether unique in these United States.

In the older nations that gave us birth, ceremony still flourishes. Even in these hostile times, they still retain their ceremonial gift. The British, particularly, offer something for every taste, all the way from the annual beating of the village bounds that still occurs in a few corners of rural England, to the ultimate, overwhelming, Byzantine grandeurs of the Coronation itself. But the commencement which will be held at Harvard for the 306th time this June is the only true American ceremony that I know of.

True ceremony consists, in my opinion, in making elaborate, ancient and inherently illogical gestures in a solemn, agreeably impressive manner. As a nation, we Americans rejected ceremony in the first session of our Congress, when the Senate buried the Federalist titles-of-honor bill. Otherwise, we should now be addressing President Eisenhower as "Your Supreme Mightiness." To be sure, we have our gaudy rituals, which are practiced at fraternal initiations, other universities' graduations and suchlike gatherings. But these are too synthetic, too recently made up for the occasion, to be truly ceremonial. To be sure, we also have our great national rituals, like our presidential inaugurations, which have their strong, remembered undertones. But these are too plain to be truly ceremonial,

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Exclusive Clean Air Sentry protects the operating efficiency of York's new room air conditioner. It lights up—signals you when dirt, dust and pollen clog the filter. You change the filter in time; enjoy pure fresh air, full cooling power, reduced operating costs, always! Unit includes exclusive Dictat-Air Grilles, for no-draft cooling, sealed-in Sound Guard for whisper quiet operation, and Set-It-Forget-It Controls. Available in ½, ¾ and 1 H.P. models. Five-Year Protection Plan on cooling circuit.
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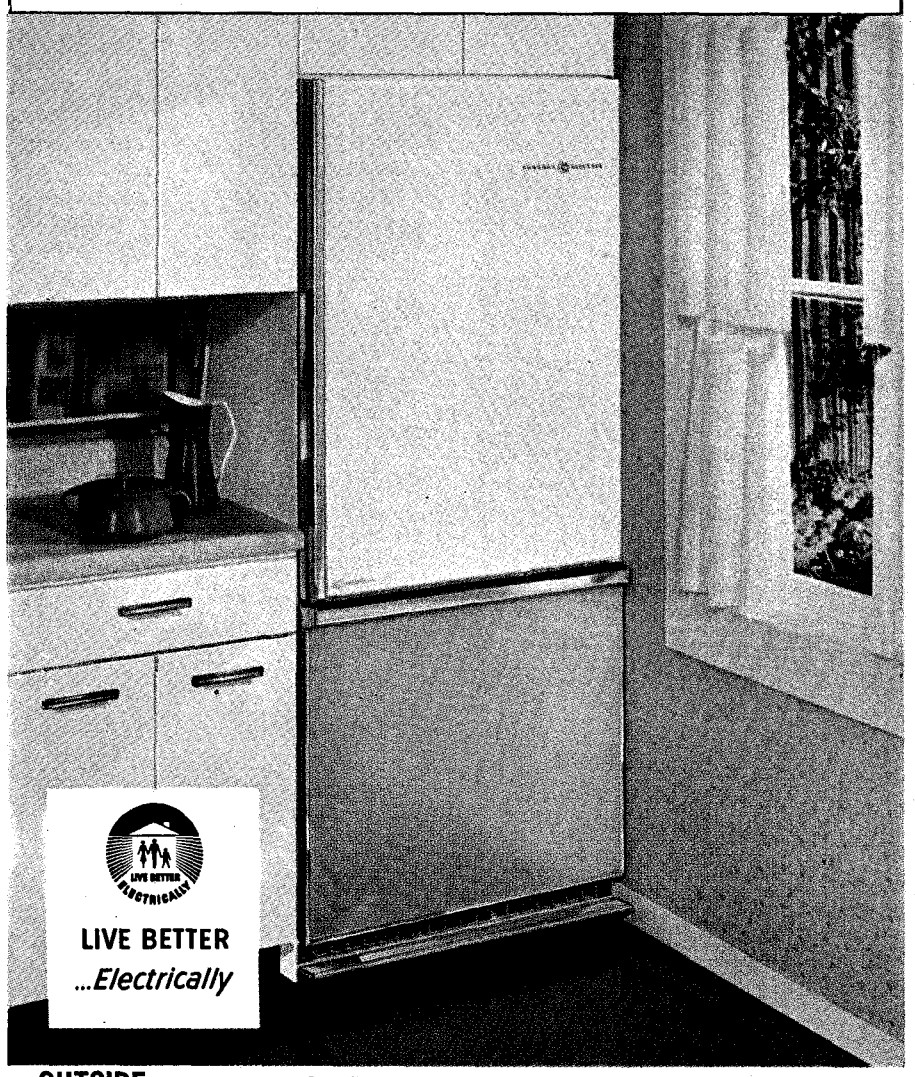
Distinctive new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer

New "Straight-Line" Design



OUTSIDE. Refrigerator fits flat against wall or square into corner—no coils protrude in back. "Straight-Line" Design brings new beauty to your kitchen.

New "Touch-Action" Features

INSIDE. "Touch-Action" puts all foods at your fingertips in the 10-cubic-foot refrigerator section at top, the 5-cubic-foot freezer at bottom.

EVERY LINE is smooth and straight in this smart, new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

Not a hinge or handle protrudes to mar its beautiful, trim new look. Sides, top and *back* are all *flat and straight*. That's why you can set it flush against the wall in line with your other appliances or square into a corner. You can make it a "built-in" simply by hanging wall cabinets around it.

Inside, just a touch puts all foods at your fingertips with General Electric's Revolving Shelves, Revolving Vegetable Bins and Roll-Out Freezer.

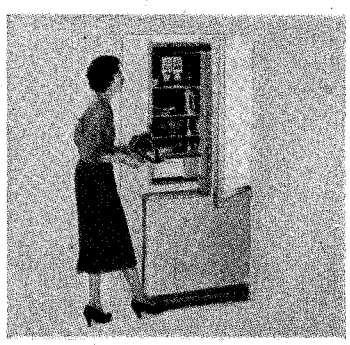
A touch of your toe opens the Magnetic Safety Door on the refrigerator. And since this door has no latch, it helps protect children from the danger of being locked inside.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 General Electric Refrigerators have been in use 10 years or longer. Ask your General Electric dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

NOW, EVERYTHING AT YOUR TOUCH!

TOUCH...and the shelves revolve, putting all the food you want within easy reach!

TOUCH . . . and the freezer rolls out. You see and choose what you want at a glance!



TOUCH . . . and the Magnetic Safety Door opens to the big automatic-defrost refrigerator.

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(*Continued from Page 98*) seams with youth's high seriousness. So I am usually rather relieved when they have finished. This is the signal for the commencement's central act, when the university marshal at last commands the degree candidates to "draw near" in order to receive their degrees "with due ceremony, in the favoring presence of the friends here assembled."

Maybe I am foolish, yet I cannot help being moved when the successive troops of young men, with a sprinkling, too, of girls in the classes from the graduate schools, march to the platform in the bright sunshine that somehow never fails to gild commencement. Many have made heavy sacrifices for their education, for Harvard is by no means the rich man's school that some people imagine. Many have come for their education from the very ends of the earth.

Harvard, which was once sectional and then national, is now an international place of learning. For almost all of them, at this moment, the time of preparation ends and life tasks now begin.

The moment is well marked, I always think, by the old formulae that president Pusey solemnly pronounces over each group. Graduates of the college are "admitted to the fellowship of educated men." Doctoral candidates, authors of those Ph.D. theses on fantastically abstruse subjects that are carefully listed in the program, are more warmly "welcomed to the ancient and universal company of scholars." Graduates of the law school are grandly bidden to join "in shaping and applying those wise restraints which make men free." And so it goes until the last determined handclap of the last fond parent dies finally away; and the grandees who are getting honorary degrees receive their cheers, their parchments and their neat citations; and the reverend chairman of the Board of Preachers offers the concluding benediction. Thus the commencement proper ends, and it is time for the less serious pleasures that commencement also offers.

The agreeable mixture of festivity with solemnity is what I particularly enjoy at our Harvard commencement. It is this same mixture, too, which has so strongly influenced our American mores. Our nationwide academic flag raising chiefly imitates the Harvard commencement's festive aspect, its special character as a monster reunion and huge open-air party, which it has had for just about three centuries.

Those rompered, reeling alumni from your university's tenth-year class reunion are the unconscious continuators of our Puritan forefathers, who were not always so averse to cakes and ale, particularly ale. At the very first commencement, to be sure, Harvard was still too poor to provide a really good blowout. Only the beer from the college brewhouse was served at the dinner for Governor Dudley. But the jollification soon grew more intense, and a doggerel ode on commencement written by William Brattle in 1682 includes the alarming forecast:

"*. . . So Blind they'll bee,*
That really no Body will see."

There were bluenoses, of course, who viewed the jollification with extreme disfavor. That bluenose of bluenoses, President Increase Mather, primly recorded in his autobiography that he "endeavored the Reformation of those excesses . . . (of) Commencement day and weeke, and therefore did my self stay that weeke at the Colledge, so that I might (prevent) disorder and profaneness." But President Mather's snooping was all to no avail. The truth was, public opinion was against him. Strange as it may now seem, Harvard commencement used to be the greatest public festival of the New England year, a glorious combination of Fourth of July, free clambake and state fair. Everybody and his girl friend came, whether or not they had the faintest connection with the university. And they came to have a

The Egotist

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The world and everything
in it
He views but in relation
To himself, the center
And reason for creation.

If you and I are useful,
He generously regards us
As puppets to maneuver;
If useless, he discards us.

Invulnerable to critics,
He is his own ideal,
And nothing can convince
him
Other people are real.

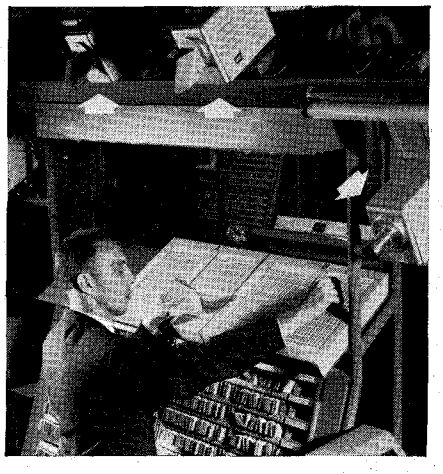
How Thompson TV system speeds up rail ticket buying

Pennsylvania Station, one of the world's largest, uses 105 DAGE TV Cameras, 100 Receivers, to speed service.

BECAUSE of a revolutionary system that uses closed-circuit television from Thompson Products' DAGE Television Division, rail ticket buying at New York's Pennsylvania Station is speeded up. Telephone reservations are speeded up, too!

Now the passenger simply tells the clerk where and when he wants to go. The clerk dials a number and a space availability chart appears on a DAGE television receiver seen by passenger and clerk. (See photo above.) The passenger selects the space desired... and the clerk dials again. Then another clerk, called a "coupon clerk", uses an electronic machine to reproduce the coupon for the space at the ticket counter. The transaction is completed. Telephone reservations are handled in much the same way at the station.

Closed-circuit television is one result of Thompson's diversified research and development that has produced many important new products for America's leading industries. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



This Pennsylvania Railroad employee, known as a "coupon clerk", keeps availability charts up to the second under the eyes of some of the 105 DAGE closed-circuit TV cameras. These cameras transmit information to ticket counters and to telephone reservation operators.

This is a small part of the world's largest installation of closed-circuit television. DAGE television receivers, in the center of the photo, are used by telephone reservation operators.

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rousing good time, and no nonsense about it. Even before sunup we are told:

Vast numbers from far distant places
(were)
Seen to'ards the Place of Concourse
to repair . . .
All sizes and each sex the Ways do
throng
And Black and White ride jig-by-jole
along . . .
The Nut-brown Country Nymphs and
rural swains
From diff'rent Roads the diff'rent
Squadrons join . . .
Tag, Rag and Bob-tail, in their best
Array.
Appear there on this celebrated Day.

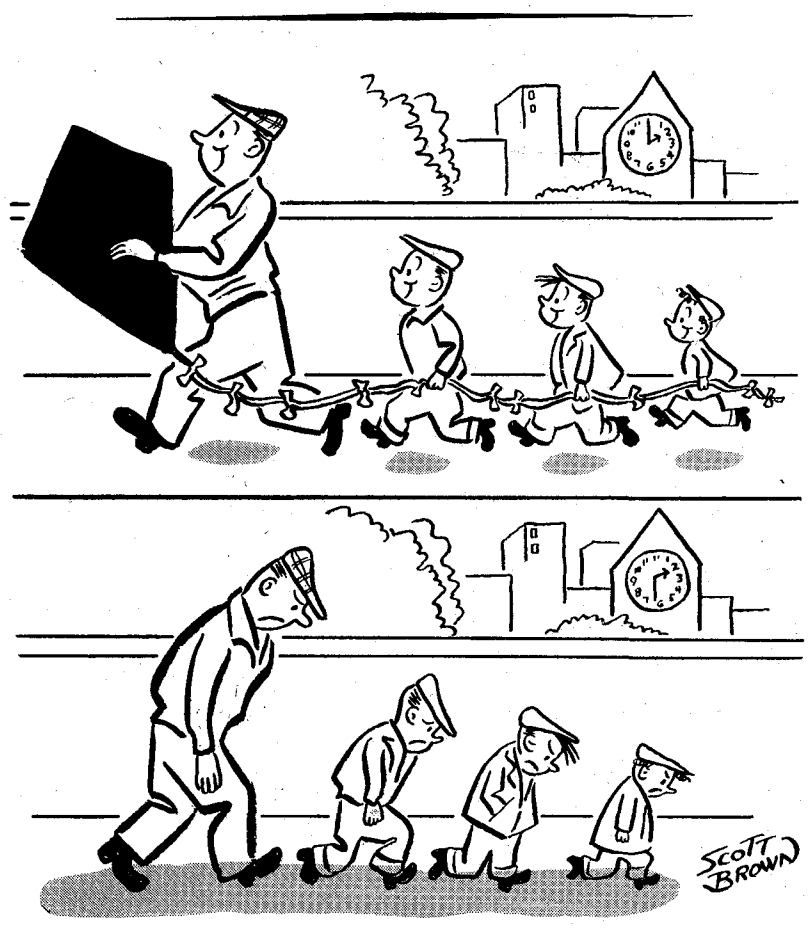
The same "Satyricall Description of Commencement" from which these lines are taken makes it clear that even in the early eighteenth century joy was pretty unconfined at commencement time. The dignitaries might be as grave as they pleased, but the crowd freely indulged in country sports, country love-making and getting plain old country drunk. As the years went on, moreover, the commencement-time crowds attracted increasing numbers of peddlers, sharpers and pitchmen to Cambridge until the Cambridge Common was annually covered with tents and booths for shows and gambling and the sale of rum, hard cider and other light refreshments.

An elephant, a great wonder in those days, was brought all the way from Providence to be exhibited at the Commencement of 1797; there were mermaids, mummies and two-headed calves as well; and those who could still see straight engaged in prize competitions, such as target shooting with bows and arrows, which the Natick Indians naturally won. Most of the celebrators were quite content, of course, with a short glimpse of the governor and the other great men marching by in the academic procession. But great numbers of prosperous and/or serious persons also wanted to hear the theses and commencement parts. The queue formed at dawn at the door of the meetinghouse where the main ceremony was then held. There is even an authentic record of one rich Boston lady sitting up all night, in the year when John Adams graduated, in order to appear in the meetinghouse with her towering headdress of the period in pristine, unslept-on condition.

The solid merchants and worthy clergy of the Harvard governing bodies were clearly very much in two minds about this commencement-time rout in which they found themselves involved. On the one hand, they limited student wine purchases for commencement entertaining to one gallon per undergraduate and three gallons per commencer. Then rum came into New England, and brought with it the more lethal custom of commencement punch. So they passed an ordinance against punch. They even threw in a prohibition of commencement plumcake, another old custom, just for good measure. And they paid special fees to the township of Cambridge, to increase its force of watchmen and constables for commencement week.

On the other hand, however, Harvard's governing bodies never ceased to do themselves and their friends pretty well, thank you. This is very plainly indicated by a surviving steward's account of the commencement dinner in the year 1689. Besides charges for fruits and vegetables in season, "spiceries" and salt and pepper, dozens of chickens, hundreds of pounds of beef, mutton, pork and other, stranger meats such as "Udders" (two shillings' worth); besides money to hire pewter, glasses, napery and "Turn-spitt Indians" (who got one shilling), the steward paid out the large sum of two English pounds to provide the assembled dignitaries with four and a half barrels of beer and twelve gallons of wine. No wonder, then, that dignitaries sometimes caused scandal by appearing at the second stage of the commencement ceremonies in a state of marked postprandial disorder.

There have been decided changes, certainly, since those heroic times. Nowadays, the steward has been replaced by "the Committee on the Happy Observance of the Commencement," which has been on the job for something like a hundred years. (*Continued on Page 103*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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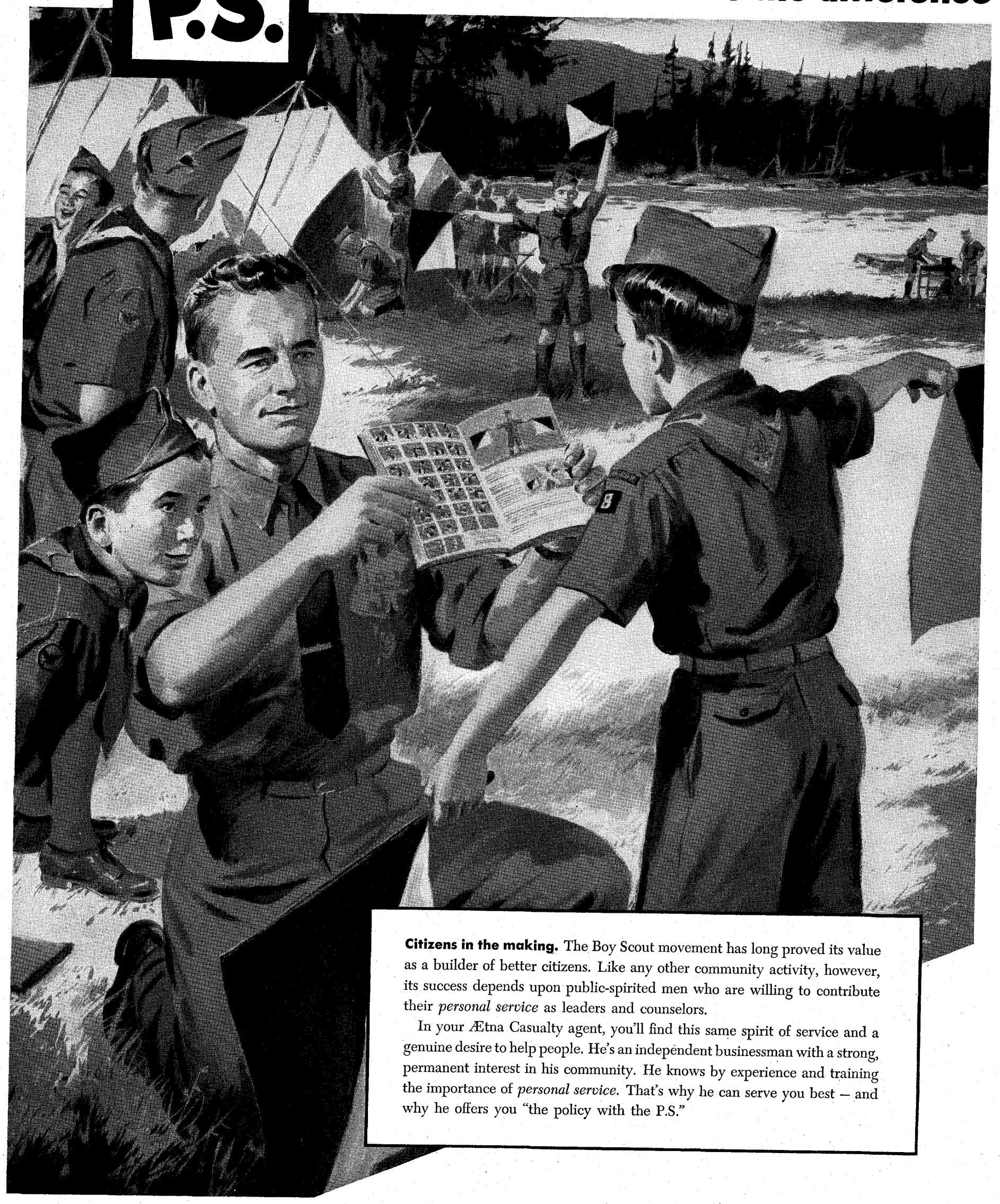

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(*Continued from Page 101*) Nowadays, I am glad to say, there are no disorders. But I am also glad to say that the Committee on the Happy Observance has only moderated the bad old ways, without absolutely forgetting the spirit of the good old days.

Eating and drinking are not the sole province of the Committee on the Happy Observance. Harvard commencement has its special dress, for instance, unknown elsewhere, but firmly insisted upon by the committee. In memory of the white tie and tails that used to be required for commencers (and are still required at the degree-givings of some European universities), the chief marshal and all the numerous lesser marshals and commencement aids wear white four-in-hand ties with their top hats and cutaway coats. The odd compromise is said to have been invented by the future Speaker of the House, Nicholas Longworth, when he was a dandified youth who was "damned if he wanted to dress like a waiter at breakfast time in a French hotel." But what is far more important than this special dress, Harvard commencement also has its special word, unknown or at least forgotten elsewhere, but lovingly preserved by the Committee on the Happy Observance.

On commencement day, the luncheons that are consumed after the morning ceremonies are "spreads," and those who give such luncheons are said to be "spreading." The word has a cheerful, even a luxurious sound, and rightly so. For the dignitaries at the chief marshal's spread enjoy cold salmon and Virginia ham and champagne; and the new-made Ph.D's are welcomed with champagne when they get their official parchments from Dean Bundy in University Hall; and at the alumni spreads in the marquees around the Yard, there is beer for all and champagne for those who want it; and at the spreads in the clubs there are cold soft-shell crabs and cold salmon and once-outlawed commencement punch as well as champagne. As I have said, no bad results have lately been observed, from this habit of a glass of wine to drink commencement healths. Disorders, if there be such, are now relegated to the alumni and club dinners that precede commencement day, which are much like such rallies at other universities. At the commencement spreads, the spirits of the company are no more than mildly and genially fortified; and this is rather needful, because an afternoon of further ceremonies still lies ahead.

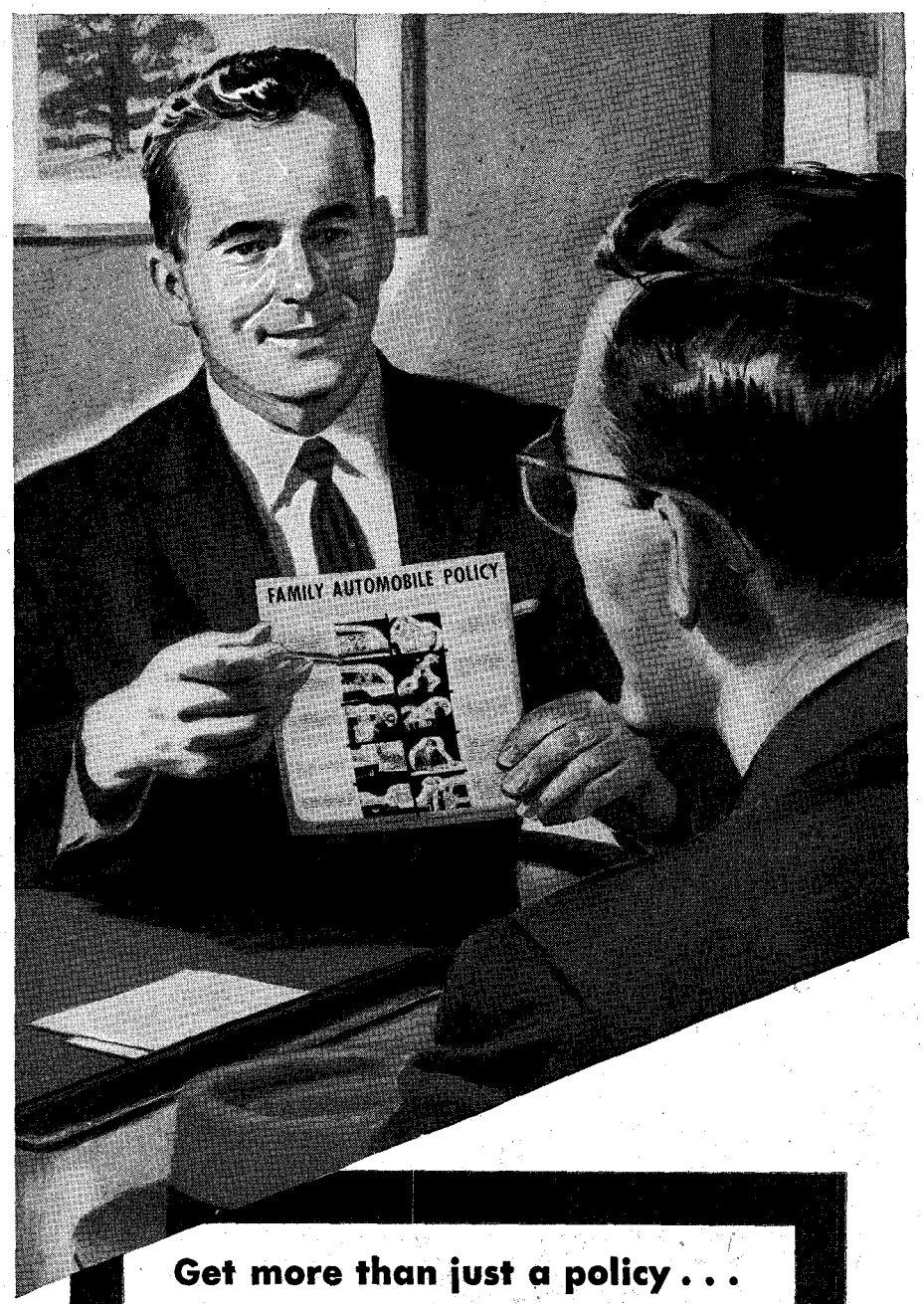
As commencement morning belongs to the university itself, so commencement afternoon is the province of the alumni association; and this alumni ascendancy also has its reminiscent significance. The Harvard Alumni Association, prototype of so many others, is one more institution that stems from the early commencement rejoicings.

Besides the Nut-brown Country Nymphs and rural swains, the old commencements attracted to Cambridge all the Harvard men of every condition who had the time and means for the journey. Some came, indeed, without the means. John Holmes, brother of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and uncle of the great Justice Holmes, sardonically noted in his memoirs that any Harvard man living in Cambridge was always astonished, at commencement time, to "learn the number and value of (his old) friends." The friends, of course, wanted a free night's lodging—a desire which usually burnishes the memory of old friendship. So there was already a sort of informal and disorganized reunion every year at Cambridge, even before Harvard's bicentenary in 1836. At that time commencement was at last losing its place as a public festival. Hence another great Harvard Supreme Court Justice, Joseph Story, suggested that an alumni association was now needed. Story's suggestion was acted upon forthwith, and the first president of the alumni association was John Quincy Adams. Adams' acceptance of the post betokened his final forgiveness of Harvard for conferring an honorary degree on his bitterest enemy and immediate successor in the White House, Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Like the university's show in the morning, the alumni association's afternoon show starts with a procession, but this time the alumni marchers are the feature. The senior graduate to attend commencement has been a noted figure since the earliest days—it is remembered, for example, that the last bagwig ever seen in Boston was worn to a nineteenth-century commencement by a clergyman from the New England backwoods who had graduated sixty years earlier. For many

"I'm glad we got that settled!"

...in insurance, too!



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decades, the oldest graduate both present and ambulatory has always had the honor of leading the alumni marchers, and this was formerly the object of rather ghoulish competition. Toward the end of his life, one of the greatest of American philosophers, George Herbert Palmer, positively haunted the alumni records bureau. He wanted to hear the happy news that his rivals in longevity were dropping off at last. When he won the grisly contest, Palmer led the procession with an exultation that all but restored his youth. Fortunately the contest is less keen nowadays and I record that last year's senior marcher was Godfrey Cabot '82, only because he was one of no fewer than five Cabots, together with a solitary Lowell, who had important roles in the day's proceedings.

For the afternoon ceremonies the scene is the same platform, confronting the same crowded, elm-shaded theater, but this time public speaking is the order of the hour. The chief speakers are the honorary-degree recipients. From the time of Ben Franklin, who got his first doctorate at Harvard in 1751, down to our own days, very many famous men have received honorary degrees from Harvard. Both Roosevelts and Herbert Hoover, Einstein and T. S. Eliot, Winston Churchill, Dwight David Eisenhower, Konrad Adenauer, Woodrow Wilson, Al Smith (in the last parched prohibition year), General Pershing, Mackenzie King and the great doctor, Gorgas, and the great engineer, Goethals, are among those who have been honored in the last half century. Some of them have made notable speeches too. Indeed the most vital new departure in the whole history of American foreign relations, the Marshall Plan that dragged the free world back from the brink of postwar disaster, was launched by General Marshall's speech at the Harvard Commencement of 1947.

But old newspapermen like myself unfortunately develop a fairly leathery indifference to public utterance, even when it is eloquent, even when it is historic. If a speech is worth hearing, I am afraid I think it is better worth reading in the next morning's paper. So I pass the afternoon of commencement day contemplating the happy scene—Harvard, I always notice, has her full, fair share of girls in their summer dresses. I ponder the past and future—for good or ill, returning to a setting of one's own past always starts that train of thought. Once or twice I get a bit chokey—The Star-Spangled Banner, sung by 10,000 citizens cheerful in the bright sun, is enough to touch much harder hearts than mine. And above all, I wait for what, to me, is the very highest moment of commencement day, when everyone joins in singing the 78th Psalm.

The 78th Psalm is believed to have been sung at every Harvard commencement since 1642. Although the claim is not supported by any documentary proof, the custom certainly reaches back into the most distant depths of the earliest years. The version Harvard sings is the same rather wooden rhyming version that the elders used to "line out" in the first rough-built meetinghouses of the new Zion across the Atlantic, in the time when our Puritan forebears still regarded church music made by instruments as a prelatical abomination. I give it in full, for it means much to me. Still using the antiquated, jogging, almost unsingable tune, we always sing:

Give ear, ye children, to my law,
Devout attention lend,
Let the instructions of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold:
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths of old.

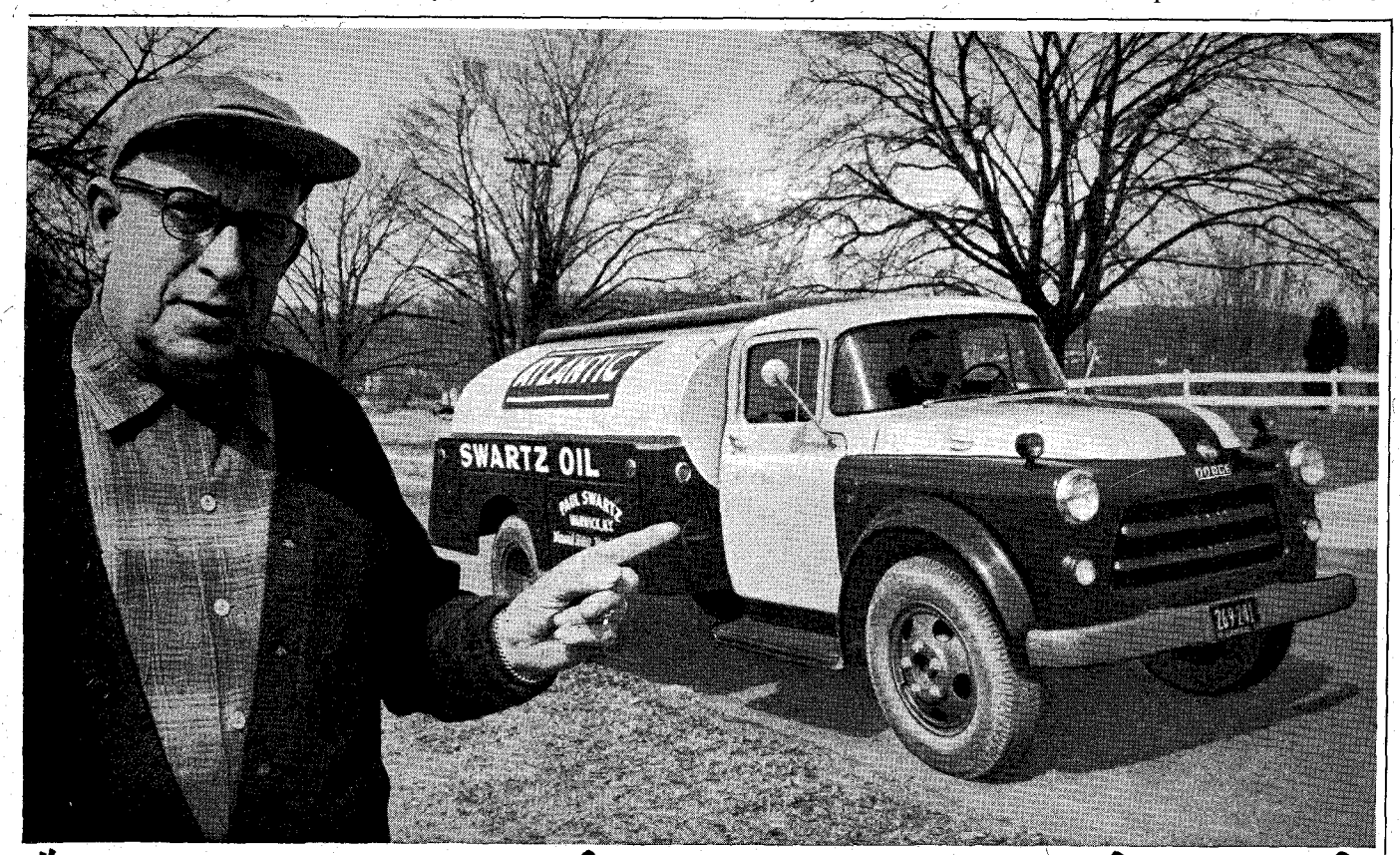
Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us have handed down.

Let children learn the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs—
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

I admit that this rendering of the 78th Psalm is neither smooth nor poetic, nor even accurate, yet for me it is triply magical. It has the magic of the strong faith of the Hebrew psalmist, who hymned his God and his God's great and mysterious works with such passionate fervor. By old association, it has the magic of the love of freedom of those first Americans, who left comfort for hardship, the known for the unknown, the settled land for the wilderness, in order to live and worship as they wished. And in this Harvard setting the old psalm also has the magic of the majestic educational process, which passes on those vast accumulations of human experience that "our forefathers' pious care to us have handed down"; the process which ever seeks to add to those accumulations in order "that generations yet unborn may teach them to their heirs."

Am I mistaken, or are not these three magics the three strong legs of the mighty tripod which sustains all free societies everywhere? THE END



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says **PAUL SWARTZ,** *president,* SWARTZ OIL CO., FLORIDA, NEW YORK

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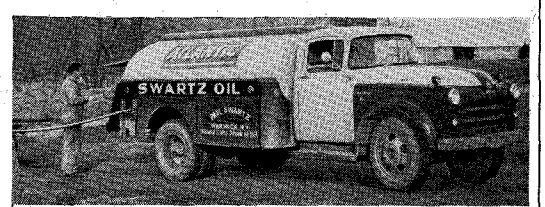

"MAINTENANCE ECONOMY is also an important factor," adds Mr. Swartz. "We haven't had any burned-out clutches, broken transmissions or axles. What's more, the Eaton Axle keeps RPM's low and cuts down engine wear. That's very important because our trucks use engine power to pump fuel, and that multiplies engine strain in relation to mileage."

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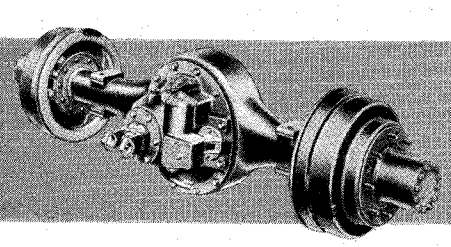

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Our Neutral Friends the Austrians

(Continued from Page 31)

and to allow no foreign bases on our soil. Beyond that, we are of the West, and our hearts cannot be neutral."

In every nook and corner of this friendly land, which is about as big as the state of Maine, there is the straight-backed pride and satisfaction of 7,000,000 people who at long last are masters in their own house again. There are fresh flowers in the gardens, swans glide across the lakes, the wood-carved angels in the country churches wear new coats of gilt, the shops are full of goods, the factories are busy, the roads are crowded with new cars. It's good to be alive, and normalcy is a great thing.

Soon, as one tastes the clear white Danube wines with Austrians from every walk of life, one catches something of a spirit of deliberate defiance—a spirit fed by the awareness that the shadow has not receded very far. Climb any hill near Vienna and you can see right through the Iron Curtain. It's thirty-four miles to the Czechoslovakian border, thirty-eight and a half to Hungary. When, during the Hungarian rising last fall, the Soviet tanks came rumbling west toward the border, some Austrians thought they would keep right on rolling—two hours more and they would be in Vienna. Not that it worried them. They were just wondering what would happen. But, though in hot pursuit of 170,000 refugees, the Russians halted on the right side of the line.

Why they had ever given up this precious bit of European soil, no one may ever know. The Soviet zone of occupation, consisting of the eastern portion of the country, fitted into the hole between Western Czechoslovakia and Hungary as neatly as a plug. Within its 9885 square miles, it contained much of Austria's natural and man-made wealth—rich farmlands, factories and oil fields. It ringed the capital, itself divided into four allied and one interallied sectors. Whichever way the Russians looked at it, Austria seemed worth holding, and Moscow, as the years dragged by, found an astonishing variety of new excuses for staying whenever her three fellow-occupants—France, Britain, the United States—proposed a formula for moving out. What made the Russians, in the end, pull up their stakes?

Unlike defeated Germany, Austria had been placed, by the victorious allies, in a twilight category between friend and foe. The fact that Hitler had annexed her in 1938 now stood her in good stead: the Moscow Declaration of 1943 considered Austria a captive of the Reich and promished her a chance to work her way back. In line with this firm promise, the Russians, soon after V-E Day, agreed to free elections and the formation of an Austrian government which, under Allied supervision, immediately established its authority throughout the length and breadth of Austria.

From Russia's point of view, this generosity was a mistake. For it prevented her from breaking the country into an eastern and a western half, after the pattern of occupied Germany, where, from the start, Russia had full control of her zone of occupation. Moreover, Austria proved poor soil for Communism. The party never polled more than 5½ per cent of the Austrian vote—a fact which further dimmed the chances for the creation of a Soviet satellite in Eastern Austria.

But who has ever heard of Russians going home merely because they are not wanted? As the long-suffering Austrians were settling down to what looked like a permanent four-power occupation, Karl Gruber, then Austria's foreign minister and currently ambassador to the United States, hit on a bold idea. In 1953, he secretly conferred with Indian Prime Minister Nehru in Switzerland, in an attempt to interest the neutral statesman, who enjoyed the respect of Moscow, in a proposal for a neutral Austria. The next year, during the Berlin conference on Germany and Austria, the Austrian representatives declared their country would be willing to stay out of military pacts. But it was not until the following spring that Russia, at long last, informed the Austrians she was ready to discuss evacuation.

An Austrian delegation promptly left for Moscow, where, in an atmosphere of strenuous good will, a basic memorandum was signed on April 15, 1955. In it, the Austrian Government undertook, in return for liberation, to "make a declaration in a form which will oblige Austria internationally to practice in perpetuity a neutrality of the type maintained by Switzerland."

The ice was broken. In Vienna the ambassadors of the four occupying powers worked out the final details and, on May 15, 1955, the State Treaty for the Re-Establishment of an Independent and Democratic Austria was signed in Vienna's lovely Belvedere Palace. Six months later the last foreign soldier left Austria.

> Many husbands find that getting a word in edgewise is largely a matter of its being sharp enough.
>
> HAL CHADWICK

The seemingly impossible had been accomplished. But was the prospect of a "permanently neutral" Austria alone sufficiently attractive to the Russians to withdraw their 50,000 soldiers? Austrians who took part in the Moscow negotiations discount the thesis of a Soviet grand design in which their country would serve as a pilot project—a model for a future neutral Germany. "Those Russians were not dreamers," according to one prominent Austrian who dealt with them. "They realized that what is fine for seven million Austrians would never do for a dynamic nation of seventy million sitting in the heart of Europe."

Indeed, while the idea of a "neutral belt" from Scandinavia to the Adriatic no doubt appealed to them, the Russians never looked at Austrian neutrality as the sole price for their retreat. At least three other arguments, in Austrian opinion, accounted for the Soviet move. (1) The purely military argument of severing N.A.T.O. lines of communication running from Italy to Western Germany through Austria's former British, French and American zones of occupation. (2) The argument against exposing Soviet soldiers to the corrupting luxury of Western life. And (3) Moscow's wish to demonstrate her readiness to coexist with the West by being good just once. Considering what Russia stood to gain, removal of her troops from Austria was probably the least expensive gambit.

Today, the Austrians say that, as so often in their history, they have been simply lucky. If Russia bartered them for something she did not get, after all, too bad for her. This relished last laugh, possibly, explains the curious detachment with which most Austrians now look back on the ten-year episode of Soviet occupation.

A journey through the former Soviet zone—the only piece of Europe, with the exception of the Finnish naval base at Porkkala, the Russians have disgorged since World War II—fails to produce much evidence of hatred or elation. The Russians, after the first burst of rape and looting, behaved correctly on the whole; and the civilized Austrians looked at them much as one contemplates strange animals in a zoo. "Some of them even came to pray in our church," says the good lady who takes visitors through the great baroque monastery of Melk, on the Danube. "Whether they came out of curiosity or because they had no churches of their own, who knows?"

In St. Pölten, a shiny little town of 40,000 people which served the Russians as a major base, I had a Sunday-morning chat with hale-and-hearty Wilhelm Steingötter, the seventy-year-old burgomaster. A surgeon by profession, he is proud of the fact that he served as a medical officer in Emperor Franz Josef's army. In 1938, at the time of the *Anschluss*, he was an active colonel.

"I treated with the Soviet commandant as one officer with another," he said. "I managed to assert myself." His chief regret is that, in order to assert himself, he, a teetotaler, had to accept the Russians' liquid hospitality during his many routine meetings with them. The Russians ran the big machine works, the rayon plant, the paper factory, the textile mills. They lived in their own fenced-off quarter, and no one fraternized with them except "the poorest class of girls." To administer the town, they first put in a Communist mayor, but, when they saw that their appointee, an Austrian factory worker, had no local support, they quietly replaced him with the respected doctor, a lifelong Socialist and anti-Communist. Since then, Steingötter has been properly elected, of course.

The low point of the occupation came, he recalled, with the Soviet-backed rising of the Austrian Communists in 1950—the Russians' one serious attempt to turn their zone into a satellite. Red workers occupied St. Pölten's railroad station, barricaded the streets, marched on the town hall, where the mayor was doing business as usual. Asked by his Communist police chief what he should do in case of an assault, Steingötter coolly ordered him to tell his men to fire.

When the revolt collapsed of its own weight throughout the Russian zone—no shots were fired anywhere—a furious Soviet commandant summoned the doctor.

"I hear you ordered the police to use their pistols against Austrian workers!"

"Your fault, sir," said the burgomaster. "You recently ordered their clubs changed to revolvers." It was this kind of humor, it appears, that saved the doctor from a journey to Siberia.

"No one was more astonished than the Russians," Steingötter finished his account, "when orders came, at last, to leave. They had expected to be here for years. Well, they invited me to a big farewell party, their colonel made a speech in which he said that it was pleasant to be going home, I made a speech and said we all thought it was pleasant, too; and, a few days later, they were gone. A handful of our local Communists waved them good-by, and I had all the church bells rung when the last train pulled out."

Church bells, like hearts, aren't neutral. Founded by Holy Roman Emperors, 1000 years ago, as a bulwark against eastern hordes, Austria has never lost sight of

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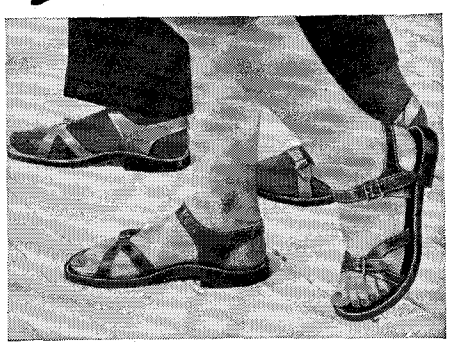

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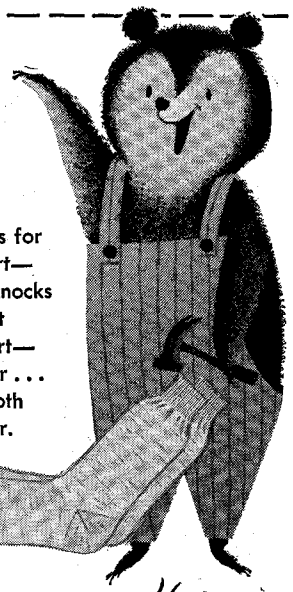

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her mission. Twice, Vienna saved all Europe from being overrun—in 1529, when Sultan Suleiman of Turkey besieged the city with 120,000 soldiers; and again in 1683, when 20,000 Austrians held out against 200,000 Turks. Neutrality? The meaning of the crisp new label comes in for a good deal of animated speculation, both in the coffeehouses and in the government offices of Vienna. The customary answer to the stranger's question "How do you define it?" is "Narrowly!" which neatly wraps it up.

While everybody knows what neutrals are supposed to do, or not to do, in wartime, peacetime neutrality can be a horse of many colors. The "permanent neutrality" of Switzerland, to which the Moscow memorandum refers, is based on a tradition reaching back three centuries; in 1815, after its brief disturbance by Napoleon I, it became the subject of a formal accord among the powers of the Vienna Congress and Switzerland. Another state, Vatican City, pledged permanent neutrality in Pope Pius XI's Treaty of Conciliation with Benito Mussolini. A third, Sweden, observes neutrality, but never signed away its right to change that policy by a unilateral decision. Where do the Austrians fit in?

Unlike the Vatican and Switzerland, Austria sits bang on the firing line. Neutrality, in her case, must be made to fit a special situation. In fulfillment of their Moscow promise, the Austrians, in October, 1955, passed a constitutional law declaring their country permanently neutral and ruling out military alliances and foreign bases. While it was thus clear from the start that Austria could not join NATO, she did join the United Nations—which cautious Switzerland won't touch—with both the Russians and the Americans among her sponsors. But though some fifty nations, including the United States, have "taken note" of Austrian neutrality, the only power ever to obtain a formal pledge that Austria would stay neutral is the Soviet Union. Moscow would have a right to intervene—presumably through the United Nations—should Austria do anything unneutral.

"We fully realize," said Austria's chubby chancellor, Julius Raab, on the occasion of the passage of the law of 1955, "that our neutrality in foreign politics places a special responsibility upon our country. It will make us face difficult decisions time and again. We are not afraid of these decisions." The opportunity to test the valor of these words came sooner than the Austrians expected.

When, last October, the Hungarians rose against their Soviet masters, nobody here stopped to ask legal questions. The thousands who poured out toward the nearby border to help the refugees, the thousands who spontaneously turned over to the new arrivals their homes, their cars, their clothes, their money, were not afraid of international complications. Nor did Herr Raab himself split hairs when he requested the Soviet Government, five days after the outbreak of the insurrection, to see to it "that military action cease and no more blood be spilled" in Hungary. No other foreign government had yet addressed a warning to the Russians, and the amazing image of an Austrian David flinging a challenge at the Red Goliath was something neither West nor East would easily forget.

Moscow, all things considered, took it rather well. Apart from a violent press campaign against "reactionary" Austria and despite angry words in the United Nations, no punishment was meted out to the young neutral. Having thus clarified the difference between neutrality and "neutralism," the Austrians have since gone one step farther. Last February, they dissolved the Secretariat of the World Peace Council, a Moscow-sponsored front organization which had set up its headquarters in Vienna's Soviet sector during the occupation. But though there is reason to believe that this incensed the Russians more than anything the Austrians had yet done, the Kremlin once again refrained from boxing Austria's ears. Soviet Deputy Premier Mikoyan's friendly visit to the Austrian capital, last April, was taken here as further proof that Russia wishes to be known as a good neighbor.

Just what would happen if the Russians, or anybody else, stepped across Austria's borders is a tricky question. Austria's efforts to obtain some guarantee for her territorial integrity have thus far met with no success. There is no Eisenhower doctrine for her benefit. The closest the United States has come to a commitment was a brief statement made by the State Department during the Hungarian crisis, which said that "the United States . . . will continue to respect and observe the neutral character of Austria and considers that the violation of the territorial integrity or internal sovereignty of Austria would, of course, be a grave threat to peace." Of course. But, to the Austrians, "respect" was still as far from "guarantee" as "maybe" is from "yes."

However, neutrals are supposed to look after themselves. Out of a compact, 6000-man gendarmery trained in the Western zones of occupation, the Austrians have since made a snappy, highly mobile army of some 23,000 officers and men; eventually, this will be built up to 50,000. Nobody thinks that this brave little force could stop the Russians—inasmuch as atomic weapons, guided missiles and the like are prohibited by the state treaty—but it may well prove equal to its mission of keeping little incidents from turning into big ones. The way Defense Minister Ferdinand Graf sees it, his country is "the end of a long fuse," and he wants to make sure that no one puts a match to it.

All this, to Austrians, has the exciting overtones of the birth of a nation—a birth delayed, it should be added, by some thirty-five years. For the first Austrian republic which came out of the shambles of World War I was little more than a bad joke. The peace and President Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points had broken up the Hapsburg empire, that marvelously rounded economic unit which had encompassed, besides Austria, all of Czechoslovakia and Hungary, part of Rumania, most of Yugoslavia, Polish Galicia and the South Tyrol. What was left was a head without a body—a head created to think, eat and breathe for a vast realm inhabited by more than 50,000,000 people, now left with barely 7,000,000.

Nor did the 7,000,000 get along with one another. The little state was racked by social and political unrest—you can still see the Vienna workers' settlement where Chancellor Dollfuss' men, in 1934, opened fire on the restless workers; and there is a large candle in the corner of the government office where the chancellor himself was shot a few months later. The *Anschluss* put an end to what most Europeans considered a thoroughly abortive experiment in statehood.

It was the Germans, paradoxically, who made the country. With characteristic German energy, they developed Austria's oil fields, steel works and manufacturing industries. They pumped new capital into the country, creating an effective economic base. But though their work made little Austria viable, it still took the bloodletting of World War II, with its nearly 400,000 Austrian war dead, to call forth an Austrian nation.

This nation boasts an almost unbelievable political stability. The two big rival parties—the largely Catholic Austrian People's party, and the Socialists—which had been at each other's throats throughout the first republic, buried the hatchet when their leaders, under Hitler, found themselves in the same concentration camps. Out of the common suffering and the long wait for freedom has come a closely knit two-party coalition which permeates the country's whole administration. Of 165 deputies in Austria's National Council—her house of representatives—the People's Party musters 82, the Socialists have 74; there are six right-wing die-hards and three lonely Communists. What other European nation can match this happy equilibrium?

Beneath this superstructure lies a sound economy, refurbished, since the war, with nearly $1,000,000,000 worth of American aid. It's true, the Russians stripped many a factory and left others in run-down condition; and Austria, by way of "reparations," still ships an annual 1,000,000 tons of crude oil, plus $25,000,000 worth of goods, to Russia. This drain, however, will cease within a few more years, and her economy can stand it. With her great forests and her ample water power, her coal reserves, her oil wells and refineries, her steel mills and her war-born chemical plants, Austria can live. Her exports are increasing, and though, as a good neutral, she has tried to do business with the Soviet bloc, three quarters of her foreign trade is with the West.

A great deal, to be sure, remains still to be done—spring, after the long winter, must come slowly. As a result of *Anschluss*, war and occupation, far too much of the nation's wealth is nationalized. Among the many enterprises run, willy-nilly, by the state are former German assets taken over by the Soviets during their tenure here, including factories and mines as well as Austria's oil fields and refineries, in which American and British companies still claim substantial interests. The Austrian Government itself, encumbered by this sterile concentration of productive wealth, is now attempting to break up some of its holdings, and the first "people's shares" in state-owned enterprises have recently been placed on sale.

The greatest resource of this newborn nation, however, is its spirit. Those of us who had known the Austrians between the wars, and still recall their futile yammering, their sour jokes about the way they had come down in life, now find a race of self-reliant people who make a point of living here and now. Romantic memories of Emperor Franz Josef, the double eagle and the lost dominions no longer constitute a mental block. Absorbed into the nation's blood stream, they now form its inalienable heritage.

Vienna, with its nearly 2,000,000 people, may still be too much city for so small a country. But its fine palaces, built by the feudal clans of the Danubian plain, make perfect embassies and office buildings; and the wide avenues, meant to impress imperial vassals, seem made to order for the capital's fast-growing traffic. The bombed St. Stephen's Cathedral has been restored and is open for worship. The opera, an almost total loss in 1945, now plays to a full house. The glorious Lipizzaner horses, spirited off to safety in 1945 by General Patton, are back where they belong, and you can watch their daily prancing from the gallery of the Imperial Riding School. In the museum, Benvenuto Cellini's famous saltcellar attracts its daily swarm of tourists. The wine gardens and restaurants are busy, the terraces of the cafés are packed, and it occurs to you, as you stroll down the Ring, that this much-punished capital is flaunting its normality like an embroidered banner.

This happy state of mind is viewed with envious interest by the suppressed and fettered people on the other side of the frontier. To them, old Vienna, the intellectual, administrative and financial center of their world, had always been a mighty magnet. Now, with the Iron Curtain between them and the good old days, the ancient capital assumes the magic power of a symbol—the living substance of their hopes and dreams. Visitors from the satellites—the few who are allowed to travel back and forth—take in the sights and do their shopping and go back home with glowing tales of life under the capitalistic system.

Seen in this light, this 1000-year-old border land, reborn, of all things, as a neutral, seems to be destined for a more important role than its size would suggest. The very fact that not a single NATO soldier guards the ramparts here, the absence of American bases, the lack of modern weapons—these minus signs are turned into a plus by the stouthearted Austrians. In two short years, the abstract formula of "permanent neutrality" has been transformed into a moral force. Faced not with guns but with ideas, Moscow finds itself at a disadvantage in this strategic sector of the line.

THE END

"Is it June already?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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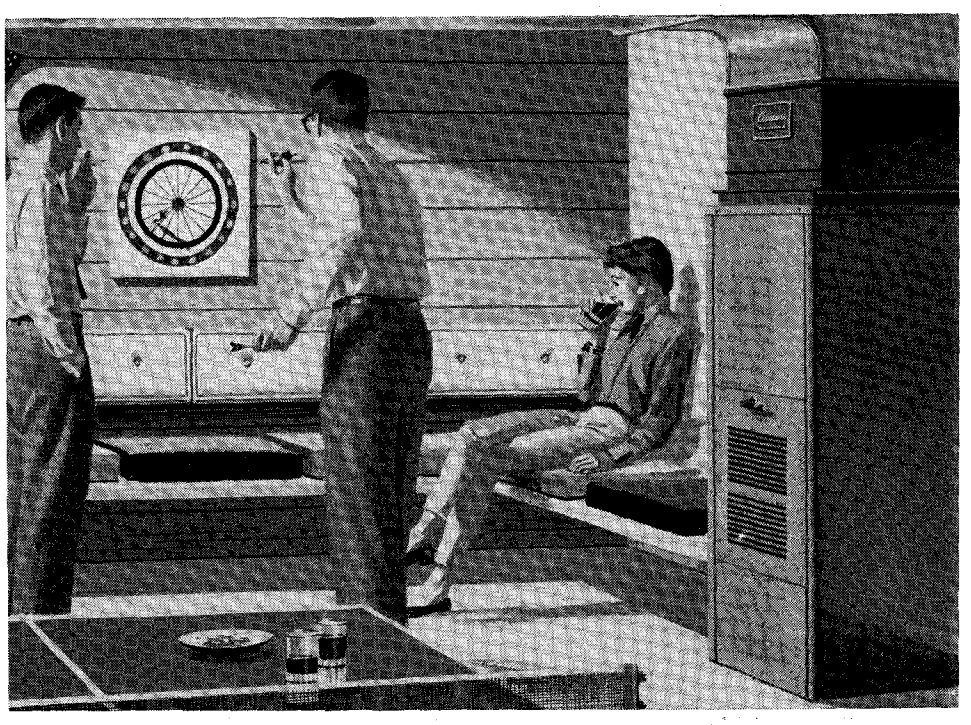

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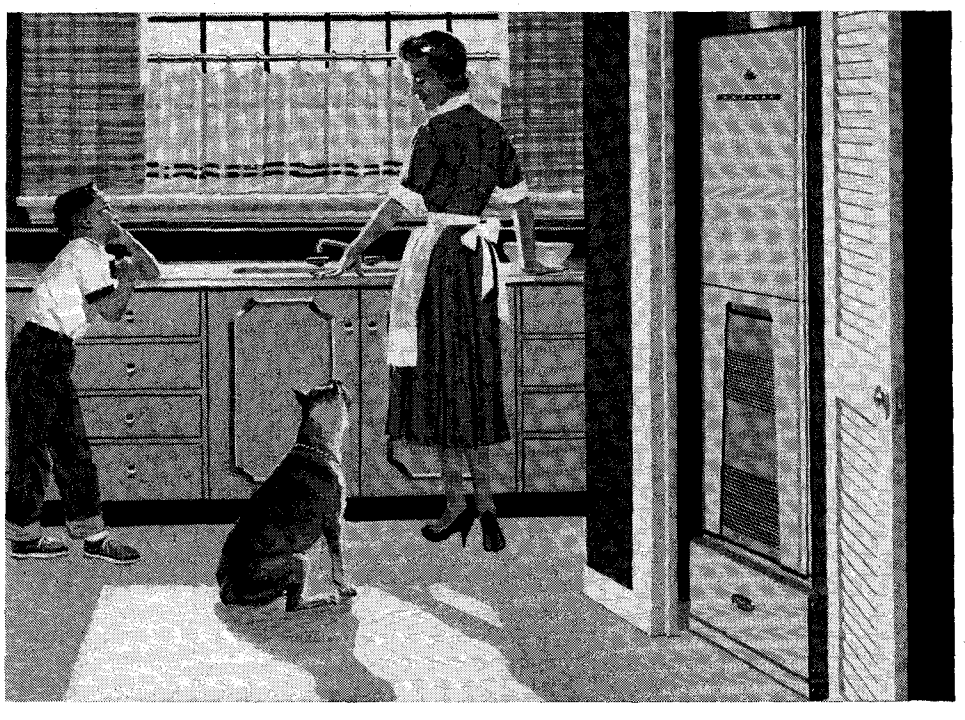

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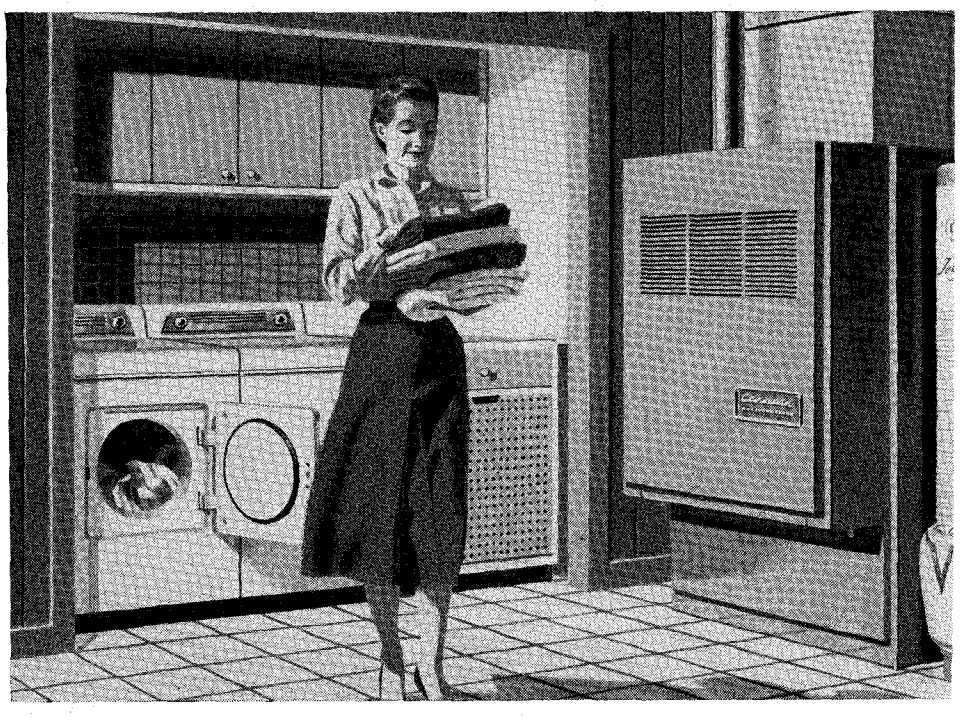

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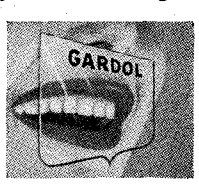

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City of Silence (Continued from Page 33)

of his telephone. At night, vandals were chopping, sawing and burning telephone cables; utility poles were being axed down. Daytime repair crews were losing ground to nighttime saboteurs. Police were unable to make arrests and increasing numbers of residents were unable to use their phones.

On August sixteenth the company closed two small county exchanges because of violence. By September third there had been sixty-seven cable cuts; some lines had been slashed three times.

Twice police evacuated emergency operators from the main Portsmouth exchange, and both times the region of more than 600 square miles was completely silenced for three days. Each time the company reopened the exchange when protection was promised.

By October fifteenth vandals had slashed 290 cables. And that night a mob stormed the telephone building, smashing windows, hurling stones at the shadows of emergency operators. Police, unable to control the violence, recommended evacuation of the frightened supervisors, and the main switch was pulled again—this time for sixty-one days.

Within hours Portsmouth was on emergency footing, practiced in communications emergencies by its two previous three-day blackouts. Swiftly, twenty-three auxiliary policemen were deputized to patrol city streets all night in their private automobiles. Police call boxes, not used since radio had been installed in patrol cars, were examined for possible use. Four were still operable. Their doors were wired open for public emergency calls.

A police cruiser was rushed to Mercy Hospital, where it was parked at the curb. When nurses needed a doctor, an ambulance or a special drug, they ran outside, talked over the radio to police headquarters, where the message was relayed to patrolling city police, highway patrolmen or sheriff's deputies. Within minutes an officer was pounding on a doctor's door, waking a druggist to take him to his pharmacy or alerting an undertaker.

In police headquarters additional radio transmitters were stacked on desk tops and placed on the floor. They were tuned to highway-patrol headquarters a mile north; to the Norfolk and Western Railway yards; to the operator at the Yellow Cab office. Assistant chief Albert Bailey, an amateur radio hobbyist, brought in a transmitter that was used to send death notices to next of kin in Kentucky and West Virginia.

The Yellow Cab Company placed its twenty-one radio-equipped cabs at the disposal of the police. Some were used as cruisers; others were stationed at key spots to relay messages to headquarters.

Detroit Steel pulled a radio from a yard locomotive and lent it to the city for communication between the $100,000,000 plant and the fire department. An emergency at a blast furnace or an open hearth could involve hundreds of its 4200 employees.

The city's two radio stations, WNXT and WPAY, went on a twenty-four-hour schedule to broadcast emergency calls. Funeral homes moved ambulances to the police station, where their drivers waited to rush to an accident scene, and a Ford dealer stationed a wrecker there. City firemen joined police in burglar patrol. The General Hospital kept technicians on twenty-four-hour duty.

The Portsmouth Motorcycle Club and the Kustom Kouriers Kar Club—formerly the Hot Rod Club—volunteered to rush messages.

Additional state-highway patrolmen were assigned to the area; before normalcy returned to Scioto County, the patrol was to send in sixty extra men and forty additional cruisers.

And in all of Portsmouth only three telephones were in operation. One, in the lobby of the General Hospital, could ring a second instrument at the Yellow Cab Company by a direct, private line. The third, at police headquarters, spoke only to the four police call boxes wired open in the main shopping district. This was the emergency voice of Scioto County, a network that could mean life or death to more than 100,000 persons.

On the fifth day of the blackout the Portsmouth Times printed a sixteen-word front-page editorial: "Greater Portsmouth has been without telephone service for five days. Who's doing what about it?" The editorial was repeated on the seventh and eighth days of the blackout; then it disappeared. Portsmouth began to realize the area would be silenced for a long time. With calm urgency people made an adjustment that no one had ever thought would be necessary or possible.

The Portsmouth Times worked overtime to tell its readers how to protect themselves. Editor John G. Green published the routes of sheriff's cars and their arrival times at intersections. He informed them that if they turned on a porch light at night a police car or a taxi would stop to give aid.

Portsmouthites memorized the location and operation of the nearest fire-alarm box, the home address of doctor and druggist. But despite the magnificent co-operation that threw an emergency communications network around the crippled region, there were times when residents were in personal jeopardy.

Shortly after dawn on the tenth day of the blackout, Mrs. Samuel W. Lawrence, a twenty-six-year-old mother of three preschool daughters, felt the strong contractions that told her that her fourth child was arriving. Her husband was in Columbus, ninety miles away. She had no car, no telephone. She awoke a neighbor to care for her sleeping children and went out into the street, hoping to hail a taxi to take her to the hospital. But although cabs were cruising Portsmouth with the zeal of volunteers, now there was none for Mrs. Lawrence. In desperation she flagged a car. The two young men in it had been on an all-night drinking party. They frightened her.

One man got out of the car, urged her to enter and took her by the arm. She shrugged him off, but he persisted. Then Miss Irene Weisenberger, driving to work, saw the struggling woman and stopped. The man released Mrs. Lawrence and she was driven to the General Hospital. A fourth daughter was born that morning.

Another young Portsmouth woman might be alive today had a telephone been working. Eight months pregnant, she had been placed in a hospital because of possible complications. She improved, then suddenly she was worse. Typical of small hospitals, there was no house physician, and her nurses immediately sent for her doctor, who was out on house calls. It took two hours to locate him. He sped to the hospital, saw that surgery was needed at once and sent messengers to assemble an operating team. This took an hour and a half. A Caesarean section was performed. Both mother and child died.

An elderly man suffered a heart attack while exercising his dogs in the woods. He died while his companions drove him six miles looking for a doctor.

A youth was stricken by convulsions at school. Teachers drove him immediately to the home of the nearest doctor, but he was out on calls. The boy was taken to the hospital, but was dead on arrival. There is a possibility that he would be alive today if his teachers had been able to find out that the doctor was away and he had been taken directly to the hospital.

On Route 52 two cars collided and burst into flames. A passing motorist drove four miles for help, while only fifty feet from the burning autos was a useless telephone.

Meanwhile ninety miles away, in Columbus, Gov. Frank J. Lausche was meeting with members of the Portsmouth Voluntary Citizens' Committee for Law Enforcement and representatives of both sides of the dispute. The governor, then nearing the end of a placid but successful campaign for a United States Senate seat, lost his temper during the four-hour conference, and castigated both company and union. "The public should not have to carry the burden of your stubbornness," he told them.

Ohio Consolidated offered to restore service if employees were protected. The governor said he would send the Ohio National Guard to Portsmouth at the Citizens' Committee's request. But the committee declined, hoping that local law-enforcement officials would find a way to end violence.

The blackout continued. Two weeks later the Scioto County Medical Society warned that the county's blood supply was being rapidly depleted and might be exhausted in two weeks because donor groups were disintegrating. It demanded "quick restoration of a semblance of telephone service" before a disaster or epidemic overwhelmed physicians.

Later, Dr. Chester H. Allen said, "We are having deaths that could have been prevented, but too often we are not given the chance to see if we could prevent them."

In one emergency a doctor simultaneously dispatched three messengers to find a surgeon, and six Ladies Aid members to find a special-duty nurse for a man who had fallen thirty feet from a crane. But even so, aid arrived too late to save the man.

Along the hillside across the toll bridge that connects Portsmouth with Kentucky there is a scattering of houses built among the trees. These homes, too, were silenced, a part of the blacked-out region. Three nights before Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. Loyd Stone sat in one of those houses, tensely watching her two boys choking with pneumonia. Mrs. Stone's husband was away with the family car, and she sat helpless without a telephone. She and her mother watched two-year-old Gary and four-year-old Larry grow steadily worse. They needed a doctor.

Suddenly Gary was contorted by a severe fit of coughing. Mrs. Stone, who had given birth to a daughter only six days before, snatched up a coat and rushed into the night to find a car to drive her children across the bridge to Portsmouth. An hour later she returned alone;

Sometimes the only thing that keeps the human race going seems to be the lack of parking space.

IMOGENE FEY

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she could find no one. At dawn the sleepless women found transportation to a doctor. The children recovered.

On Thanksgiving Day, Harm Medley became violently ill. It was two days before his wife, Clara, finally got him to a doctor. By then he was past the danger point.

Now residents began to pull fire-alarm boxes for other emergencies. One night two fire trucks and eight firemen rushed to a call-box alarm and found a pregnant woman standing there needing transportation to a hospital. In another alarm, firemen found that a family argument had erupted into a brawl. A neighbor had pulled the alarm to get police.

Normally 65 per cent of Portsmouth's fires are reported by telephone. During the blackout almost all calls came in through the city's 200 alarm boxes. However, the department's fire runs dropped to two thirds of normal. Fire chief Howard Kiebler explains, "The people were tense and on edge. They were careful. The potential was so serious that they had to become fire-conscious. And the radio stations and the newspaper helped by announcing safety measures."

Day after day, mothers, doctors and businessmen hoped to hear the startling jangle that would tell them their telephones were working again. But time swept into the forty-first day and the forty-second and the forty-third.

Meanwhile, on November twenty-sixth, Governor Lausche asked a special session of the Ohio General Assembly for a law authorizing state seizure of struck public utilities, a measure designed to return the voice to Scioto County. But both labor and management opposed the measure. And legislators of both parties criticized the governor for calling a special session, saying the matter could wait until the regular session, almost six weeks away.

When committee hearings began, police chiefs of two Scioto County communities said they would not appear to be questioned on law enforcement during the strike. New Boston chief Fred Brown later changed his mind. But Portsmouth chief Hugh Rudity never did appear. Under intense public criticism for not being able to halt violence, he had already resigned, effective January first, in a move that came three days before his city manager was to make public the results of an investigation of police activities during the strike.

On November twenty-eighth, two days after the legislature had gathered in special session, the governor's bill was rejected 110–0 by the House. Legislators sped back to their homes, and the people of Scioto County continued into their seventh week of silence.

Now the business community was beginning to feel the pinch of local depression, but not so much as had been anticipated. In the seven and a half months of the strike, retail sales dropped an estimated 10 per cent. Dentists, hairdressers and repairmen, all geared to the telephone, were hit harder than most, for the others could revert more easily to systems used before Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone eighty years ago.

A contractor assigned two pickup trucks to run messages from one construction job to another. Russell G. Ketter, manager of the Merchants' Credit Bureau, assigned four of his office girls to twice-daily routes, where they walked twenty blocks servicing requests for credit ratings. One girl borrowed a bicycle and pedaled to her customers. The three others lost weight.

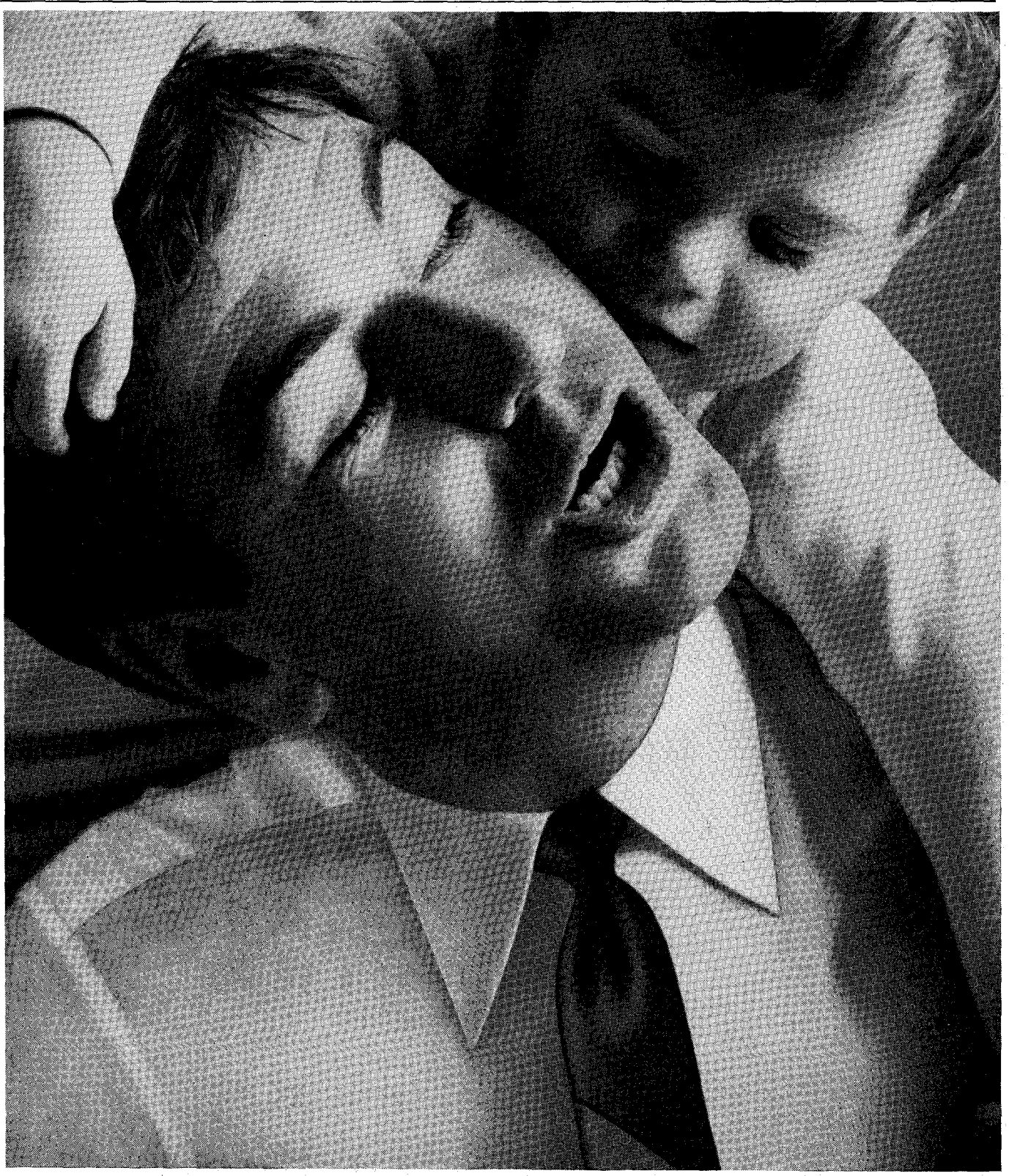
A scrap-steel dealer who normally uses four trunk lines temporarily moved his office to a motel room in Waverly, thirty miles away, because it had the closest telephone.

William A. Burke, president of the Ohio Stove Company, installed a mobile telephone in his station wagon, leaping by radio twenty-five miles over the muted zone to Ironton, Ohio. His shipping clerk, Paul Harrison, often drove a desperate Portsmouthite to the top of Reservoir Hill to make emergency calls from there rather than from the noisier downtown company parking lot. It was used by Portsmouth police, by a teacher adjusting the speaking schedule of an educator, by a father-in-law worried by the sparse words of a telegram telling him that his son-in-law had been burned in a New Mexico oil-well explosion.

Postmaster Frank E. Smith saw a 16 per cent increase in special delivery, a 10 per cent drop in parcel post. Western Union traffic doubled; four relief operators were added, and four additional delivery boys rushed messages by bicycle and automobile. During normal telephone times only one of every ten telegrams concerns an emergency; during the blackout 60 per cent of Portsmouth's traffic was business or personal emergency.

We thought nothing of working ten or twelve hours a day when we were young. As we get older, we think even less of it.

G. NORMAN COLLIE



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Every evening dozens of businessmen, housewives and teen-agers formed queues at the telephone booths in Waverly and Piketon, twenty-five miles from Portsmouth.

Housewives started making their shopping lists more complete and their memories more acute. They banded together, worrying about one another as well as themselves.

One young woman was concerned about three elderly ladies in her neighborhood because each lived alone, and if one fell or became ill, there was little likelihood of quick aid. She bought each a toy policeman's whistle and felt better, knowing that now there was less danger that one might lie with a fractured leg at the foot of the cellar stairs and not be heard.

The prolonged hush cut deeply into the incessant talk of the local teen-agers. Hour-long telephone gab fests were no longer possible. Some youngsters studied more; others simply went next door or down the street to visit.

But the parents suffered. A mother of two teen-age girls says, "When we didn't know they were all right, then we began to think there was something wrong. We couldn't telephone to find them. We were on pins and needles all the time they were out."

A father said, "We waited up for them when they went on dates. If they were late, it could have been a flat or simple forgetfulness. Or it could have been an accident."

Blond Karen Deist, a high-school senior, says, "It was just awful. The boys had to ask for dates two or three days ahead of time, but sometimes they forgot things. You know, like when they'd pick us up or what kind of a party it was, and things like that, and we just didn't know what to wear. It was horrible."

Two men, however, were relieved by the muted phones. They were Howard Baughman, high-school football coach, and George Heller, basketball coach. Both had losing seasons.

Social life did not suffer. There were still bridge games and cocktail parties, and family dinners on Sunday. But arrangements took just a little more time, a little more planning. Personal calls increased, and if no one was home, the caller returned or left a note that required an answer by another personal call or another note.

Then nine days before Christmas, phones jangled with startling shrillness at the Twin Motel on U.S. 23; in the police station; in a housewife's kitchen. The sixty-one-day blackout was over.

Two weeks previously, the Portsmouth city council had declared a state of emergency, authorizing city manager Robert E. Layton to call for National Guard troops if necessary, and permitting him to work city police more than forty hours a week. Immediately he started highway patrolmen teaching city police how to control riots.

Now the area around the Portsmouth exchange was sandbagged and barricaded, and Ohio Consolidated felt it could restore vital service. But only 4500 telephones were still connected. Cable cuts before and during the blackout had knocked out 75 per cent of the region's original 17,428 telephones.

But, fortunately, telephones rang at the emergency centers—law-enforcement agencies, the hospitals, most doctors' offices and the fire stations. Scattered business offices and private homes were also served by the remaining cables.

But even this minimum service was not to last. Three nights before Christmas a gray sedan stalled in the middle of a downtown street. It was more than sheer coincidence that it coughed to a stop over a manhole giving access to buried telephone cables. Next morning four more cables were found cut.

Again on January third vandals dropped into a manhole, and the instruments at three hospitals and at all law-enforcement offices went dead. These lines were restored immediately, but another 650 telephones had been scalpeled out of the city's nervous system.

Two days later airlines officials announced they would not start serving the new Scioto County airport until the strike was over and telephone service could be assured. On that day only 3500 telephones were operating.

The county had even less service at eight A.M. on January seventeenth, when the temperature stood at six below zero. That morning Robert V. Nutter, sixty-two, a night-shift yard conductor for Norfolk and Western Railway, was driving home to his eighty-seven-year-old father and his eighty-year-old mother.

"I saw the white smoke from Dry Run Road, two miles away," he says, "and I knew what it was." When he got to the rural, ten-room house, he saw fire gushing from the windows. His partially dressed parents were standing helpless in the snow; his mother was near collapse from shock.

There was nothing he could do. Already his father had shouted a neighbor awake, and the neighbor was now driving to the volunteer fire department. Nutter drove his shivering parents to his cousin's house. Then he spent four hours searching for a doctor to treat his mother, who even today has only a vague memory of the morning her house burned to the ground.

The Nutters' loss was mirrored an hour later on the Kentucky side of the Ohio when Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Duzan were burned out while neighbors tried desperately to drive to the fire department in cars that would not start in the bitter cold. Toby King, chief of the community's volunteer fire department, shakes his head in memory. "If we had been called only minutes sooner, we could have saved the Duzan house. But we weren't; there was no phone."

That night more cables were hacked through with an ax. Two days later thirteen vital telephones in Portsmouth's "Doctors' Row" were cut off. On January twenty-second, downtown Portsmouth was crippled after vandals crept into manholes and severed four huge cables, hacking their 12,000 pairs of wires in six places. A week later both Mercy and Smith-Everett hospitals were knocked out.

Scioto County residents had telephones, but only at the whim of vandals. For thousands the blackout was far from over.

On February sixth there were eleven new cable cuts, reducing the operating telephones in the county to 2500.

Then, on February twenty-third, when only 1700 phones were in service and Federal mediators were indicating their first optimism about strike settlement, vandals finished the job, plunging Portsmouth into its fourth blackout. Cable slashes cut off the main exchange. Every phone in the region was silent again.

The people of Portsmouth were as furious as they had ever been in the seven months of the strike, but the Federal mediator's optimism had been justified. Even as repair crews labored to bring the exchange back to life, agreement was reached at the conference table. The union yielded; it agreed to accept a maintenance-of-membership contract instead of a union shop. The company increased wages about five cents an hour, and both sides gave way slightly in accepting a modified no-strike clause.

Neither group was completely happy, but the people of Scioto County were released from the nutcracker that had squeezed them for 228 days. The strike was over. Thirty-seven repair crews began splicing slashed cables, and phones began to ring again in Scioto County.

For days the return of the telephones was the main topic of conversation. Some residents actually had forgotten their own telephone numbers; some, with childlike delight, talked to every friend they could reach. Others were frightened at the first ring, fearing its news might be tragedy. One housewife repeatedly called her husband at work because she had missed his telephone voice.

Today the voice of Scioto County is back, recovered from the hoarseness of disuse. Exactly what it cost 110,000 persons to be muted for so long is immeasurable. Who can say when a telephone could have prevented a borderline death? Who can place a yardstick on fright and tension? But the people know they want no more of it. Today it is a rare man in Scioto County who takes his telephone for granted. THE END

NEXT WEEK

The Deep South Says "Never!"
By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN
A Distinguished Journalist Reports the Hard Facts on Integration

I Call on Wyatt Earp
By PETE MARTIN
Real Life of TV Marshal Hugh O'Brian

Boom in Part-Time Jobs
Work When You Feel Like It

Mr. President!
White House versus the Press

Sherman Lollar
of the Chicago White Sox

How They Meet Payrolls in Russia
Problems of Soviet Executives

A Short Novel by PAUL GALLICO
The Girl He Remembered

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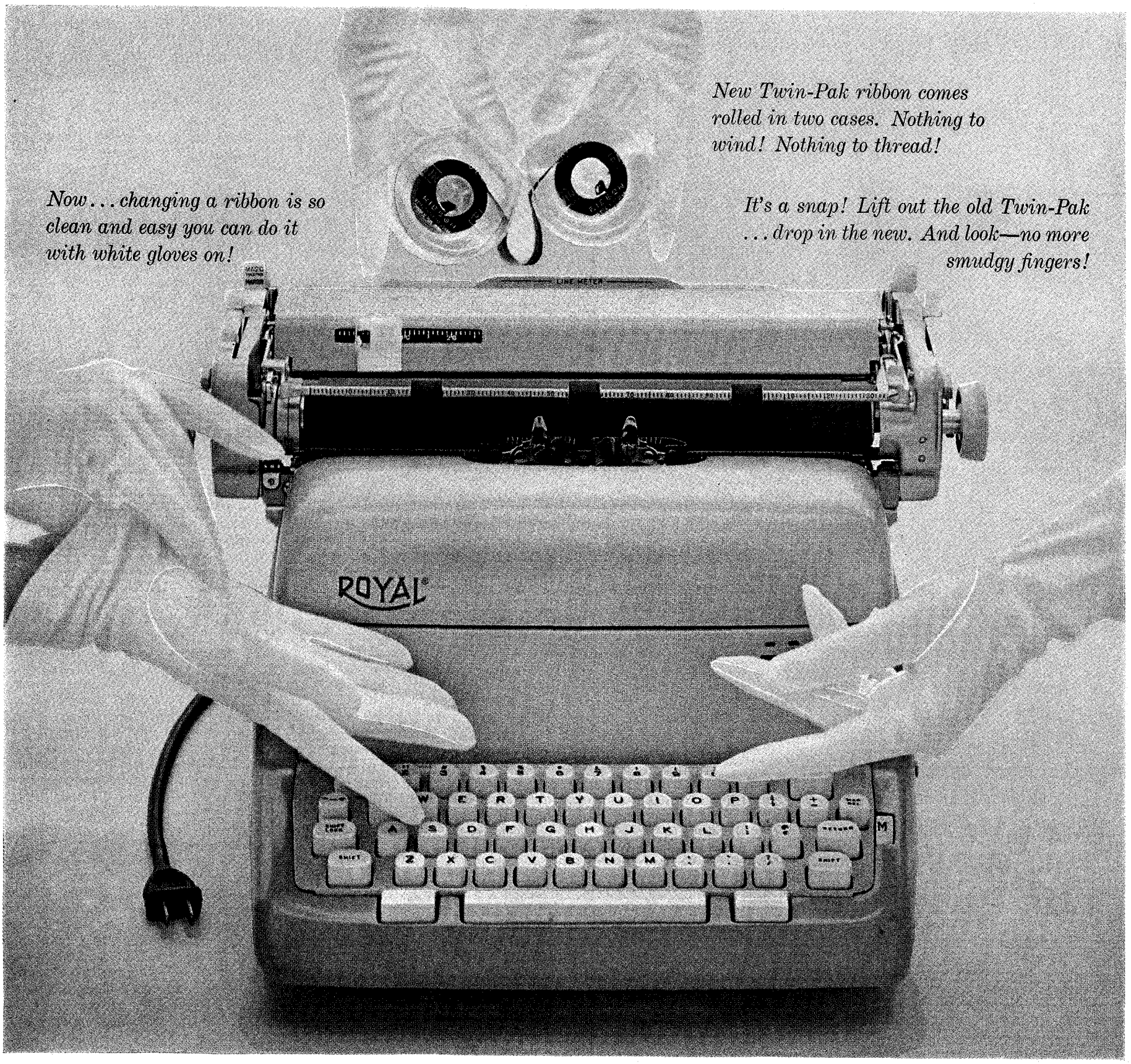
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The Woman No One Needed

(Continued from Page 41)

West were blue in the heat haze. She turned up Amelia's drive. Its border was aflame with red cannas. Common, vulgar flowers, she called them. Anybody could grow cannas and zinnias.

She pushed open the screen door and called, "Amelia, *Amelia!*" Amelia's hearing wasn't so good as it might be, but she would not use a hearing aid. She just said people didn't talk clearly now. Maybe they didn't. Sometimes she thought that, herself. Some days, that is. "Ah, there you are, dear," she said.

Amelia said, "Oh, Julia, how nice of you to pop over. You're just in time for a cup of tea."

Julia Slim wondered if she'd ever call, whatever time of day, and not find Amelia ready to have a cup of tea. Bad for her, it was, and many the time she had told her so. Many the time. "You'll ruin your insides, Amelia," she had said, "with all that tea." She said it again.

"Yes, dear," Amelia said. "It is a lovely day, isn't it? And doesn't the garden look lovely with all that color?"

Vulgar, Mrs. Slim thought. *Cannas and zinnias. Vulgar, common flowers.* She said, "I've got to go north."

"Yes, dear. How nice. You can do with a change. Going to visit Sylvia, I suppose?"

"Yes, dear." It was no use telling her the whole story. She would have to shout it. How could she shout, "Fred has been mauled by a lion and is in hospital"? So she said, "I wanted to know if you'd keep an eye on the place. The garden and so on. And see that Tommy gets his meat and milk. I worry about Tommy if I'm not there."

"Of course, dear. You can leave everything to me. When are you going?"

"Tomorrow," she said. "I'm flying up to Johannesburg."

"I thought you didn't like to fly? I mean you never have, have you? Your heart, I mean."

"No, I never have. But I must this time." This was not the moment to think of her heart.

"Well, I suppose we are never too old to learn, are we?"

"Thank you, Amelia. I knew I could count on you. I must be off now. There's so much to do."

"Don't forget to look at the cannas as you go out. I've never seen them finer."

Look, Mrs. Slim thought. You didn't have to look. You could see them half a mile away. But the house and the cat and the *stoep* plants were taken care of now. She could count on Amelia. Of course she would also read all her letters, look at her linen, value her silver, and so on—that was her nature. Curious as a magpie, Amelia was, but you had to take the rough with the smooth in life. Now she must call up Joe Farnell. Joseph Farnell was an old friend and the biggest stockholder in the Trans-African Airways. He'd see she got a seat. And wire the Carlton for a room. She'd take a car from Johannesburg. There would be no difficulty about that.

Joseph had obtained a seat for her. She had been given a very comfortable room at the Carlton. How different it was from the old days of forty years ago. The Transvaal, when she had come to it as a girl, had been really wild. She'd known men mauled by lions before. She'd even shot a lion once when they had been trekking by ox wagon beyond the Limpopo. *A pioneer, that's what I was*, she thought, as she put her hat—the one with the feathers on it—on the dressing table. How one changed. Or did one? She still felt the same. Anyway, Sylvia was too young to be alone on a farm. She had not actually said so—not said that she needed her—but it was there between the lines.

The hotel porter arranged to get her a car. The drive would take five hours, he told her. Five hours. It would have taken two weeks by wagon.

She did not pay much attention to the trip. There was no interest in it. Just being driven along black tarmac roads at fifty miles an hour. There was no game to look at. She just sat with her hands folded in her fat little lap, dreaming of the old days. Of Jack Slim, her husband. Trader, hunter, prospector—what a man he'd been. What a life she'd led with him. A glorious life. Jack and the kids. Then he'd passed on and the kids had grown up. Of course she visited them. But they didn't need her. She needed to be needed.

She began to pay attention to the scenery. They were pretty close. There was the little sugar-loaf *kop*. Sugar Kop they called it. There was the windmill and the wall of the dam that gave Fred the water for his irrigated lands. The driver got out to open a gate. They swept up the drive. The car stopped. She had arrived.

She got out. She was solid, thick, heavy with a density that was more than human. Sylvia was standing on the *stoep* with the two children at her side. She looked very pretty.

Sylvia had always been pretty, even as a child. *And that's not just because I'm her mother*, Mrs. Slim thought. Her father had been a very handsome man. The children had changed a lot in two years. Two years was a long time in the life of a child. Timmy was now four, so he had doubled his age—a serious, dark-haired little boy with big brown eyes. Julia, named after her, was like her mother at that age—eight. She was a sort of little-ray-of-sunshine girl, all bubbles and laughter and quick tears. Mrs. Slim looked at her daughter again. Tall, composed, very much the young, happily married woman. *She's taking it well*, her mother thought.

Sylvia said, "How nice of you to come and surprise us."

She shouldn't have been surprised. She should have known.

"How's Frederic?" she asked.

"Oh, Fred. He's fine. Another ten days and he'll be back. I hope you're going to stay a long time, now you're here."

Sylvia hoped she'd stay. She felt herself getting lighter, softer. The ancient granite woman, the wise woman of the tribe, was disintegrating. She was feeling the heat. It had all been such a rush. Alarms and excursions. But a false alarm. She was not needed here. Nobody needed her now. Suddenly she knew that what people wanted most was not to be rich, not important, just to be wanted.

What was Sylvia saying? "What did you say, dear?" she asked.

"I said you must see what we've done to the garden. You know, Fred's wonderful. Most men won't give their wives any labor for the garden, but Fred knows I love it so much."

"Yes, he's wonderful," her mother said. She had recovered now. She felt better. And it was a pretty garden. Very pretty. Not like hers at the Cape, of course. More tropical, with frangipani, flame trees and mangoes. "You get it from me," she said.

"I think I do, mother." Sylvia had her arm now. "I think I do. I think all your children do."

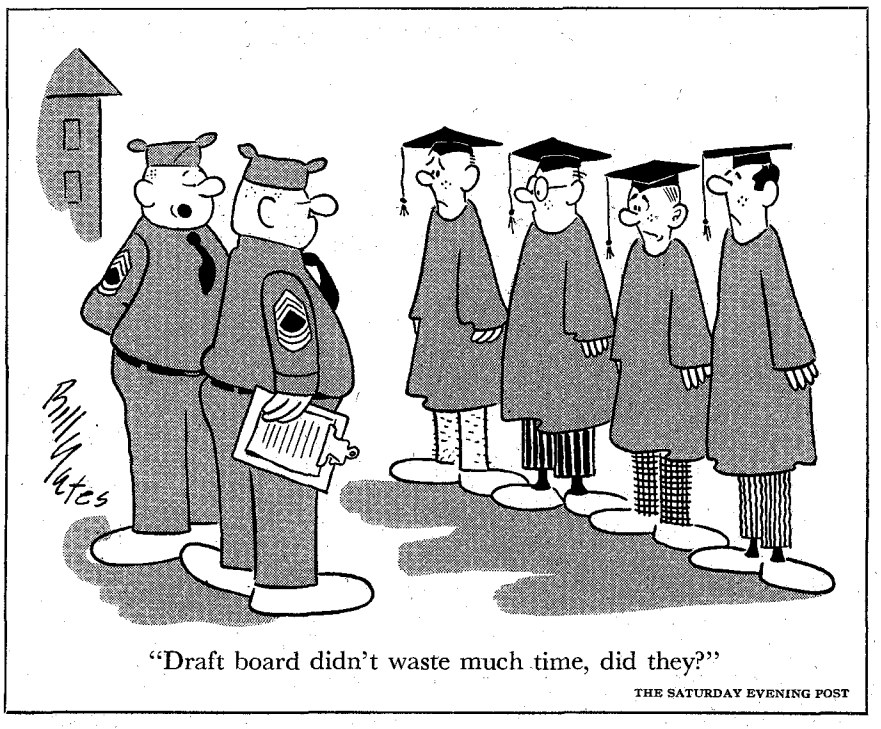
"All except John," her mother said. "Johnny never cared about growing things."

The garden certainly was nice. That was one thing about living on a farm. You had manure and, of course, they had plenty of water. And Sylvia had inherited her green fingers. Of course there were changes she would have made. Advice she could give. . . .

They had tea. By now the granite matriarch had completely disappeared. A little bustling grandmother had taken her place. A woman as curious as a fox terrier, her nose in everything. In every cupboard, every storeroom. The medicine chest was well stocked. Epsom salts, aspirin, chlorodine, permanganate, iodine, eye lotion. Something for earache, for toothache, bandages, adhesive tape. A snake-bite outfit. She opened it and checked the dates on the serum ampoule. It was still good, and would be for another six months. But there should have been two ampoules. The hypodermic worked. There was a tourniquet, also a small folding scalpel.

She ran her hands over the furniture, over the tops of cupboards, and looked at her fingers. Clean. Sylvia was a good housewife, just the way she had taught her to be. But there was some disappointment. Somehow she would have liked to find something a little wrong. She went out to the back. Sylvia was feeding her hens. A very nice lot of Rhode Island Reds. Sylvia had an incubator. She wondered if it might not be better to buy day-olds.

(*Continued on Page 114*)



"Draft board didn't waste much time, did they?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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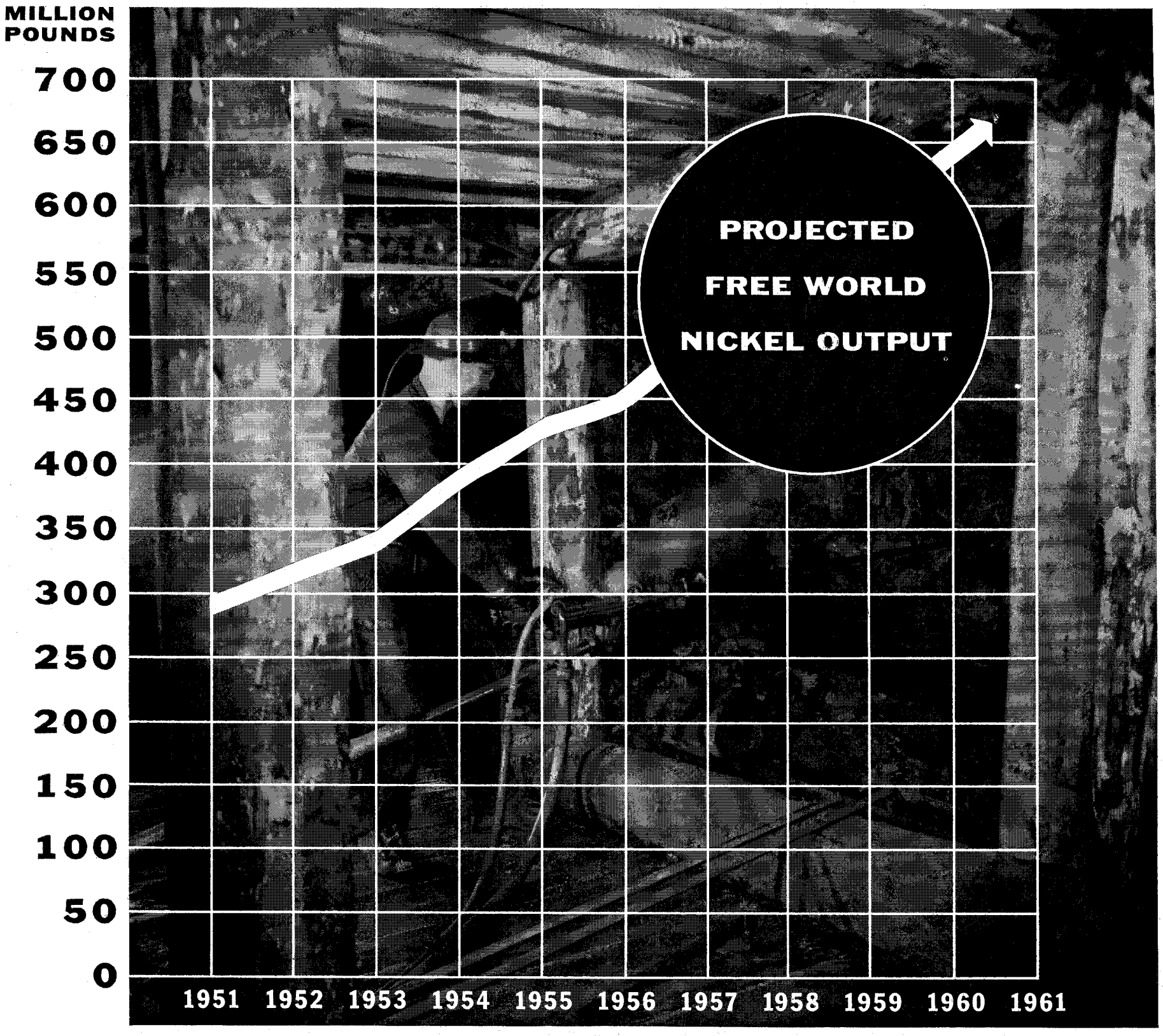

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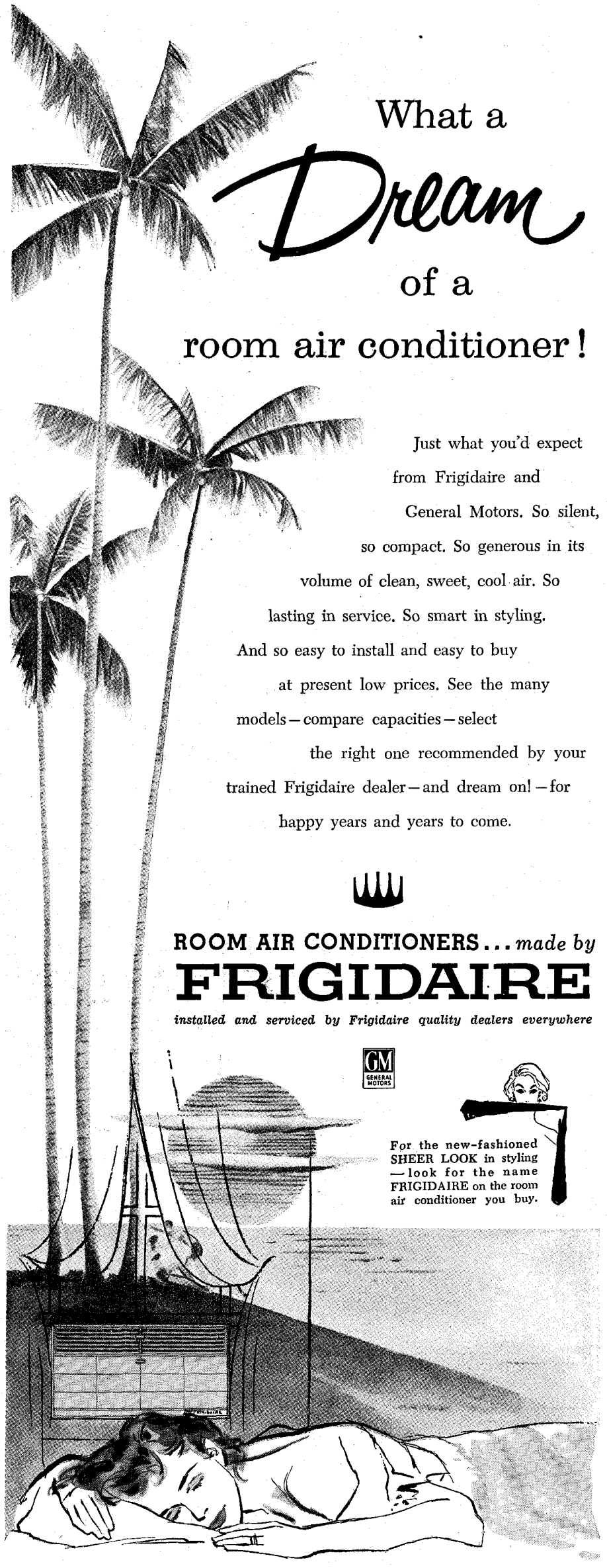
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(*Continued from Page 112*) She brought the subject up. "What about day-olds, Sylvia?"

"I tried them once, but I like my own breeding best."

"Why, dear?"

"They are hardier, mother. It's hard on them here and there's a kind of survival of the fittest. They may not lay as well as the ones from the poultry farms, but they live." She laughed. Sylvia had always had a pretty laugh, even as a child.

The poultry ran free by day, but were put in the henhouse at night because of the jackals and other vermin. There were some Muscovy ducks. Mrs. Slim did not like Muscovies. Silly things that hissed at each other—ducks should quack. But Muscovies could live without a pond, and that was useful, though against nature. Dry-land ducks indeed. There were half a dozen tame cows for the house—for milk and butter. And two riding horses—a bay and a gray.

"When I was a girl I rode a lot," Mrs. Slim said.

"The big bay is Fred's," Sylvia said. He was a beautiful horse.

"He ought to be comfortable," Mrs. Slim said, looking at his shoulder.

"He is if you can ride him." Sylvia laughed.

"Hands," her mother said. "You've got to have hands. That's what my father said when he taught me to ride."

"It's what you said to me, mother, but I never had them."

"You're born with them, darling. You have them or you don't. But you children belong to the motor age."

Sylvia drove the car very nicely. She was confident in the car with Sylvia, which was more than she was with lots of people.

"We'll drive over to Springfield this evening," Sylvia said. "You'll like the Glendenings."

"They're new here?"

"Sort of. But they've got a nice place. Been here two years or so. And tomorrow we'll go over and see how Fred is. We'll call him after dinner tonight. That's the best time. The line will be freer then."

Mrs. Slim thought how wonderful it was to have a telephone on a farm, even a party line—such a convenience. *In my day*, she thought, *we had to send a boy with a letter*. And a refrigerator too. Really, it was like living in town. Then she looked out over the veld. But that hadn't changed much. The real Africa didn't change. Fred had been mauled, hadn't he? Of course the lion had come out of the reserve, but it was still a lion. Of course they had penicillin and sulfa drugs now, but the menace was still there. All this—in her mind she included the pretty villalike homestead—was just frills, just a loose cover thrown over reality. She looked at the sky. *There's going to be a storm*, she thought. She felt it too. You felt taut, nervous, before a storm. In the Transvaal a storm was a great event. She didn't care how long you'd lived here, if you weren't a fool you felt it.

She said, "There's going to be a storm."

Sylvia said, "There was nothing about it on the wireless. Besides, we don't get storms at this time of year. Have you forgotten that?"

Mrs. Slim said nothing. She just sniffed. Radios, refrigerators, telephones, cars—what was the world coming to?

She liked the Glendenings. He was a doctor who had retired. She found they had mutual friends—old-timers that he had doctored for everything from pneumonia to DT. There was a drift, or ford, about midway between the two houses. It was dry now, of course. There was only about six inches of water in the river. Later in the winter, Sylvia said, it would dry up completely.

When they got home, Sylvia said, "I think you were right, mother. I've looked at the glass. It's dropping."

Right? Of course she was right.

Sylvia turned on the radio. Nothing but static. She turned it off again. It got darker. Great clouds swept up into the evening sky, blotting out the falling sun. They were red edged, with the light behind them.

They put the children to bed together—bathed them, listened to their prayers and tucked them up. There had been a little argument over the procedure. Sylvia did it by the book. There was no playing and cuddling. They didn't have toys to float in their bath. There was no doubt about Sylvia being a good mother, devoted to the children, but ——

Mrs. Slim never developed the "but" in her mind. She did not want to. "I suppose I am old-fashioned," she said. She must be, she thought. Anyone over sixty must be old-fashioned. Times had changed. But had they changed that much?

Had Africa changed the way people seemed to think it had? Her talk with Doctor Glendening had brought back the old days, the old dead faces. She smelled the smoke of the campfires again, heard the wagon wheels roll and crash over the stones of the veld, heard the lions roar and the hyenas sobbing in the night.

Mrs. Slim looked at the glass—twenty-nine, and still falling when she tapped it.

They had dinner. And a very good one it was: chicken soup, roast duck with canned peas and fried potatoes, with home-bottled peaches and cream to follow. Then the wind came roaring down upon them. Not a steady wind, but in great gusts that struck the house like blows from a fist. And then the thunder, clap after clap merging into one another.

"I wish it would rain," Sylvia said. "I hate dry storms."

"So do I," her mother said. As soon as it rained, the whole galvanized-iron roof became one great conductor, with the water pouring from it to the ground. The lightning showed through the curtains in spite of the brightly lit room. Then the rain came sweeping up to the house on the wind. A wall of water. Then there was another crash and the lights went out. They would not be able to call the hospital tonight.

Sylvia said, "The children. I must get to the children." Her mother heard her push the chair back.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I've got a candle here."

"Where?"

"In my bag." She was feeling under her. "I thought something like this might happen, so I brought a candle and some matches from my room."

She lit the candle and held it over her bread plate to drop the wax that would hold it firm. Then they went to the children. They had slept through it all.

Sylvia said, "What a good thing they got so tired running about at the Glendenings'."

Her mother said, "The river will be up."

Sylvia said, "Yes, but it will run down in a couple of days. It's only in the summer we have any real trouble."

The thunder stopped about midnight, but the rain went on. It rained all the next day. The garden and yard were flooded. Then, at about teatime, it stopped and the sun came out. They put on rubber Wellingtons and went out. The children laughed as they paddled in the streams that filled the garden paths.

"I'm going to have a look at my hens," Sylvia said.

They went to the henhouse. The hens were wet and bedraggled. They were fix-

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ing their ruffled plumage with horny beaks. The Muscovies were enjoying themselves fishing about in the mud and water for drowned insects.

"There won't be many eggs," Sylvia said.

"I'll look, mother," little Julia said. "Let me look. I love collecting eggs."

"Even when the hens peck at you?" Mrs. Slim said.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of a hen, granny."

To show how brave she was, she slid her hand under a hen in a nest box. Then she screamed, "Oh—oh, a snake! It bit me!"

Mrs. Slim had known what it was before the child screamed. She'd seen her face change. She'd thought Sylvia ought to have taught them not to put their hands under a hen that was laying or brooding, especially after rain. She knew that the snake had got into the warm hay that lined the box and lay curled up under the hen. Snakes hated the cold and the wet. They would crawl up and lie beside a sleeping man. There was Piete Grobler, who had been killed by a puff adder doing that in the Zoutpansberg, that time they were at Mara in 1915.

All this went on in her mind, pictures from the past, memories, thoughts, as she snatched up a broom that stood in the corner, caught the red hen by the neck and pulled her, squawking, from the nest. A yellow cobra like a thin ocher-colored ribbon raised itself up with expanded hood. She struck it and broke its back.

Then she snatched the child. "Quick," she said, "the serum."

In her mind she saw the nickel-plated box in the bathroom, remembered the date on the ampoule. There ought to have been two, she thought again. Everyone should have two. They must have used one or given it away. But she hadn't wanted to say anything. Sylvia had said she interfered when she had been here before, two years ago. That was why it was two years.

Half carrying the child, they ran into the house, through the lounge, down the passage and into the bathroom.

"Take her to your room, Sylvia," she said. "I'll get the snake-bite outfit."

"Do you know where it is?"

"Of course I know," Mrs. Slim snapped.

She found the box—she could have found it in the dark—and went into the bedroom. "This will hurt, Julia," she said. She opened the folding scalpel and cut a cross on the child's finger.

The little girl stood white-faced as her grandmother put the finger to her mouth and sucked out the blood and poison. Then she put potassium permanganate into the wound. The small dark-purple crystals melted in the blood, darkening it. Next she tied a string below the bite, and she got out the syringe. She hoped it had been sterilized.

She said, "It's been sterilized, I hope?"

Sylvia said, "Yes, mother." She had the ampoule in her hand. The little girl tottered. She was going to faint. Her mother put out her hand to steady her. The ampoule fell on the polished concrete floor and broke.

"My God!" Sylvia said. "What'll we do now? Get her to a doctor! We must ——"

"How?" her mother said. "You can't telephone. You can't get a car across the ford in this flood."

Africa was rearing its head like the cobra in the nest box. All the modern conveniences that made life so comfortable when everything was going right weren't worth anything now.

"If we can't get her to the doctor, we must get a doctor to her," Mrs. Slim said.

"How, mother? The phone—the car ——"

"Horses," her mother said. "I'll ride over to Glendenings'."

"Ride!"

Her mother said, "Call the boys, tell them to saddle both horses." After Sylvia had done so, she said, "What's his name?"

"Whose name, mother?"

"The bay's, you fool." Didn't the girl realize what she was going to do? That she must ride the bay and lead the old gray. She'd never be able to manage the bay unless she rode him, and to coax him into that torrent she must know his name.

"Gunner," Sylvia said. "Fred calls him Gunner."

A boy came in and said the horses were saddled.

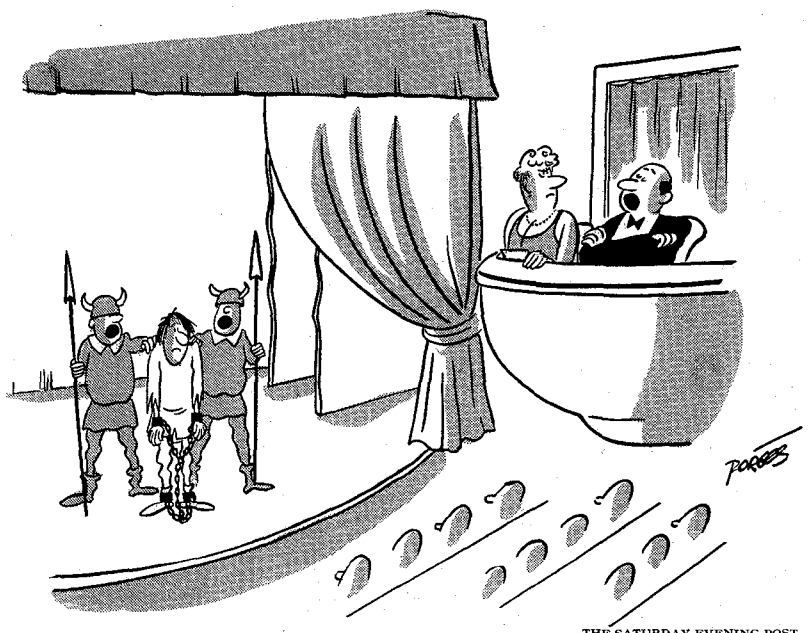
"Put Julia to bed," Mrs. Slim said.

Things were in her grasp now. There was something to do. She went to the front of the house. The horses were there, ready. She went to the old gray and ran the stirrups up in the leathers. Then she measured the bay's leathers against her arms and readjusted them. While she stood beside him, she talked to him, repeating his name over and over. "Gunner," she said, "Gunner, we're going for a ride, you and I."

"Can you manage him, mother?" Sylvia's voice came from the bedroom window.

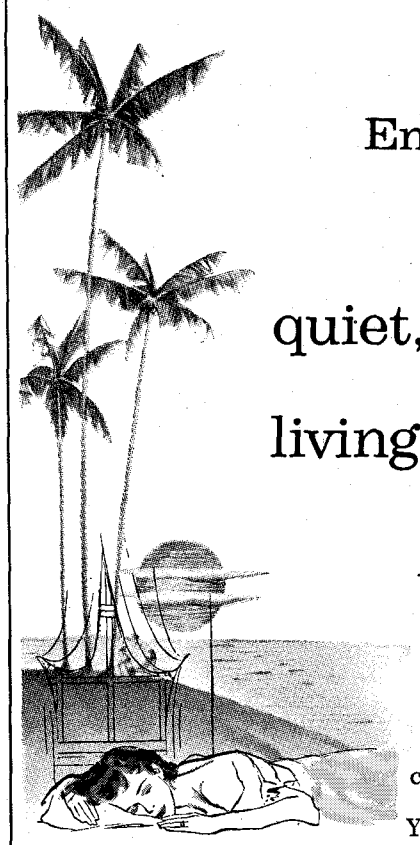
"We'll soon see," she said.

How long was it since she'd been on a horse? Thirty years. More than thirty.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Had any news from your brother lately?"



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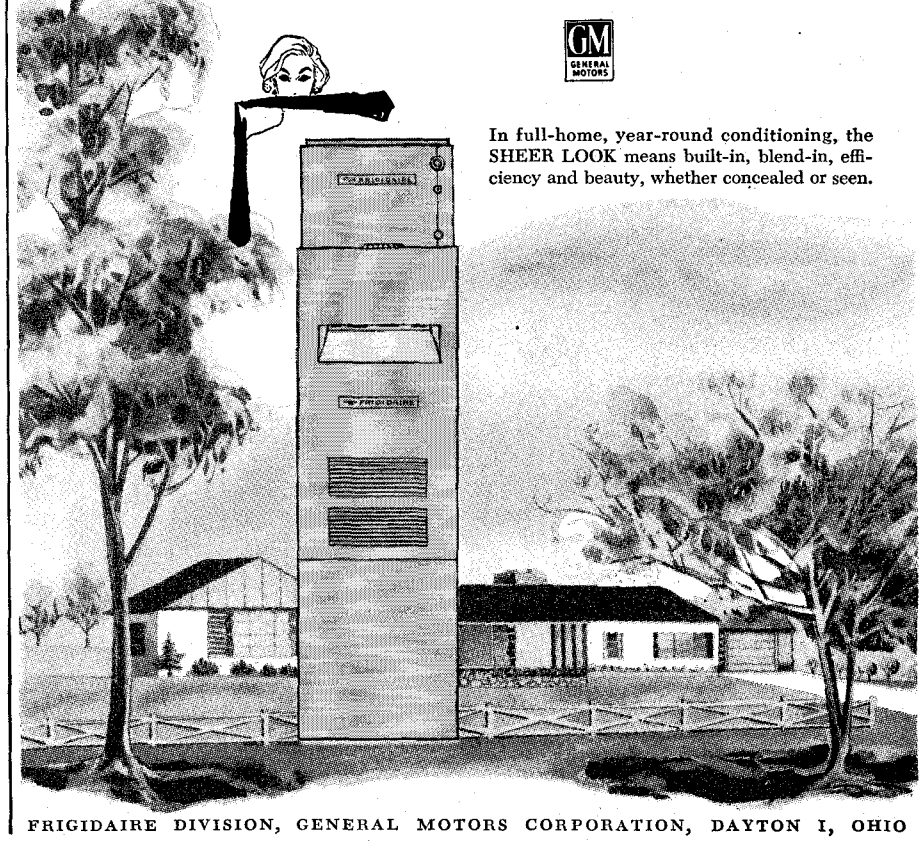

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO

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"Bring a box, Solomon," she said to the boy. He brought one and held it. She hitched up her skirt. She had on thick white rayon bloomers. She put her foot in the stirrup and swung up. The horse stood well for her. The single rein was in her hand. "Give me the mare's reins," she said. She held them in her left hand. She touched the bay with her heels and swung him toward the river. A boy ran to open the gate.

Mrs. Slim felt the horse's life running into her from his flanks through the saddle into her thighs. She felt it from the bit in his mouth. There was something wonderful in this—wonderful to see the world again from the back of a horse. She seemed to feel her husband at her side. *I must go upstream a long way above the ford, before I go into the water*, she thought. The gray led easily.

Now she was riding upstream along the flooded bank. On the far side there was heavy bush. She turned toward the brown, swirling water.

"Now, Gunner," she said; "now, boy." The horse hesitated and began to plunge. "Now," she said again; "now, you great big silly thing," and rammed her heels into him. He was in, fighting the current. The two horses were swimming side by side. *If I were younger*, she thought, *I'd slip off and hold his mane, but I couldn't get back onto him if I did.* She was glad she was small and that he was so strong. The water came up to her waist. They were being swept downstream, but they were crossing. She could see the ford coming. There was a big dead tree there that she recognized. She pulled on the rein, turning Gunner more directly to the shore.

"It's there or nowhere," she said to him, raising her right hand to stroke his neck. He was swimming strongly. They were nearly there. They were there. The horse's feet touched the ground. He began to come up out of the water. She could feel it running from her clothes. *Now*, she thought, *only a couple of miles more*, and pushed the horses into a gallop. She was almost laughing with relief, with happiness at having made it. *What a sight I must look*, she thought, *an old woman with a black dress up around her waist, white bloomers stained with the flood, and gray hair streaming out behind her, galloping on a bay horse that's black with water, and leading a gray. What a sight.* Her neat villa with its plumbago hedge, Tommy, her cat—all her life was gone. It had faded away. This was reality. She was living again.

She had no worries now. Glendening was an old-timer. He would be able to ride, not like so many young men, who could only drive cars. Going back would be easy. The horses would want to get home. They'd get into the water higher up and come down with the current again. With the first aid she'd given the child, he'd be able to save her.

She pulled the horses up at the house. Doctor Glendening was out and at her side before she could speak.

"Snake bite," she said. "Julia."

"I'll get my bag," he said.

He was back in a moment with a haversack over his shoulder. He let down the gray's stirrups and was up. It was a relief not to be leading any more. The horses took to the water easily this time. No nonsense. When they got to the house, the doctor threw his leg over the gray's neck, slipped to the ground and ran on in.

Released, the mare shook herself and walked off toward the stables.

Mrs. Slim sat frozen on her horse. *My heart*, she thought. It was pounding in her bosom. It was hurting her. It was like a knife being driven into her, twisted like an assagai. *I must keep still.*

Solomon was watching her. She managed to call him. He got to her in time to catch her as she fell.

She thought, *What a good thing my heart held out so long. Long enough to be of use.* That was what mattered—being of use.

That was what Jack had always said—be of use. That was the way she had lived. It was a good way to die.

She lay slack in Solomon's arms. "The old missus is dead," he said. "*Ja*, she is dead, but she brought the doctor." He held her respectfully. He was one of the old kind. In his heart he felt that she had died like a warrior in battle. THE END

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The Artless Heiress (Continued from Page 45)

and one egg and toast and coffee." She smiled up at him, and it altered the lines of her face amazingly. "How early do you have to get up?" she wanted to know. "And what is a bus boy?"

Miss Green held coffee cup suspended between saucer and mouth as she stared at Columbine. Maybe she would have to change her mind about the new proprietor. Here was consideration and kindliness and—and charm! She studied the effect upon Curt.

The boy grinned, his Adam's apple bobbed and he wriggled like a petted puppy.

"Ma'am—lady—I git up at six, and—and a bus boy he just helps around." He turned and rushed out of the room as if pursued.

Columbine became her stiff, inclement self again, and Miss Green's hopes faded.

"Will you," Columbine asked, "be so good as to answer some questions?"

"Of course," Miss Green answered.

"How many guests can—can we accommodate?"

"A hundred and thirty."

"How many rooms?"

"Fifty-two in singles and suites."

"For which we charge?"

"From twenty dollars a day for singles to fifty-five for three-bedroom suites, in the season. We remain open all summer, which most resorts here do not do. Through the hot months our rates are about half. Around the patio are eight units, and then there are the offices, lounge, bar and dining room and a room for large parties or for amusements. We are European plan."

"Meaning what?" Columbine asked.

"American plan," Miss Green explained, "is where meals are included in the charge; European plan is where they are not."

"How many employees?"

"Fifty-five, including ten in the administrative staff. One to every two and a half guests."

"One hundred and thirty strangers constantly changing!" It was apparent that Columbine was appalled. "Will I be expected to mingle with them?"

That question told Barbara Green something about this dowdy girl; it explained much. This Miss Drugget was shy, afraid of people. That might account for her offish manner.

"Your father," said Miss Green, "was very popular with the guests. He knew how to please people. His way with the guests accounted in no small measure for the success of The Grove of Daphne."

Her breakfast arrived and Columbine ate primly. She did not speak again until she was finished, and then she said frowningly, "I am amply capable of maintaining discipline among a hundred girls under ten years of age, but I have had no experience in keeping order among a hundred and thirty adults."

"But, Miss Drugget, a hotel is not a school. You do not maintain discipline among paying guests."

"Nonsense," Columbine said sharply. "Unless there is discipline, there will be chaos. Have you no list of rules instructing guests in decorum and behavior?"

"Why, no, Miss Drugget, no."

"Then my first duty shall be the preparation of such a code and its distribution."

Miss Green spoke with spirit. Maybe it would cost her her job, but this sort of thing could not go on without expostulation.

"Then," she said, "your second duty, Miss Drugget, will be to bid good-by to your guests."

"Am I to understand that you mean that patrons of this hotel would not tolerate the promulgation of a reasonable set of regulations and would betake themselves elsewhere?"

"So fast," said Miss Green, "that you couldn't see them for dust."

"Hot diggity!" Columbine exclaimed.

Barbara almost fell off her chair. She could not have been more shocked if Columbine suddenly had stood on her head.

"Oh," Columbine said, "an expression I picked up from Ermingarde Twiddy. It expresses amazement, delight, consternation or some other emotion. Ermingarde is eight years old, and precocious."

There was a brief silence while Barbara Green recovered her equilibrium. Then Columbine uttered a great truth. "One does not, apparently, conduct a hotel the same way one operates a school for girls."

"That," asked Barbara, "has been your experience?"

"Exclusively," Columbine said. "I have helped to educate ten thousand female brats to be snobs; I have subsisted among the most elite schoolteachers; I have caught disgusting glimpses of parents belonging to the first families. But, Miss Green, I never have known a human being."

Barbara leaned across the table and ventured a question, "How old are you, Miss Drugget?"

"Twenty-one," responded Columbine, "and don't tell me I look thirty-five. Because I know it."

"If you know it," asked Barbara, "why do you keep on looking thirty-five?"

Finally...the truth about golf balls!

New United States Testing Co. report reveals some startling facts about trueness, distance, durability!

In the most exhaustive study of its kind ever undertaken, the United States Testing Company, one of America's foremost research and product testing organizations, devised and conducted a series of tests on the four *leading* high-compression golf balls.

These tests were completely impartial, conducted under the most accurate scientific conditions, to determine the *trueness, durability and consistency of compression* of all golf balls tested. The results were most revealing. For example:

1. Did you know that even among the top-priced golf balls there's a big variation in trueness—enough to make you miss a well-stroked putt, or catch a sand trap on a properly hit approach?

In tests to determine deviation from true roundness, trueness of center balance and trueness of roll, the Spalding DOT outranked all other brands. The results prove that the DOT will follow a truer course, putt after putt, shot after shot, ball after ball.

2. Scientifically, the smallest, heaviest golf ball will travel farther. Did you know that even among the most expensive golf balls, there's enough variation in size and weight to cost you significant yardage?

Maximum weight and minimum diameter standards have been officially set for golf balls. In tests of weight and diameter, the Spalding DOT consistently measured *closer* to the maximum weight and minimum diameter allowances than all the other brands. To you this should mean—the DOT will travel farther.

In addition, measurement tests showed the DOT to have a shallower dimple than the other test specimens. To you this should mean—lower trajectory on long shots, a longer roll.

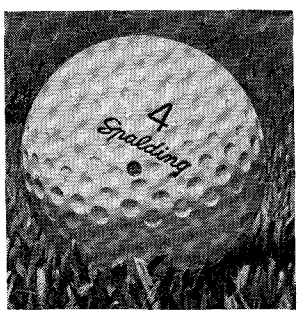
3. Did you know that there are vast differences in both the finish and cover durability of "distance" (thin cover) golf balls—that some golf balls will take more punishment, remain playable longer than others?

In *scuffing* tests the Spalding DOT's finish showed greater resistance to abrasion than any of the other brands. In *repeated impact* tests (of cover toughness) the DOT consistently outperformed all other test specimens. Such tests prove that the DOT should stay playable longer.

Composite table of rankings based on United States Testing Co. findings:

RANK	TRUENESS (based upon tests of trueness of center balance, turnover and deviation from roundness.)	DISTANCE (based upon consistency of weight, diameter, compression and depth of dimple.)	DURABILITY (based upon scuffing, shearing and repeated-impact tests.)
1st	DOT	DOT	DOT
2nd	Brand B	Brand B	Brand A
3rd	Brand A	Brand C	Brand B
4th	Brand C	Brand A	Brand C

NOTE: Very shortly, four detailed reports based upon this golf ball study will be in the hands of golf professionals everywhere. If you are interested in the test procedures, methods of measurement, etc., ask your golf professional to show you these reports.



Next time play the DOT. You'll discover this—there are other balls in its price field, but none in its class!

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"Because," said Columbine tartly, "I am undoubtedly what Marianne Quinby, aged ten, would call a droopy drip. And until my father left me this hotel by last will and testament, I was resigned to making a career of it."

"You poor kid!" Barbara exclaimed.

"I don't need sympathy," Columbine said, not disagreeably. "What I need is hep."

"Hep!" Barbara repeated after her.

"Being hep," explained Columbine, "as used by my aunt's pupils, signifies not only that you are wise to a certain thing but that you know what to do about it. For instance"—and in this statement Columbine was abysmally innocent—"one may be aware of the biological existence of sex, but that by no means insures that you are hep to it."

"It does not. It does not, indeed," agreed Barbara. "And I am to understand that, intellectually, you are highly educated, but that, practically, you are decidedly not hep?"

"Miss Green," Columbine asked seriously, "are you hep?"

"I've known girls who were hepper," Barbara answered, "but I can recite the multiplication table up to six times six."

"I," said Columbine thoughtfully, "shall have to learn to walk before I try to run."

"If," said Barbara, "you don't want to fall down and go bump."

"Very well, then," Columbine said primly. "In my quest of hep, what should be my first activity?"

Barbara pondered briefly. "The first step, I should say," she advised, "would be to quit looking thirty-five and look your age. Hep at twenty-one and hep at thirty-five are two very different things."

"And how," Columbine asked, "shall I go about it?"

"Well," Barbara said, surveying Columbine critically, "if I may say so without losing my job—which I need—you should quit looking like something the cat dragged in."

"It matters what I look like?" Columbine asked. "It never has before."

"It does now," Barbara said. "You're in the midst of life, where a frump has no more chance than a Pekingese in a dog fight. Have you any clothes that don't look like a uniform in a house of correction?"

"Miss Green," said Columbine, remembering suddenly the piece of baggage hidden in her closet, "I have no clothes at all."

"Then," Barbara said, "we can start from scratch. Um. . . . In my capacity as hostess I'm having a style show this afternoon at the pool, with some snazzy models. We'll hold everything until you take a look." She narrowed her eyes. "I wonder what you really look like?" she said musingly.

"I fear," Columbine said, "that when I start from itch there won't be much to work on."

"From scratch," corrected Miss Green automatically. "Did you ever patronize a beauty parlor?"

"Naturally not!" Columbine answered resentfully.

"They are not," said Barbara, "dens of vice."

"Are they," Columbine asked, "a part of hep?"

"If I were to express an opinion," Barbara said dryly, "I would say they were its cornerstone."

Columbine finished her coffee and replaced the cup in its saucer. "I cannot say," she remarked, "that I have learned a great deal about the hotel business in our talk. But, Miss Green, I have a presentiment that I have imbibed an inkling of something that may prove of even greater value to me as an individual."

"Definitely," said Miss Green in her crisp voice. "You have been initiated into the mysteries of hepcattery."

Columbine found that she had a comfortable office back of the lounge and connected with the desk. Its furniture was businesslike. There were filing cabinets and a safe and a chair for whatever visitor might call. It was not an austere, skimpy cubicle, like the place where she had worked at the school. She seated herself in the revolving chair and so assumed proprietorship of the Daphne. And was quite at a loss to know what to do next.

Simpkins thrust his head through the door separating her office from the desk. "Mr. Jones is here to see you," he said.

"Let him come in," Columbine said, and in a moment the young lawyer came through her door and stood looking down at her in a not too friendly manner.

"Good morning," he said briefly.

"Good morning," she replied.

"I have brought the auditor's report, which came this morning," he told her.

"What," she asked, "is an auditor and why does he report?"

"An auditor," he replied, "is an accountant who examines your books each month."

"An auditor," she said sharply, "is a listener."

"This one isn't," Sam Jones said, "and neither is he a librarian. He scrutinizes the records of this business and reports upon your financial condition."

He handed her the report—several legal-sized sheets neatly stapled. She frowned at it through steel-rimmed spectacles, picked it up and stared at columns of figures meaningless to her.

"What," she asked, "do I do with this?"

"You read it," he told her, "and digest it and draw conclusions from it."

Here was dismal and unexplored territory, but she was reluctant to display her ignorance to this disagreeable young man.

"Have you read it?" she asked.

"I have."

"Have you digested it?"

"Yes."

"Have you drawn conclusions from it?"

"Unfortunately."

"Very well, then," she said in her most schoolmistressly manner. "State succinctly those conclusions."

"In a nutshell," he replied, "your gross remains about the same as in preceding months, but your net has diminished alarmingly."

"Why?" Columbine demanded.

"Your father," he said, "was an astute businessman. Since his death, management has been less efficient."

"You," she accused, "have been management."

"We," he retorted, "are lawyers, not hotel men. The actual operation of this hotel was necessarily carried on by your father's staff."

"In another nutshell," she said, "what you mean is that this hotel is not making as much money as it used to because it is not run so well."

"Precisely," he answered. "My father, who was a farmer, used to say that the best fertilizer a man could put on his land was the foot of the owner."

Columbine pondered this, and nodded her head to signify that she understood. "When," she said, "the cat's away the mice will play."

"Right," he said tersely.

"It makes a big difference," Columbine said, to his surprise, "whether the mice are just playing or if they're nibbling."

"You can't," he said, "tell which from these figures."

"I'll be able to find out," she said.

"Oh, you will!" he exclaimed, and there was derision in his voice.

"I have," Columbine said, "developed an intuition which informs me when little girls are up to mischief. If you think the artfulness of a ten-year-old girl can be equaled by any adult, then—then ——"

"Then what?" he asked with quizzically raised brows.

"Then you're a droopy drip."

Sam Jones gulped and narrowed his eyes and stared at her appraisingly.

"So," he said, "this God-given sixth sense of yours will tell you if there's skulduggery in the pantry?"

"Inevitably," she answered smugly.

She removed her steel-rimmed spectacles to (*Continued on Page 120*)

What's Going On Here?

It is a critical election year. One of the major parties is troubled by a sharp increase in Ku Klux Klan activity. The party's national convention in Madison Square Garden, New York, debates whether to take a stand on the red-hot Klan issue. A former presidential candidate, in a fervent and prayerful speech, urges the convention not to denounce the Klan. He proposes that it not be mentioned at all in the platform. There are boos and hisses. Who was the speaker, and what was the outcome of his speech?

R. Lansing Ferrell

(*See page 121 for answer*)

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"I teach his youngsters, but he's taught me a lot about security"
"He's a straight shooter in the field and in business as well"
"I check his blood pressure and he eases my anxiety"
"A duffer at golf but he sure knows his insurance!"
"I don't know much about insurance so I let my friend worry over it"
"His friendly advice about insurance protection helped us make a safe start!"
"He trusts my judgment in banking, I'll take his on insurance"
"I can depend on him to survey my protection needs regularly!"

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(*Continued from Page 118*) wipe them and peered at him in a nearsighted manner. Her eyes were thus exposed only for seconds, but there was an impact. The time of their exposure was so brief that Sam Jones could not be certain that he saw what he seemed to see.

"Would you mind," he asked, "removing your glasses again?"

"Certainly not," she snapped.

She pushed back the auditor's report and drummed on her desk with her pencil.

"I'm of a mind," she said, "to ask you a question involving no matter of law."

"Such as?"

"In the position which I have filled in Miss Cordwainer's school, personal pulchritude was not involved. Indeed, it might have been highly undesirable."

"Yes?"

"Is that, or is that not, the condition in the hotel business?"

"Let me get this clear," he said. "You want to know if a pleasing appearance is desirable in the owner of a hotel?"

"Precisely."

"An appetizing appearance," he answered, "and an ingratiating manner, it seems to me, are essential in a Boniface."

"Must you be pedantic?" she said sharply.

"I follow your example," he answered.

She let that pass. "You," she said, "have had opportunity to scrutinize me. On the train. As we drove here last night. Since you have been in my office this morning. Would you state it as your considered opinion that I look like what the cat dragged in?"

Again he was on the verge of being nonplused. This was embarrassing. No woman had a right to pose such a question and expect an honest answer. He stared at her grimly.

"Do you," he demanded, "actually want me to tell you?"

"Otherwise," she said, "I should not have asked."

He was angry—angry at having been put in such a position. So he blurted, with no attempt to soften the blow, "I can't see what any cat could see in you to induce it to drag you in—or out."

"Thank you very much," she said, with no visible emotion. "I desired a second opinion on the point."

What sort of woman was this, he asked himself, who not only could ask such a question but could listen to such an answer as if it were a completely impersonal thing? She seemed neither hurt nor angered. She had merely acquired another fact to be filed away.

He rose abruptly because he wanted to go away from there. "Will you study that report?" he said. "Then turn loose your intuition. I can always be reached by telephone at the office."

She lifted her hand and moved it negligently in dismissal, as to a troublesome third-grade pupil. The hand, he saw, was slender, with shapely, tapering fingers. But the fingers ended in nails that never had known nail polish and that seemed to have been trimmed with the kitchen scissors. He shrugged and went out silently.

But the silence was brief. Through the open door from the front office came a strident voice, possibly female, but harsh and imperative.

"Hey, you, young man! A little attention here!" it said.

"Yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am," Simpkins replied meekly.

"I," the voice went on, "am Madame Thistlebun, of Amarillo, New York, Paris and points east. I got a reservation in this flea bag. Me 'n' my maid and shoffer. And, young spriggins, if there's any kind of a mix-up, hell's agoin' to bust loose with trimmings."

"There's no mix-up, ma'am. None whatever. You have been expected. All is in readiness."

A disappointed sniff was audible. Madame would have preferred difficulties and negligence.

"Have you," she demanded, "got a safe that can't be opened with a can opener? I've got enough junk in this jewel case to stock a store."

"We have an excellent safe, madame. Excellent."

"Thistlebun never saw a sunburst he didn't want to plaster on me. Stick this in your safe and sit on it. There's enough pebbles in there to buy this joint and feed it to the fish. I got baggage. Trot out about six bellboys. Just drove up from Tucson. I need a snack. Send over a porterhouse and French fries and the fixin's. And a quart of the best Scotch you got in this one-horse town."

"Meals are served at ——" Simpkins commenced.

"My meals are served when I want 'em," Madame said stridently. "Lead me to the apahtment," she said grandly. "I crave to strip down and git me a siesta."

She moved away from the desk as majestically as a seagoing tugboat, but paused some dozen feet away. "You got a half-baked professor here name of Artemus Thumb?"

"No, madame."

"Or some kind of a reverend with his collar on backwards by the name of Martinus?"

"No, ma'am."

"If either of 'em looms over the horizon," she ordered, "gimme a buzz. And God help you if you forget it."

"Yes, ma'am," said Simpkins meekly.

That, Columbine said to herself, would be the trio with whom she had eaten on the Century: the chubby, cheery priest; the professor enjoying his sabbatical; and the oil millionaire's relict. The two men had striven to create the impression that they were strangers, but Columbine had sensed that they were acquaintances. Madame had striven to create no impression, but Columbine had believed it to be her first encounter with the priest and the savant. It seemed that in this she had been mistaken.

"'By the pricking of my thumbs,'" she said, quoting from Macbeth, and for no definite reason her thoughts switched to that piece of airplane luggage hidden in her closet. She found herself wishing she had confided in Sam Jones, that she had even shown to him the strange contents of the case.

Again Simpkins appeared in the door. "A Mr. Lucius Quentin to see you," he said.

"Why?" asked Columbine.

"He said to welcome you to town. He owns a couple of elite motor hotels here."

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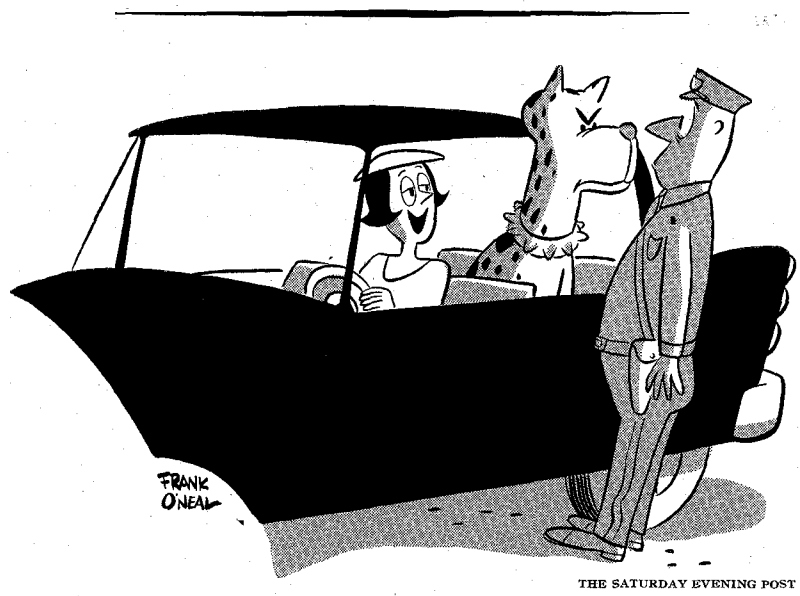

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You should see him when he stands up."

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"Show him in," Columbine directed.

She looked up as Mr. Quentin entered, and saw a tall, blond, handsome man on the sunny side of forty. He was meticulously tailored and there was a faint scent of masculine perfume. He stood for an instant peering at her with fine blue eyes; then advanced to the desk with extended hand.

"Welcome to Phoenix, Miss Drugget," he said in a pleasantly musical voice. "Your father's going was a great loss to our profession."

"He was," Columbine replied, "a complete stranger to me."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quentin, momentarily at a loss for words. She did not ask him to be seated, possibly because his impressive appearance overawed her.

"Have you," he asked, "been previously engaged in the hotel business?"

"No."

"You will," he said gravely, "find it a complex and bewildering field of endeavor."

"As Ernestine Plummer, aged eight, was wont to say, 'One'll get you ten I don't flop.'"

"I beg your pardon!"

"A former pupil of mine," Columbine said. "She expressed herself picturesquely."

"Ah, yes. Yes, indeed, Miss Drugget. I merely dropped in to bid you welcome. If ever I can be of any service ——"

"I am indeed grateful to you for your gracious offer, Mr. Quentin. You came very promptly." She looked over her spectacles at him with the gaze of the confirmed schoolmarm. "Ah—just what was it you really had in mind, sir?"

"Only a call of courtesy, Miss Drugget."

"I can always tell," she said, "when a little girl is beating around a bush. Adults are much more transparent." Her defense mechanism was working furiously. She did not want to be impressed unduly by this handsome stranger.

He did not lose his temper or take offense, and she held it against him. "Mildred Grey, aged nine, was a skeptic," she said in her most metallic, monotonous voice. "She never believed a hen crossed a road just to get on the other side. You've no idea how much practical wisdom you can learn from little girls."

Mr. Quentin smiled tolerantly. "I doubt if I ever have met anyone just like you, Miss Drugget."

"I find," she said didactically, "that it requires time and study and experience to become normal." Again she looked over her spectacles. "Would you," she asked, "care to commit yourself today or would you prefer to wait, as Jennifer Norton, aged seven, said so eloquently, to see what makes me tick?"

Mr. Quentin's face was genial as he extended his hand in good-by. "I think, Miss Drugget," he told her, "that it would be more helpful to wait and see what makes you tick."

He bowed his way out and Columbine looked at her cheap wrist watch. She considered a moment and decided to eat luncheon in private, for reasons good and sufficient unto herself.

Columbine scurried up to her room, locked the door and went to stand before the full-length mirror in the bathroom door.

"Like what the cat dragged in," she said aloud, repeating Barbara Green's description of her personal appearance. She looked at her shapeless, ill-fitting drab dress; at her shapeless, sensible shoes; at her wrinkled stockings, at her tightly drawn hair and her steel-rimmed spectacles.

"I am," she declared, borrowing a word from an impudent pupil who had used it to describe the history teacher, "a frump!" She sat on the bed and applied her mind. Her first philosophical thought was, *What can't be cured must be endured.* She looked down at her feet in their sensible shoes and kicked them off petulantly.

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 118)

William Jennings Bryan, thrice the Democratic nominee for the presidency, argued that it was unnecessary to include a criticism of the Klan in the 1924 Democratic platform. He asserted it might set off "religious warfare." His motion to omit mention of the Klan barely squeaked by. When he died the following year, the Klan held memorial services and burned crosses in his honor. One cross burned at Dayton, Ohio, was inscribed, "William Jennings Bryan, the greatest Klansman of our time."

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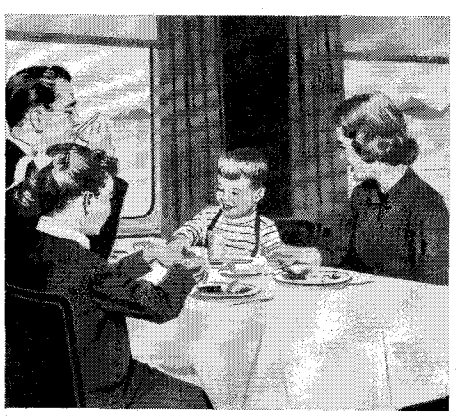

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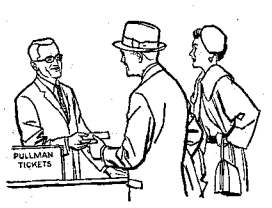

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She frowned at the cheap stockings and stripped them off. There were her feet, unhampered, and she stared at them. Surprisingly, she found them slender, high-arched, shapely. She studied them in a scientific manner and reached a conclusion. "In and of themselves," she said, "my feet are not repulsive. On the contrary, they are even pleasing. From which I conclude that it is not my feet themselves which are unsightly, but the shoes and stockings that clothe them." She pondered this, then became deductive. "If," she reasoned, "it is their covering that makes my feet hideous when they are not of themselves hideous, then it is possible that the same thing is true of the rest of me."

This mental exercise was fascinating and she pursued it. "Possibly," she reasoned, "my body is not unsightly, but is rendered so by this garment." This thought troubled her because it seemed to savor of immodesty. So she did not perform the same experiment with all of herself that she had performed with her feet.

But there was her face and head. They were, alas, as God and nature had created them. And as her head and face were the most public part of her, exposed to the public gaze, their condition was hopeless. Maybe, as she had heard without paying much attention to it, clothes made the woman. But her logical mind asserted at once that they could not make the woman from the neck up. Embellish her body as she would, nevertheless her head would stick out of the top of it. The prospect was not reassuring.

Columbine had an orderly mind. She recognized that she had gone as far with her personal appearance as the data at hand warranted. So she laid away that subject and proceeded with the next item on the agenda. This item, the most imperative at the moment, was the suitcase with its strange contents that was insecurely concealed in her closet. She made sure her door was locked and dragged the case out and opened it. She laid the various strange objects on her bed and tried to make sense out of them. The gun in its shoulder harness was a recognizable item; the chamois bag of gems was not occult. But the desiccated hand was an indication of something abnormal. Her reading, ill-directed but voluminous, had touched upon the subjects of black magic and demonology, so she reasoned that the parchment upon which the Lord's Prayer was printed backward must have something to do with the witches' Sabbath or the Black Mass. The magnificent burglar's tools were unrecognizable by her, but she reasoned that they would have some illicit purpose. From the incongruous whole she deduced that the piece of baggage was the property of some individual of criminal tendencies, that the jewels were loot; that the other objects indicated either a person of unsound mind or one of unspeakable malignity and un-Christian tenets.

Whoever owned this piece of airplane luggage had walked away with her identical piece, and now, undoubtedly, would be in a state of mind. This person would resent the loss of his baggage, and most particularly its falling into the hands of some third person such as herself. Aside from the fact that it contained a treasure in unset gems, it also contained evidence of a sort to embroil its true owner with the police. Hence that person, whoever he might be, would be earnestly seeking his property.

It was a dilemma. Columbine's experience had not equipped her to cope with dilemmas—especially such ones as involved the spheres of criminality and of demonology rolled into one.

Her aunt, Miss Cordwainer, had a habit of throwing off aphorisms, such as "A stitch in time saves nine," or "A penny saved is a penny earned." One of her favorites, derived not from Benjamin Franklin or a copy book, but original to herself, was, "When in doubt, don't."

Sitting uncomfortably in the midst of her dilemma, Columbine remembered this pearl of wisdom. She was in doubt—very much in doubt—so the thing to do was—nothing. At least nothing of a positive nature.

The only connection between herself and this warlock criminal was the fact that their baggage was identical. It might be a means of tracing her, through the porter on the Phoenix car. But that porter would now be in Los Angeles and unavailable to a questioner.

Expediency demanded that she pursue immediately her investigations into the operation and problems of the Daphne, but her newly discovered self-consciousness impeded her. She did not want to be seen as she was. She did not want to burst upon the employees of her hotel in her present guise. She thought of the word "metamorphosis." She would postpone investigations until after a metamorphosis had taken place—at least as much of a one as the raw materials she possessed would permit. So she settled down in privacy to study her book on hotel management, and, once in a while, to walk to the window and look down into the patio.

As the sun climbed and glowed with heat, the patrons of the hotel appeared and occupied chairs about the pool, or engaged in shuffleboard, or even in tennis at the end of the gardens. They were fat and bony, comely and hideous, young, old, middle-aged. But all, it seemed, without inhibitions as to what they wore or how much of their generally repulsive bodies they kept covered. It seemed to Columbine, applying a scientific and impersonal mind, that the human animal on vacation left its dignity at home. Middle-aged women of avoirdupois displayed gruesome legs; gentlemen who never had dieted allowed horrible abdomens to flop. The ambition of all seemed to be to achieve a state as close to nudity as censorship would permit.

Columbine patted herself in an exploratory manner. "I can't be that awful," she said firmly. "I don't seem to have too much of anything, and, on the other hand, not too little." Which was quite soothing to her ego.

So the morning passed away and she was hungry. One of the prerogatives of ownership was to give orders, so she went to the telephone and said into the receiver, "This is Miss Drugget. I wish luncheon served in my apartment. What may I have?"

The menu was read to her by someone who evinced no surprise, and she ordered bountifully. Presently a waiter wheeled in a table and made her comfortable at it. As she ate she heard an orchestra playing below, and saw that a number of the guests were enjoying their luncheon at the pool, and even dancing on the small polished space provided for that pastime. She ate hungrily, and then, made curious by a loud voice from below, went again to the window, where she saw a young man speaking into a microphone and bidding all welcome to a showing of the latest and most desirable in indigenous fashions. Columbine watched avidly.

Luscious young women paraded while being described by the master of ceremonies; they threw back coats or capes the better to display themselves or the ensembles they wore. They posed and showed white teeth and gestured with rounded arms. Gown after gown was shown, and then a succession of swim suits. As each model made her parade, there was polite applause. Columbine did not applaud. On the whole, she was rather shocked. But she thrust out her chin and decided to take nudity and posturing in her stride. It was, she told herself, all a part of becoming hep.

At the end of the display, when the models had disappeared, Columbine's telephone rang.

"It's Barbara Green," said a voice. "We now proceed with the next step."

"Such step as what?" Columbine asked.

"I'm bringing up some models and gowns and whatnots to give you a private showing."

Columbine hesitated an instant, and then said primly, "Do so, if you please."

Four chattering young women appeared, chaperoned by Barbara Green and a couple of bellboys bearing cartons. The four mannequins gulped as Columbine assaulted their eyes, and Columbine became shy and silent as she was introduced to the lovely girls. They went into the bedroom, and presently, one by one, they modeled their wares. Columbine, unaccustomed to the sight of such garments as she was, stared at them with avid, covetous eyes. How perfectly out of this world, as young Miss Tarrant would have expressed it, it would be to look like that.

There was an hour of this. At the end, Miss Green asked, "Did you see anything that hit you in the eye?"

"I'm confused—bewildered," Columbine said.

"Right. I've picked out four that ought to do. That mustard-colored suit for everyday wear, and that pearl pongee. And the black evening gown and the mauve cocktail gown. Oh, and, of course, the white swim suit. The girls will leave them on approval and we'll try them on."

"Yes," said Columbine. "Yes."

"But first," Barbara said, "we'll have Myrtie up to do a job of work on that hair and your face. No use trying on gowns with that figurehead showing."

Columbine was in a golden daze. She did not protest. Even when the girl from the beauty salon sat her in a chair and commenced to release her hair, she did not make difficulties. Myrtie consulted with Barbara when Columbine's hair hung about her shoulders. When it was released from restraining pins, it was guilty of a wave. One perceived that it was not brown, but almost auburn. Columbine's eyes were allowed to assume their natural position, were no longer drawn into a strained almond shape; and, without the spectacles to hide them, they proved to be rather large and deeply violet.

"Would you like a pony tail?" Myrtie asked.

"We did not permit them at Miss Cordwainer's," said Columbine.

"This," said Barbara tartly, "is not Miss Cordwainer's. But all the same, no pony tail."

Columbine's waist-long hair was cut to shoulder length, and Myrtie did skillful things to it.

"Don't look yet," Barbara commanded. "Now a facial and the trimmings. . . . My gracious, Myrtie, Venus emerging from the underbrush!"

At the end of all this, still forbidden to look in the mirror, Columbine was led into the bedroom.

"Strip," commanded Barbara.

"Certainly not!" Columbine balked and was not to be moved. Barbara surrendered and left Columbine's modesty alone in the bedroom. With some difficulty, she got into the mustard suit and the shoes and stockings that went with it. The beautifully tailored garment fitted her body as if she had been poured into it. She opened the door and stepped into the living room—and Barbara gasped.

"Fry me for a doughnut!" she said weakly. "The age of miracles has stuck with us! She had a body under that shroud! . . . Miss Drugget, take a gander in the mirror!"

Columbine looked. Her eyes bugged. She saw a complete stranger—a girl with a slender, exquisite figure, with auburn hair framing a face she never had seen before, but which was undoubtedly lovely; a girl with graceful ankles and arched feet. In short, she saw a girl as luscious as any of the models who had paraded, but with a quality which none of them had possessed—a quality of character, of class, of something like aristocracy.

She pointed with tapering finger that trembled.

"Is that—is that me?" she cried.

"That," said Barbara Green, "is the original Columbine Pepper Drugget scraped down to the original satinwood. And now that we've unearthed you, what in tunket are we going to do with you?"

TO BE CONTINUED

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

11. Of the Husband and the Telephone Belle

Now, lad, she'll talk—and talk!—upon the phone.
The fact is sure as rain on picnic day;
And, husband-wise, you'll fume, not having known
That anyone could have so much to say
About so little! Clothes, kith, kin and such,
Shops, recipes, momentous information
On neighbor, house—and still I do but touch
The hem of all her endless conversation!

Yet mark! Had you but known her years ago,
You'd see that she hath much improved, my son;
So cease thy carping and be reconciled!
It could be worse, as you will someday know
When, awestruck, you together watch as one
Thy female, teen-age, telephoning child.

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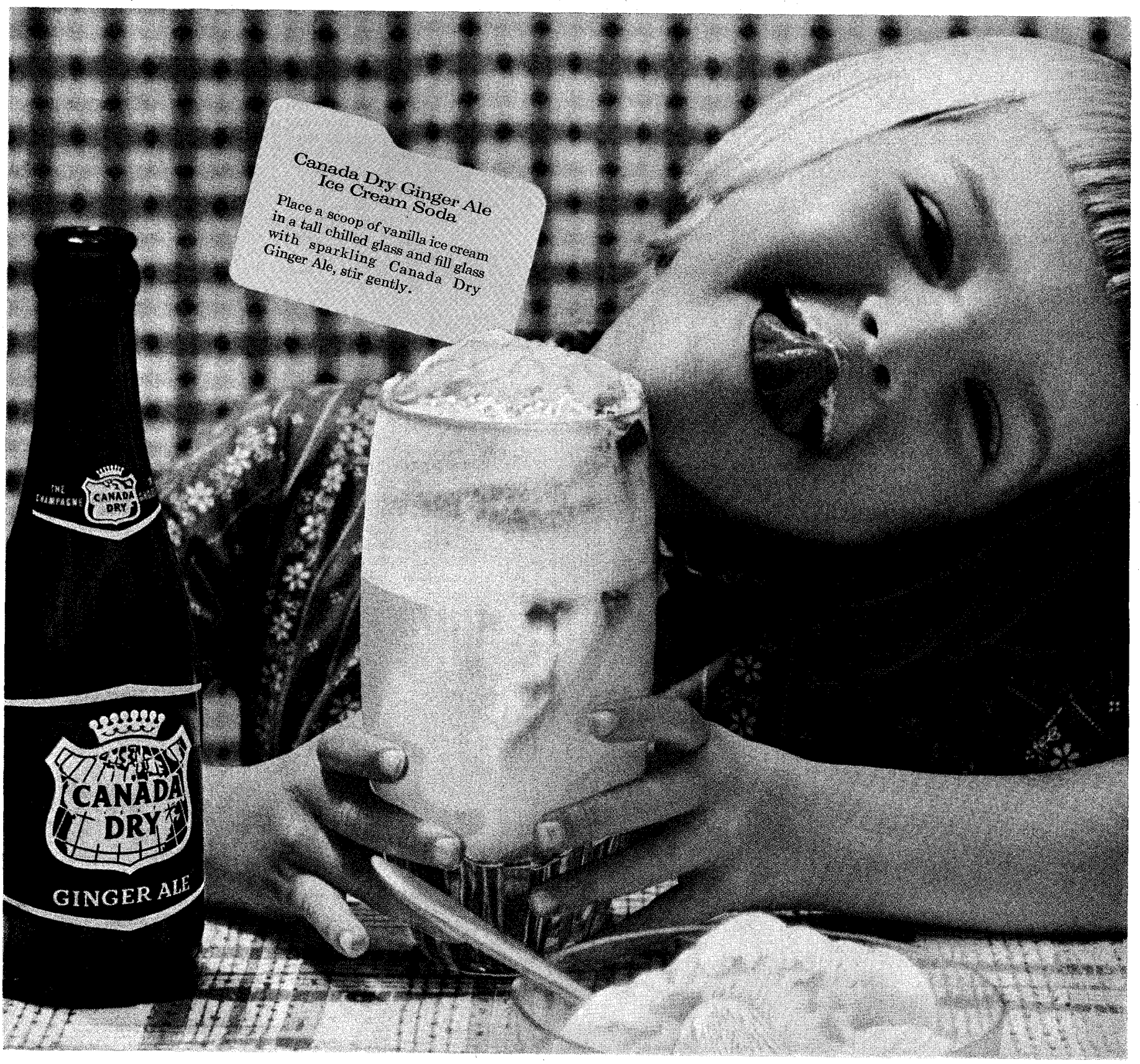
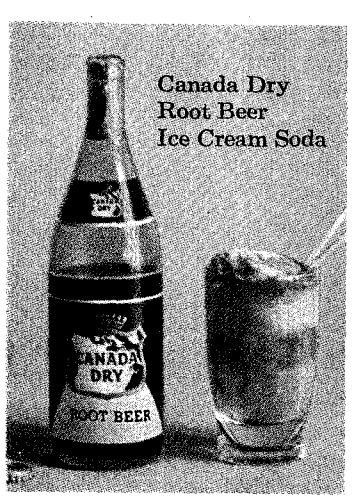
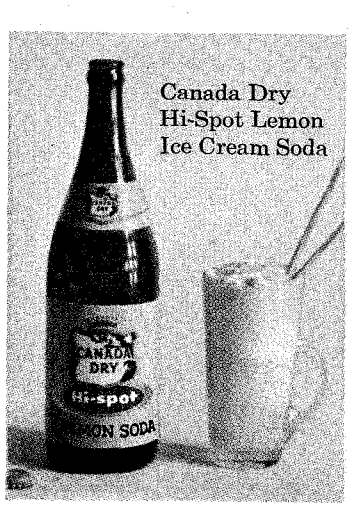

Canada Dry Ginger Ale
Ice Cream Soda
Place a scoop of vanilla ice cream in a tall chilled glass and fill glass with sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale, stir gently.
CANADA DRY
GINGER ALE

Canada Dry Ginger Ale brightens any ice cream soda with its natural Ginger flavor. So tasty...easy to make!





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Luxurious Wilderness (Continued from Page 39)

prudent distance. Most of the passing guests, after a fleeting glance, continued casually on their way.

The mother and cubs, traveling at a rolling and leisurely gait, walked beneath the dining-room windows of the main lodge building, pursued a random course among the fifty-three log cabins in which guests are housed, and settled down for a snooze on the fifth fairway of the eighteen-hole golf course. From this springy bed, they were evicted by an irate foursome of golfers, and moved on into the forest without even a growl of protest.

The animals are the prime attraction of Jasper National Park, which lies some 800 miles northeast of Vancouver, British Columbia, and 200 miles due west of Edmonton, Alberta, athwart the main line of the Canadian National Railways. In no other national park on the continent is the wildlife so numerous or so easily visible, including such shy species as mountain sheep and Rocky Mountain goats. The park became popular so recently that its animals are not yet bored with tourists, though last year 250,000 visitors were registered.

The Jasper area was set aside as a park by the Canadian Government in 1907, when still a howling wilderness. The railroad did not arrive until 1912, and the crowds did not pour in until 1940. At that time, a highway was opened to connect the village of Jasper with the village of Banff, 185 miles to the south, making possible a trip through the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The park's 4200 square miles encompass the lodge, the village and a prodigal assortment of towering mountains, glittering glaciers, foaming rivers and lakes ranging in color from emerald to robin's-egg blue.

In this primeval setting, the black bears, deer, elk, caribou, sheep, goats and moose inhabit a zoo without bars, viewed with benevolent unconcern by the Johnny-come-lately natives. This tolerant attitude excludes only the grizzly bear, a notoriously bad-tempered fellow. Fortunately, he spends most of his time far back in the hills. For the other animals, the results have been agreeable. They dine handsomely on candy bars and sandwiches tossed out from passing motorcars. The tourists are equally pleased by this arrangement, since the tallest tales can be backed up with snapshots. The permanent residents, who must earn a year's living in three summer months, make out quite comfortably by catering to the needs of the transients.

When the snow starts to creep down the mountainsides and the temperature drops toward zero, the bears retire to their dens. The sheep and goats bed down in the upland meadows, where high winds keep the grass swept clear. The moose and caribou pick out lush lowland meadows where the feed is plentiful. But the deer and elk head straight for Jasper Village to beg for handouts. It is no novelty, on a frosty winter's day, to look out the back door to see half a dozen deer and elk stamping and snorting in the yard. The reward for panhandling is, perhaps, a bunch of carrots or a loaf of bread—whatever the family can spare.

On occasion, an unusually confident animal will walk right into the house. Late one recent autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rowed, living at Lake Edith, three miles from the village, were awakened at dawn. Downstairs, they could hear their two-year-old son talking to someone. It seemed unlikely that any friend of the family would barge in at such an hour, so the father carefully tiptoed to the kitchen door. Inside, his son was earnestly addressing a fawn while both of them inspected the contents of the refrigerator. The fawn merely gazed for a few minutes at the intruder, and then, upon gentle urging, clattered daintily out the door.

The unruffled nature of this encounter is in key with the spirit of Jasper Village. Now a community of 2000, it enjoyed a rip-roaring birth and a rowdy childhood. It grew up, however, to become a bland, conservative and rather stuffy town, whose municipal motto—if it had one—would come straight from Shakespeare: "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit." In this respect, it is the complete, and rather horrified, antithesis of the village of Banff, the headquarters town for Banff National Park.

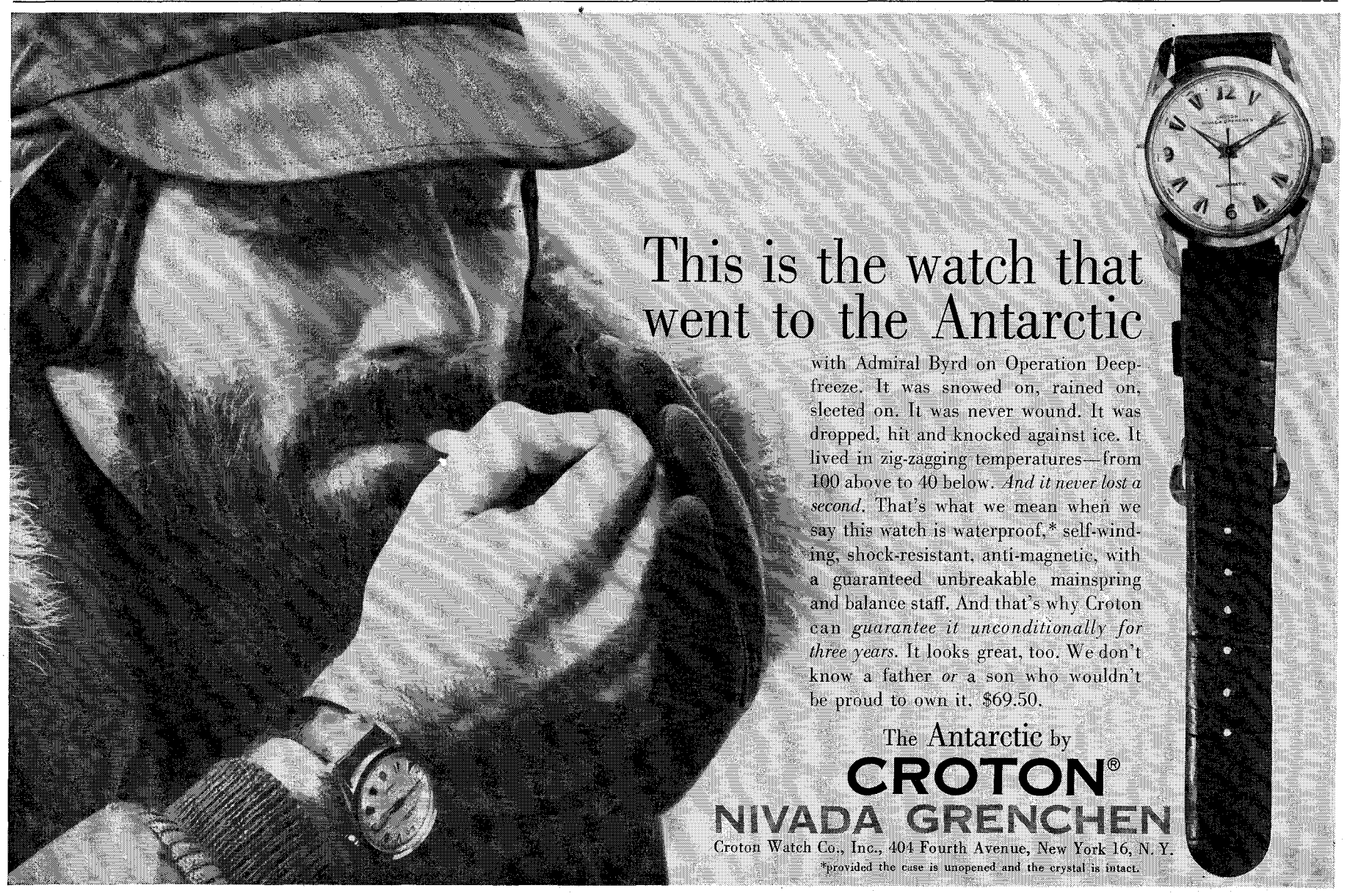
Banff is a place for parties, open-handed and uninhibited, taking its cue from the nearby city of Calgary, the cowboy capital of the Canadian West. It is a weekend town for Calgary citizens, who make the night hideous with their carnival. Jasper, in a more pious fashion, models itself upon Edmonton—a city founded by farmers, though quite recently grown rich on oil. Edmonton, moreover, is too far away to encourage much weekend wassailing. Banff is huddled under the mountains. The streets are loud with the roar of buses and trucks, en route to the Pacific Coast on the Trans-Canada Highway. Jasper sits on a broad alluvial plain, keeping the mountains at a discreet distance. It is the end of the line for nearly all motorists. Only a winding road, in places one car wide, continues on to Vancouver via Kamloops.

The current tranquillity is of recent origin. The town, built on land leased from the Canadian National Parks service—which provides all municipal services—has existed for the last forty-five years. In 1912 the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway came in with a whoop from Edmonton, en route to Yellowhead Pass, the lowest crossing of the range. That was the real beginning of Jasper. Down the Athabaska River, a few miles eastward, only a few moldering buildings reminded the riggers, the gandy dancers and the track layers that the fur companies of John Jacob Astor once crossed this route to make him a fortune, 100 years earlier.

It was a race for the Yellowhead. The rival Canadian Northern Railroad showed up in Jasper, on a parallel track, in 1915. The C.N. was headed for Vancouver; the Grand Trunk for Prince Rupert, some 500 miles apart, on the West Coast. Into these two lines, stretching from Montreal to Pacific tidewater, the Dominion Government and provinces poured more than $600,000,000 in direct subsidies and guaranteed bonds that never paid out. It was a rich lode, and the first to sniff it out were the camp followers, the bootleggers and the other misfits who always come behind the construction crews.

This happy collection of oddballs wrote the early history of the Jasper area. Best remembered is a stout character named George Dennison. He married a local Indian squaw and set up a restaurant at Red Pass Junction, British Columbia, thirty-five miles west of Jasper, when the Canadian Northern tracks ended there. The C.N. maintained a makeshift and intermittent passenger service to Red Pass. To Dennison's annoyance, its train arrived just after breakfast and departed eastward before he could ring the gong for lunch with a roar of "Come an' git it!"

Dennison, a sapient fellow, discovered that a stone and gravel bank, in a touchy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state of equilibrium, lay alongside the tracks at the Jasper end of town. Regular as clockwork, he sneaked into the brush with a heavy-gauge shotgun, fired a round or two into the bank and dislodged enough stones to block the train. He then served lunch, at a handsome price, to the famished passengers and crew bound east, appearing to bid them an unctuous Godspeed when the wrecking crews had cleared the track.

Dennison's display of native ingenuity was matched only by a bootlegger whose name nobody remembers. The man had lost an arm in a railroad accident. As a substitute, the doctors gave him one made of sheet tin, which was hollow inside. He equipped the arm with a spigot, filled it with six quarts of liquor, and dispensed his potable, jigger by jigger, to the thirsty construction stiffs.

But then he outsmarted himself. He learned that a carload of frozen pig carcasses was to be shipped from Edmonton to the railroad's construction commissary. By connivance, he filled the belly of each pig with whisky bottles, stitching each one up neatly. Someone tipped off a provincial liquor inspector and the newborn capitalist went out of business. He left the Jasper area in a hurry.

While the railroads were roaring westward down the Fraser River, discerning visitors began to appear in Jasper Park, then as now one of the most primitive areas in the Rockies. Peace and quiet were suddenly found to be more profitable commodities than bootlegging and loose ladies. The Canadian Government completed the reformation by taking over both railroad lines. These, through waste and cutthroat competition, had gone broke.

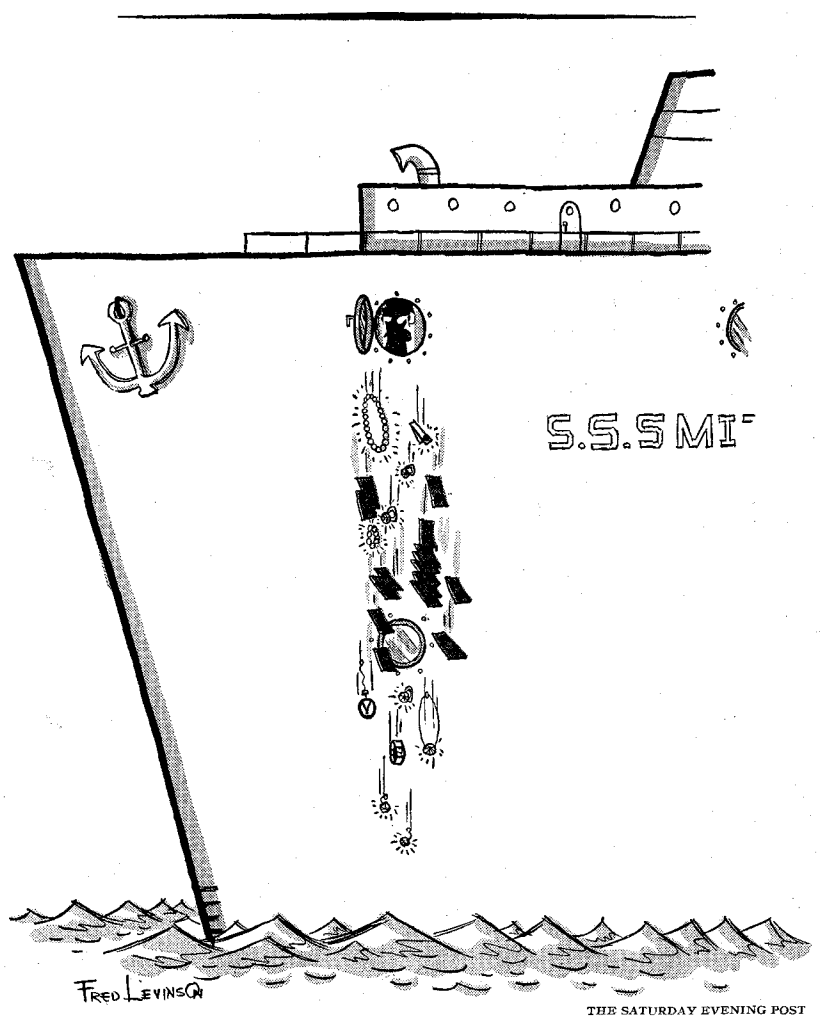
The Canadian Northern was absorbed in 1917, continuing for six years under its own name. The Grand Trunk was swallowed up in 1921, and renamed the Canadian National. The two lines were amalgamated on January 30, 1923, under the name of the Canadian National Railways. The result was the second largest transportation system in the world, with 24,255 miles of track.

To compete with its privately owned rival, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the Canadian National desperately needed a resort hotel in Jasper Park. Since the turn of the century, the C.P.R. had maintained huge hotels at Banff and at Lake Louise. These were constructed massively of stone, in the Victorian style of the great Swiss resorts. To draw the tourists, something different was called for at Jasper.

Sir Henry Thornton, president of the C.N.R., put his restless mind to work. The result, opened in 1923, was the main building of Jasper Park Lodge. It was the largest single-story log structure in the world, 250 feet long and 200 feet wide. By 1940 enough satellite log cabins had been built so that 650 guests could be accommodated. The end product was, and is, enchanting—an unobtrusive collection of buildings overlooking the deep green waters of Lac Beauvert and the distant glaciers of Mt. Edith Cavell. The village is six miles distant by highway, on the bank of the Athabaska River.

This Canadian version of the Tuileries, a combination of simple exteriors and luxurious interiors, turned out to be a resounding hit. Well-to-do Americans, who provide about 75 per cent of the lodge clientele, found the novelty an appealing one. Sir Henry Thornton, who died in 1933, would have been overjoyed at the way his dream turned out. Long after his death, however, Jasper Park Lodge became famous for a reason he would not have relished. It was the scene of the biggest log fire ever lit.

At 9:30 P.M., on the evening of August 22, 1952, the main building burst into flames. The massive log timbers, shellacked and reshellacked, went up like tinder. Guests fled through the French doors of the lounge to safety on the lawn. In the ballroom a few dozen couples were dancing sedately when flames burst from a cloakroom door, inside which the fire had started. The musicians broke off in



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the middle of a tune. Departing, all of them were sped by great balls of fire rolling across the highly varnished floor.

Guests and employees alike turned to with buckets and hoses. The only victim was a bookkeeper, who died while attempting to rescue his ledgers. At midnight the roof collapsed with a roar. Robert Sommerville, general manager of eight Canadian National hotels, turned to his wife. "There she goes," he said. Mrs. Sommerville burst into tears. By 2:30 A.M., the biggest single-story log structure in the world was a pile of ashes.

The fire apparently was caused by defective wiring, though in Jasper Village there is talk that a bellboy's cigarette, carelessly left smoldering, was to blame. The loss was $1,000,000, repaid by the railroad's own insurance company. At the beginning of the fire, the telephone circuits to town burned out. However, a forest-fire watcher at a tower on Signal Mountain, three and one-half miles away, called down to the village to report sighting flames.

"That's nothing to worry about," he was told. "We gave the lodge a permit to burn brush."

Five minutes later the tower man phoned again. "Beg pardon," he said, "but that's no brush fire. I can see the flames reflected in my windows up here." The fire department, which is operated by the park administration, got on the job in a hurry. Meanwhile, volunteer crews saved all the cabins by drenching their roofs with water.

"We were in a real predicament," Sommerville recalls. "The house was full, but all the ledgers had burned up. We didn't know who our guests were, how much they owed us, how long they had been there or how we were going to feed them." The dining room was in the main building, and that was gone. Fortunately, virtually all the bedrooms were in the cabins. Things couldn't have worked out better. It was a lark for the guests.

"We gave them breakfast in the staff cafeteria: one egg, a slice of toast and a bit of bacon on a paper plate, with coffee, tea or milk on the side. Some of the fussiest people on the continent, who would normally have raised the roof at any imperfection in service, were the cheeriest of all when the chips were down. By noon, we were feeding guests in the golf clubhouse, where we have a small kitchen. By night, we had brought in china and silverware from The Macdonald, in Edmonton, one of our chain of hotels.

"We brought in a special train in case anybody wanted to leave, but not more than fifty people got on, among them a few who simply skipped out on their bills. The rest stuck tight. The guests came in and recalled, as best they could, what they owed us. They didn't even forget the incidentals, such as room service and long-distance-phone charges.

"We wired all those who had reserved space for later in the season and said, in effect, 'Come ahead, if you can take it.' Practically all of them came, and we finished out the season. On September twentieth we started to pour concrete for the new building. The rough plans already were drawn, for I'd always felt that the old building might burn down someday, being built of wood."

The new building, of fieldstone and reinforced concrete, with immense picture windows and a minimum of wood trim, is considered by Sommerville to be virtually fireproof. Some prodigious work was required to complete the $3,000,000 job. Four hundred men worked all winter, finishing on June 9, 1953. The next day 500 conventioners arrived. Not a detail had been overlooked. The damaged lawns had been replaced by fresh green turf, lifted from three spare and unused holes on the golf course. Only an old-timer could distinguish the difference. In all, the railroad has invested $5,700,000 in the lodge property, and for years cheerfully wrote off the operating losses in terms of the prestige and advertising value of the operation. In 1955, the most recent year for which figures are available, the lodge netted $78,000 in operating profit. None of the capital investment has been retired.

By now, the lodge has become a Canadian institution, best evidenced by the polite but grim rivalry that goes on for summer jobs. On occasion, even members of Parliament have interceded for the children of influential constituents—not always successfully. There are 2000 applications for the 250 posts available. Another 100 jobs are filled by permanent employees of the Canadian National Hotel system, who work in other hotels of the chain during spring, fall and winter. The summer workers are selected by G. H. Cornforth, the present manager of the lodge. He does not ignore the children of corporation officials, when qualified. Their pleased fathers might possibly ship more freight via Canadian National. In view of the great demand for jobs, applicants are limited to residents of Canada.

The attraction of Jasper for a youngster is not the salary, which ranges from $40.00 a month for a first-year waitress to $78.33 a month for the driver of a sight-seeing bus. The tips are what draw them. An alert bus driver may gross $1500 a season; a chambermaid, though her job is menial, even more. In addition to footing the bill for wages, the management must allow for a staggering breakage of china and crockery, four times as great as that of the average hotel—3000 glasses, 500 cups and saucers, and 500 plates per summer. This is the penalty for employing less than skilled help.

Above and beyond the tips, a summer job at Jasper qualifies as a first-class holiday. There is plenty of free time for sports, for dancing or for an evening soda at Baxter's, a Jasper drugstore which serves as an unofficial clubhouse for employees. Now and then, a summer job ends spectacularly. One young medical student, working as a chauffeur, met and married the only daughter of a millionaire. He is now an unusually rich and very successful doctor.

The opulent atmosphere of the lodge is merely a reflection of the park within which it is set. Jasper Park has some unique attractions. At its southern tip, shared with Banff National Park are the Columbia Icefields, the hydrographic apex of the continent. From this bowl of perpetual snow and ice, surrounded by 11,000-foot peaks, water flows north to the Arctic, east to the Atlantic, and west to the Pacific. A fleet of twenty snowmobiles daily climb four miles up the Athabaska Glacier from the Icefield Highway. Here the tourist can throw snowballs during August or take wintry photos on the hottest day of the year.

To the southeast of Jasper Village, some twenty miles by road and boat, is Maligne Lake, a body of water fourteen miles long, known to every trout fisherman. The blue-green lake, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, was completely barren until 1928. In that year, the National Parks service stocked the water with 201,000 Eastern brook-trout fry. These multiplied and grew to Gargantuan size. The record trout caught weighed seven and one-half pounds. Maligne is now one of the finest bits of trout water in the world. In one half hour's fishing with wet flies, at a time when the trout were

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alleged not to be biting, I netted three specimens ranging in size from one and one-half to two pounds.

To the west of the village, about fifteen miles by car and pack horse, is the Tonquin Valley, walled in by the rock cliffs of the Ramparts, with the Amethyst Lakes lying at the bottom of the bowl. These lakes, about two miles long, were also barren until stocked with rainbow trout in the middle '20's. Again the fish throve, and grew to prodigious size. In other park lakes a new specimen has been introduced by W. C. Cable, manager of the park hatchery. This is the "splake," a cross between the speckled trout and the lake trout, with the fighting qualities of the former and the greater size of the latter.

These two bodies of water are the province of a man who hates fishing, cannot understand fishermen, but sees that their needs are amply satisfied. "Damned if I can understand why anyone wants to go out and fiddle around on the water all day with a little rod," snorts Fred Brewster, who operates a bungalow camp at Maligne and a tent camp at Tonquin. Brewster, now seventy-two, would much rather go into the Tonquin on skis in mid-April—a fourteen-mile trip—or climb 1700 feet up to Shovel Pass for spring skiing when the lowlands are bare. This makes sense to him, whereas fishing does not.

The Brewster family is closely tied in to the development of both Jasper and Banff. There were six brothers, the sons of John Brewster, who settled in Banff in 1888. Five of them stayed, most of the time, in or near Banff while building the family fortune.

Fred Brewster came to Jasper in 1911, first as a guide for big-game hunters, and then as the operator of a tent camp that stood on the site of the lodge. Fred built the lodge golf course in 1924, a project that kept fifty teams and 200 men busy all one summer hauling in topsoil to cover the underlying ledges.

Fred, however, was a man who enjoyed spending what he earned. He invested a small fortune in attempting to bring back the cayuse to the Canadian Rockies, having conceived a distaste for the Western pack horse. The cayuse is a thin, rangy animal, by now almost extinct, the direct descendant of the horses brought to the Southwest by the Spaniards in the 1700's. The pack horse, by contrast, is a heavy animal, the offspring of the draft horse. The experiment attempting to re-establish the cayuse was so expensive and so time-consuming that Fred finally was forced to give it up.

The feats of the Brewster family in the Rockies have nearly been matched by those of the Hargreaves family, which lives fifty-two miles to the west, at Mt. Robson Station, the gateway to Mt. Robson Provincial Park. From the front door of their ranch, you look straight up to the summit of Mt. Robson, 12,972 feet, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. There have been thirty-odd spectacular ascents of the mountain, the first of which took place in 1911. But day to day Roy Hargreaves and his wife, both in their sixties, lead a livelier life than the mountain climbers who pass through the dooryard.

Every fall, late in October, there is the trip with seventy horses up to the winter grazing grounds on the Smoky River, fifty miles to the north. This trip goes up through the true heart of the Rockies, past Kinney Lake, with the wall of Robson towering directly ahead; swimming the Robson River twice on horseback; climbing up past Emperor Falls, 350 feet high, which showers spray for a mile around; down the flats of Berg Lake, where a glacier drops off the north wall of Robson and deposits occasional ice floes in the blue-green water; and then along the Smoky to the grazing grounds, four days distant from the ranch and half a day from an Indian reservation.

The whole Hargreaves family goes along—Roy, who is close to sixty-five, but still guides the big-game hunters every fall; Mrs. Hargreaves and two married daughters, Ishbel and Margie, and their husbands. Sometimes they lose a colt to the wolves that always trail the herd on its march. Finally, in the meadows, the horses are turned loose, each with a bell so that it can be more easily located in the spring, and the Hargreaves family returns to Mt. Robson Station, generally through a whirling blizzard somewhere around Emperor Falls. In late May, armed with shovels to clear the trail, they go back again to round up the herd. The horses generally have wintered well. They keep away the wolves by forming a circle with the colts inside. And the Indians, to a degree, look after them.

"Me doing fine," said one Indian to Mrs. Hargreaves last year. "We got lots of game; Hargreaves got lots of horses for me to ride."

There are a good many times when Roy is out on the trail with his hunters, and Mrs. Hargreaves is alone at home, with no company save the wailing whistles of the trains rolling through, high on the mountainside, on the way to Prince Rupert or Vancouver. She has improved these lonesome hours by shooting game, virtually from the front porch—one year an irritable bull moose that was chasing a cow in the meadows; another year, a bear that her cocker spaniel had chased up a tree. The moose, however, she remembers most vividly.

"I had never killed a moose," she says, "and, of course, I had never skinned one. But I had to do it. Roy was away. The two girls were six and fifteen years old. I went out there with knives, and they held the lantern, and it took us to midnight to finish the job. Of course, Roy had always told me you should never puncture the stomach while dressing out either a deer or moose. But the knife slipped and I did it, and a lot of the meat tasted simply awful!"

Mrs. Hargreaves, a spare and somewhat reticent woman, is less lonely now. There is a gravel road from Jasper and a coffee shop down in the meadows. Soon, there is to be a motel. But you still have to ride a horse to get to Berg Lake, and there are still the (*Continued on Page 129*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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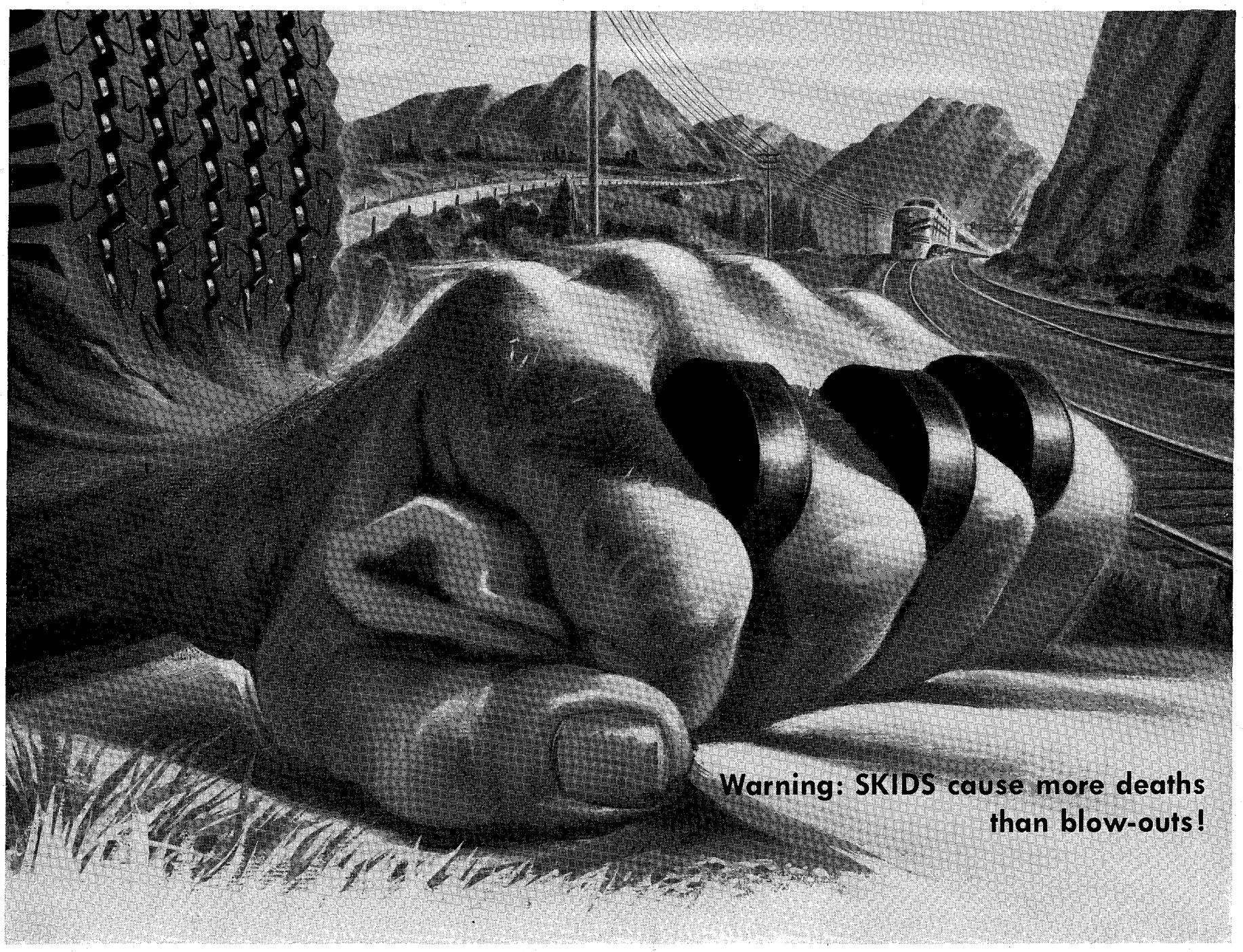

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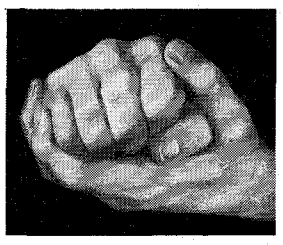

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(*Continued from Page 127*) fall and spring trips with the pack animals back to the Smoky River. That much does not change.

Life on this rugged scale is pretty much a commonplace in the Jasper area. The wardens still go out, once a month every winter, to the top of Athabaska Pass, thirty miles up the Whirlpool River at the Committee Punch Bowl, where the fur traders once held rendezvous on their way from the west coast to the east. That is, in Fred Brewster's words, "the cruelest country in creation." The Whirlpool spreads out into meanders and gravel flats eight to ten miles wide, and a man never knows when his snowshoes are going to slip through and drop him into ten feet of icy water.

In this Whirlpool country, one recent winter when the snow was neck deep and the temperature hung at forty-five below and the winds howled off the Continental Divide, a lone ranger made perhaps the toughest trip anyone in the Rockies can recall. George Camp, a wiry little Englishman now fifty-seven years old, was then ranger for the Whirlpool District.

"We had two cabins and a tepee for shelter on that run," Camp recalls. "I was out to look for trappers and poachers up along the British Columbia boundary. It took me five days to get back. The snow was so loose I simply floundered. I had a big old dog with me carrying a pack with some food, and he bogged down so badly I had to leave the pack. There was a wild blizzard blowing, and I don't know quite how we made it. The avalanches were roaring down at the rate of one a minute. I just plugged along—spent two nights in a dugout under a fallen tree, kept moving, some days at the rate of only five miles, and finally I got out with the dog. I'd lost thirty pounds."

Camp, to his relief, is now the ranger at Athabaska Falls, on the Icefield Highway. Here his principal duty is a twilight "bear patrol," in which he drives down the highway in his jeep, warning the tourists not to feed the bears.

Along the roads the only bear to be seen is the black, generally an amiable creature. However, he is a nearsighted animal, not always able to distinguish between a chocolate bar and the hand that holds it. His impulse is to reach out with his paw and take a swipe, sometimes with unhappy results for a tourist. Some years back, a particularly dim-witted motorist decided to take a photo of his one-year-old son holding out a sandwich to a passing bear. The bear became impatient, and the man got a photo, but it was not quite what he wanted. The bear clawed the child so that it was scarred for life, although it survived.

What to do about the bears is an unsolved problem. Charles (Mickey) Maguire, the deputy chief ranger, was sitting in his office last summer when the telephone rang. A tourist lady was on the other end.

"How do you feed a bear?" she inquired.

"You don't," said Maguire. "Stop right now."

"No," said the lady, "you don't understand me. I gave him a banana, and he didn't like it. What do you think he might like?"

Maguire, after ascertaining the whereabouts of the lady, leaped into his car, roared to the scene and shooed the bear off into the woods. For this, his reward was a tongue-lashing.

The grizzly bear, a mean-faced individual with a narrow muzzle and an ungovernable temper, is another matter entirely. Men have paid with their lives for taking him lightly. In 1929 a new warden named Percy Goodaire, an Englishman with limited experience in the woods, was on duty at the Tonquin Valley. He mentioned casually that he had seen a she-grizzly near his camp.

"Better be careful," a friend warned him. Goodaire shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," he said, "she won't bother me."

The next afternoon he went out to cut some wood for his stove. The bear leaped on him, mauled him brutally, and he died within twenty-four hours.

The grizzly, if warned, will stay out of a man's way. Most seasoned packers carry along a tin can filled with stones, and rattle it now and then when in grizzly country. This serves as fair warning to the bear to stay away, which he generally does. Now and then, however, a grizzly will happen to cross a trail just as someone is riding along. Ed McDonald, a retired ranger, now seventy, was on duty at Brazeau Lake, in the southeastern corner of the park, in the early 1930's. He was riding trail when his horse scented a grizzly, bolted and threw him.

"The fall broke my pelvis," McDonald recalls. "I couldn't move. I just blacked out. I lay where I fell for twenty-four hours. Fortunately, there was a little trickle of water crossing the trail, so I had enough to drink. Then it took me two more days to crawl half a mile to my cabin and to ring up headquarters on the telephone. They came in that night and carried me out on a stretcher."

For reasons such as these, everyone in Jasper Park has a healthy respect for the grizzly bear. I sat one night, with Ranger Maguire, at the lodge garbage dump. The grizzlies had been coming down from the hills to feed, and the dump was closed to all save park personnel. In the failing light, eight black bears were feeding. Suddenly, like a puff of smoke, they vanished. Down through the Alplands I could see figures moving. The grizzlies were on the way, and the blacks did not want to encounter them.

It was dusk by now, but in the long northern twilight I could see the grizzlies feeding. Maguire switched on the light. A huge figure rose to a height of eight to ten feet and looked out across the parking area. Then I could count them, one, two, three, finally all eight massive creatures, who could smash a man's skull with one blow. You don't trifle with grizzlies, and from a distance of twenty feet I could see why. These are the wildest and most noble specimens to be found on the continent, short of the mammoth Kodiak bears of Alaska.

It is this seeing of the unseen, this knowledge that you have been permitted to enter a charmed land where the animal is king and the human is merely tolerated, that makes Jasper Park a much-loved place. The blue distances, and the blue mountains, and the rushing roar of the Athabaska River, coursing down past village and lodge on the way to the Arctic are only a part of it. Man and nature have arrived at a point of balance here, and the result is magical. You have the feeling that this, among all the places of the world, is the one that never will change. That, perhaps, is why people come back to Jasper again and again, secure in the knowledge that the bears will still be walking across the lawns, the mountain goats will come clattering down at dusk to feed at the salt licks, and the glaciers will be grinding their way slowly down to the valleys where the lodgepole pine grows thick and the mountain lakes are milky with silt from the rooftop of Canada.

Open Fire! (Continued from Page 30)

tin can just for a skipper's farewell party! Besides, it ruined a real hot date ashore for Buzzman. He didn't like it. He gave a short, quick snort.

"Sailor, you better shove off," he said. "You're in officers' country. Take Blondie down where ——"

"Ask him, Buzz." Chico's voice was quiet. "Tell him it's Chicone. Harry Chicone. I know him. I served under him in ——"

"Oh, you know him! I guess you and the admiral always take coffee together in the morning watch?" Buzzman grinned his irony. "Look, Mac." His voice went flat. "Get smart. So you served under him when he wore three stripes or maybe four. He don't even know you're alive by now. What makes you think he'll even remember ——"

"I said, ask him!"

The voice whipped out at Buzzman. It made him snarl back, "And I said, shove off! What the hell makes you think you can ——"

Just then the door of the admiral's cabin opened and that man stepped out. Chico spun on his heel. He snapped to attention. Chico came to hand salute, straight as a rod in immaculate whites, all the ribbons across his breast. He remained like that, facing a large, deep-chested man, gray-headed and craggy-browed.

"I'm sorry, sir." Buzzman growled apology. "They came barging up here and ——"

The orderly's voice trailed off. Those two were looking at each other. Three-hash-mark enlisted man and a two-star flag. Chico was holding his breath. Chico was seeing the ocean heave. He was hearing the scream of bombers diving through bursting blossoms of 5-inch shellfire in the sky. Chico was smelling the stench of cordite, hearing the slamming guns of all the tin cans he had served from Iron Bottom Sound to Okinawa, from Ulithi to Korea. Chico could see the ash-gray face a man showed at the splinter shield of one of them. Would that man remember, Buzzman asked. Would he? The admiral's steel-gray eyes were narrow. Then all at once the sadness showed. The combat memory, the combat sadness touched the stern, seamed Navy face. It flashed between them. Only for an instant. It passed at once.

"Chicone!" The man with the two stars on his golden shoulder boards stepped forward, hand outstretched. "I'm glad to see you." He smiled. His grave voice said, "I see you made first class—again."

"Yes, sir." Chico let the breath sigh past his lips. His eyes were glowing. "Yes, sir."

"He's expressing himself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's my fault, sir." The girl's voice tumbled up from the head of the ladderway. It sounded like a young boy's voice before it has changed. It had that fluting quality. "I asked him to bring me to see you."

Buzzman was astounded at the gentleness he saw in the admiral's steel-gray eyes. "I am glad you did," that man was murmuring to the girl. "You had better come in." He waved his hand toward his cabin. Then his big head turned. "Buzzman, tell Romulo to bring coffee. Coffee for three. Tell him to bring it hot."

"Yes, sir." Buzzman's gaping jaw snapped shut. But he didn't stir. He stood rooted there, watching his admiral let those two step over the weather sill of his room. When the door closed, Buzzman shook his head in a baffled despair. "Well, how d'you like that!"

"You better get that coffee ordered, son."

Buzzman looked up quickly, hearing the brittle voice of Captain West, the admiral's chief of staff. "Yes, sir. But I just don't get it. He don't act like no admiral I ever heard about. He don't even talk like one."

The four-striper stopped on his way down the ladderway. "Maybe," his dry voice said, "maybe he's human, son."

"Cripes, sir! You think that's what's the matter with him?"

Buzzman moved down the passageway. He didn't understand it. How did it happen that a beat-up bos'n's mate and a long-legged girl with silk blond hair could go walking into an admiral's room? Just like that! And take coffee with him! Buzzman was surer than ever

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that the tin-can people were all half nuts. ComCruDesPac, this new admiral commanding Pacific cruisers and destroyers, must have been one of them once. He was half nuts too. . . . Coffee! Tell him to bring it *hot*! . . . Buzzman banged open the pantry door.

How did it happen? When did it begin? Not yesterday or the day before. Everything begins a long, long time ago. Between Chico and Ronnie it began on Fleet Landing in San Diego, down at the foot of Broadway. Chico came wandering to the bench he liked. He was sitting there, staring out past the liberty float toward Tin Can Row where the ships were moored. Then he lit a cigarette. Chico's hands always trembled. It didn't seem to annoy him. He was used to it. If it got too bad, he put them on his knees for a while.

That's what he was doing when first he heard the fluting voice, the voice that sounded like a young boy's voice before it has changed.

"Can't you find a different place?" it asked him sharply from the other end of the bench. "I'd like to sit alone."

Chico's head turned slowly. Maybe he saw how evening sunlight touched her flowing hair in pools of dappled bronze. Maybe not. But he knew she wasn't a chippy. He knew it right away. "You want to sit alone, you sit," said Chico. His head turned back at once. "I don't bother no one."

"I practically asked you to leave! There are other benches. Why ——"

"This one is mine."

"Well, of all ——" Her voice stopped short. Then it curled at him again, "Three hash marks! On your fourth enlistment. Still only second class! You get in a lot of trouble, don't you?"

"Yeah. A lot of trouble."

"Well, why don't you go uptown and get drunk again? Isn't that what ——"

"I been thinking about it," Chico's slow voice said. He stood up, towering over her, sun fire striking one weather-stained cheek. His hands were shaking again. So he dropped the cigarette at his feet, crushing it. "Maybe I will. Good night."

He went away. A flight of homing jets came roaring for North Island, hurling their thunder across the sky. Chico didn't look aloft. And he didn't look back. He didn't see how her head turned swiftly, fingers at her lips, watching him wander in shadow toward Harbor Drive. Big, dark-headed, broad shoulders bowed a little beneath the weight of his own invisible burden.

Next liberty Chico made, he came back to that bench. This time he saw her, though he made believe he didn't. He just sat down, the way he always did, wondering if her fluting voice was as stirring as he remembered. When he heard it, he was sure.

"I was very nasty," she said right away, as if he had never left. "I've been waiting for you. I want to tell you I'm sorry."

"It's O.K." They sat in sunshine, facing the channel, and over there across the water the nested tin cans breathing pale brown smoke against a cloudless sky. Chico murmured, "I didn't get drunk at all."

"I'm glad."

"Don't never really want to. Don't never do no good. Ain't gonna do it no more."

"I'm glad."

Chico had a cigarette in his fingers, matchbook in his fist. His hands were trembling quite a bit, so he put them on his knees, hoping they'd stop soon. That's when he found she wasn't at the other end of the bench any more. She was reaching for his cigarette. When she gave it back to him, it was lit.

"Thanks." And after silence Chico droned, "Name's Chicone. Harry Chicone. Everyone calls me Chico."

He heard a sudden lilt of laughter, like startling music bubbling up in a short quick phrase from a muted violin. Then she mimicked perfectly his slow, deep monotone, "Name's Galen. Ronica Galen. Everyone calls me Ronnie."

Chico looked at her swiftly. And he grinned. "Next week I got the duty."

"Week after?"

"I'll be here."

That's how the thing began. That's how they started searching warily for the hidden bond between them. Whenever Chico got to the bench and sat down, he handed her his cigarettes. She'd light one for him and hand it back. Sometimes they said things right away. Often they spoke in silence. But always they started talking exactly where they'd left off.

"Ronnie," he asked her once, "you got no man in the fleet?"

"No one." She hesitated. "You want to know if I'm married, don't you, Chico?"

"No." He shook his head. "Don't figure you are. Girl like you? Don't figure you'd be here, sitting with me, if you were."

"That's right." She said nothing for a while. Chico didn't probe. Until all at once her voice came fluting to him, "I did have a man, Chico. We were going to be married. Charley was killed in Korea."

Chico just sat beside her, testing the sunlit stillness. He said quietly at last, "Lots of men got killed. In the war. It happens, Ronnie. In Korea too."

"I didn't say he got killed." Her voice was gray. Chico had never heard a girl's voice sound like that. "He—was—killed. He was a lieutenant of marines."

"Then you're sitting on the wrong bench, Ronnie. You belong in officers' country." Chico nodded toward the opposite side of Fleet Landing. "Over there," he said. "On the benches by the officers' boat floats."

"I hate officers!" Her voice spat out the words. Her burning eyes were boring straight at Chico's. "A human life is nothing! Only the Navy duty counts! I hate officers!"

"Ain't true." Chico was stirred to his faithful core. "Ain't true."

"Isn't it? Oh, yes, they gave Charley the Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumously. His father sent it to me. Very nice of him. You want it, Chico? And they gave him the Navy Cross. His father sent me that one too." It came gushing from her, the unforgiving hatred. "You want it, Chico? You can have it! What good is it to me?"

"No, Ronnie, I don't want it. I got one of them of my own." He kept looking at her, dark eyes narrow, dark eyes sad, meaning to let her speak again, to let her drain away her pain. She just kept looking back at him. Till the flaming in her deep blue eyes receded, and he knew she would say no more. So his slow voice murmured, "Takes a lot to be an officer. To be a good one. Takes an awful lot."

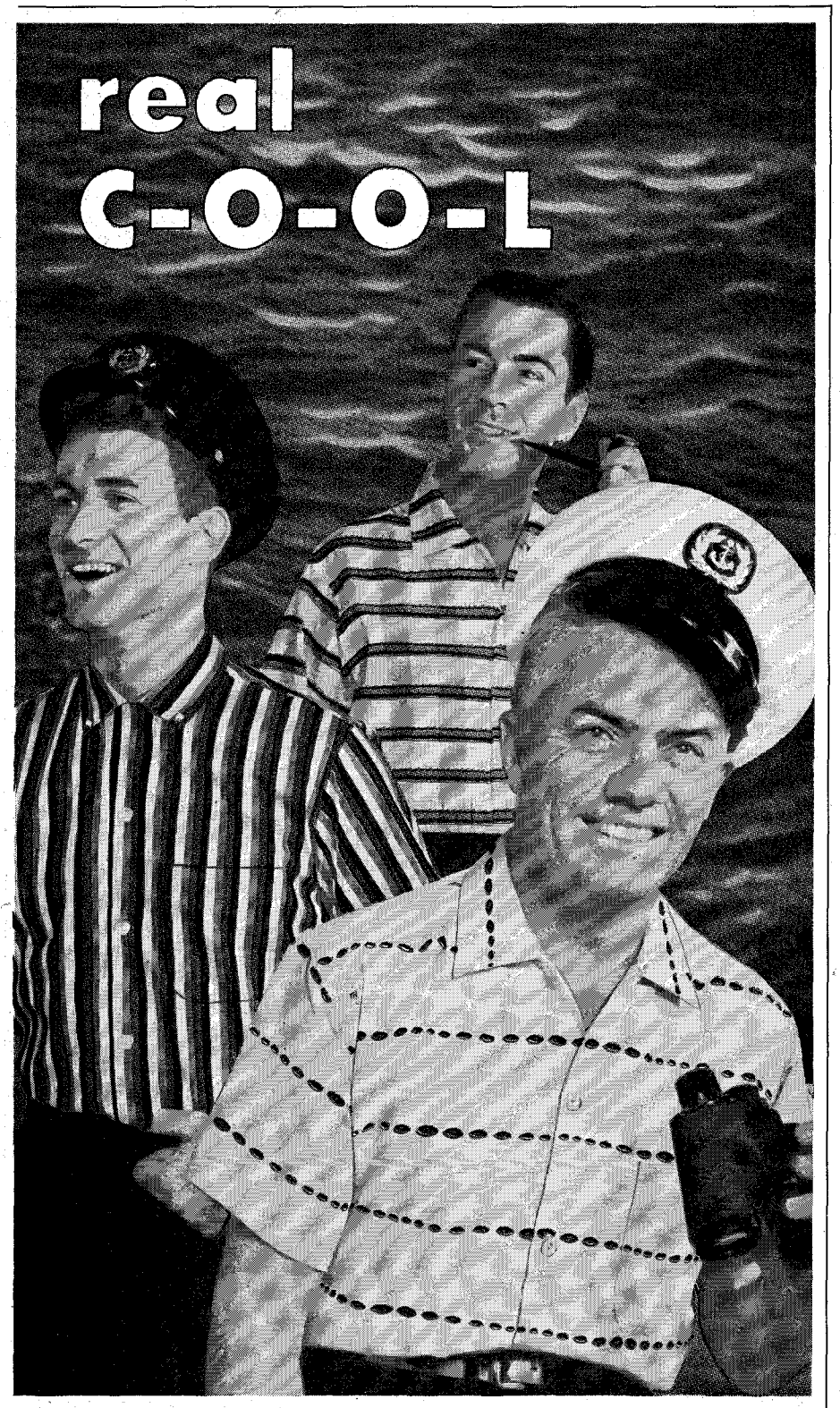
"Does it?"

"Yes. I know. I was raised in Brooklyn. By an uncle. He was no damn good." Chico's voice began to flow from him. "After Pearl Harbor, I walked down Sands Street to the Navy Yard and en-

Streamside Spoor

By Elizabeth Landeweer

These are no strolling bear
cub's prints;
The length of stride so
clearly hints
Of brown, resilient,
bounding toes,
I'd venture that these tracks
are those
Of something running on
two legs,
Weighed down with worms
and salmon eggs,
And by the way the signs
all trend,
Around the next trout-
biting bend
I'll spy the pole and sun-
squint frown
Of that lost boy I'm
tracking down.



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listed. I lied about my age. I got no other home but Navy. I'm enlisted Navy. Tin-can Navy. Home?" Chico waved one hand across the channel water toward the gray, gun-studded hull of the outboard ship in the nearest nest. "That's home. The Blenheim. That one there."

Her eyes were on him, blue and gentle, knowing he was offering his revelation as a need or as a gratitude. She waited till the breath sighed from him, till he told her, "I had two ships shot out from under me same day at Okinawa. Radar picket line. USS Beeler. Jap Kamikazes blasted us to hell. I got blown clean overside. I was floating head down in the water when the ship abandoned. The skipper left his raft to haul me out. The Fenley picked us up. Hour later she got hers. All got off—those left alive—including me. All except the Beeler's skipper. From my float net in the water, I saw him pinned down in the wreckage of that burning hulk. I swam back and got him off just before the forward magazine exploded. I wasn't striking for no Navy Cross! He was my skipper. Fine officer. Lots more of us'd be dead if he wasn't. Takes a lot to be an officer. To be a good one. Takes an awful lot."

Chico's voice trailed off. The silence lasted for some moments before Ronnie asked him gently, "Is that when your hands began to shake?"

"No. That's part of my trade. Got over it pretty good." Chico looked away. "Second enlistment I made chief," his dull voice droned. "Came back to Diego. Came to this bench right here. Had a thirty-day leave. Nancy was waiting for me. We were getting married. Up in Escondido. On the way she got killed."

"Oh, Chico."

"Me, I was driving the car." His voice snarled fierce self-hatred. "Me! When I saw her all broken on the pavement and I knew she was dead—that's when my hands began to shake."

"Oh, Chico." She breathed his name. She didn't say another word.

Chico kept staring across the water. "Used to get awful bad. Used to get drunk. Didn't ever want to. Didn't ever help. I got busted back to first. Went overleave. Got busted back to second class. Dunno why they ever let me ship over. Maybe they know I got to. All done now, though. Never gonna get drunk no more. Never any more."

He was fumbling for his cigarettes, but the shaking was pretty bad. So he put both palms on his knees instead. That's when Ronnie reached over to put her hand on his. That's when the miracle happened. Chico didn't believe it at first. He looked down at his big brown paws. They weren't shaking any more. They weren't trembling at all. His head turned slowly to look at her. She was smiling at him. Chico's eyes were touched by awe.

And that's the way it went. Whenever Chico's hands began to shake, she'd just reach out and put her own on one of his. It always stopped the trembling. It stopped it right away. Then Chico's division was ordered forward to Formosa. They had supper together in Pickwack's the night his liberty ran out. Then they walked down Broadway together, hand in hand. Till they came back to Fleet Landing, where moonlight glistened on the water, where you could almost hear the humming power in the moored gray ships out there, all waiting quietly for daylight.

"Might be a long tour, Ronnie," Chico said.

"Doesn't matter. I can wait."

"Ain't asking that you should. You belong in officers' country. I might never even make chief again."

"Chico, you hurt my pride." Her voice was a gentle murmur. "Do you know you have never once made a pass at me?"

His frowning eyes looked at her swiftly. "You want I should?"

"No, Chico, not that. It's just ——"

He leaned toward her a little. He didn't touch her at all. He just put his mouth on hers, and their lips, for one ecstatic instant, clung.

"Please go away now, Ronnie."

"I'll write you."

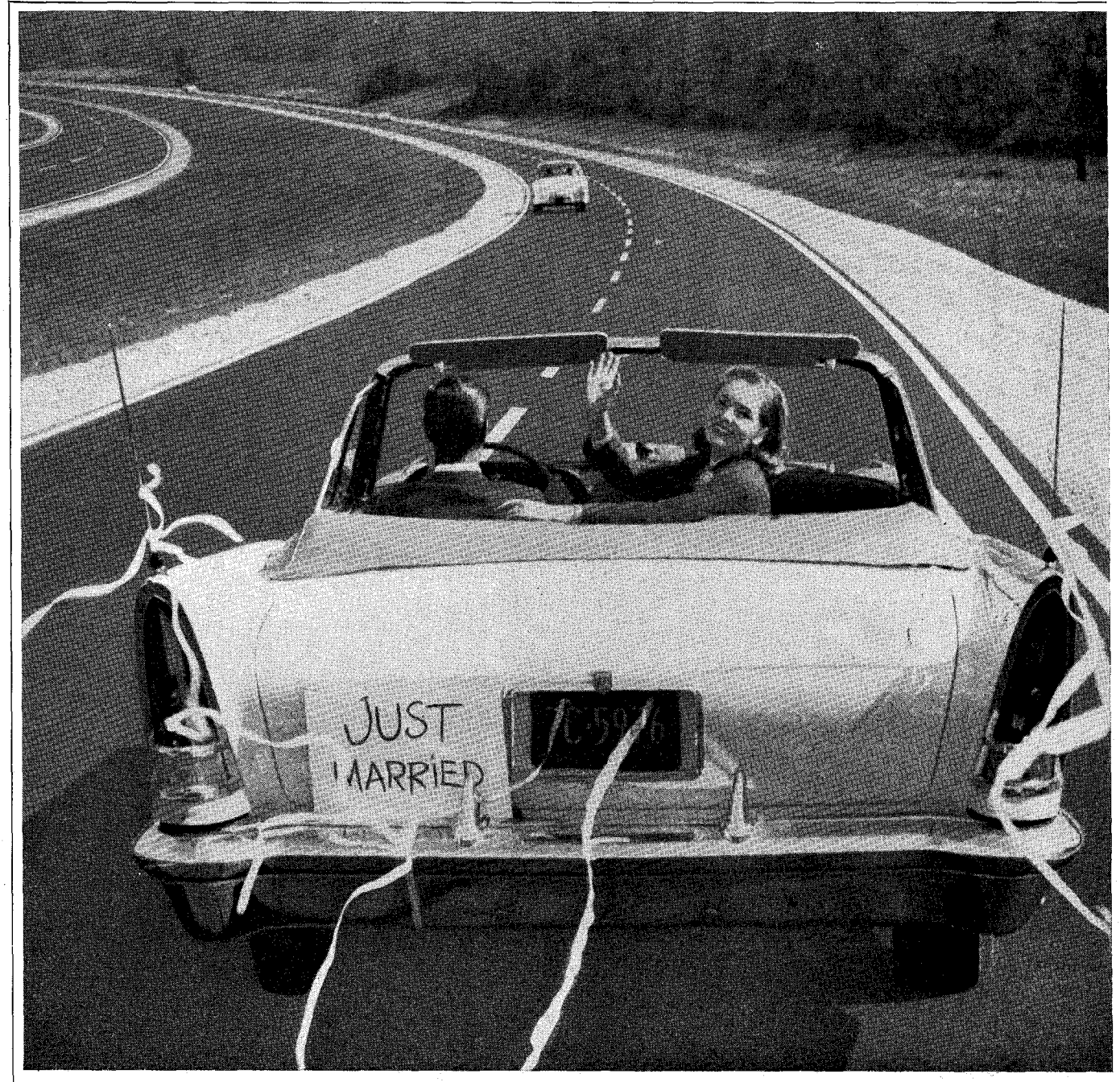
"Ain't had nobody write me for a long, long time. Now go away. And don't look back. Please, Ronnie, don't look back."

"Take care of yourself."

"You too."

She went away. Chico watched her. He fastened in his mind the lovely rhythm of her walking, the splendid carriage of her flaxen head. And when the morning came, four ships steamed out in column past Point Loma, dipping to the ground swell in their own white pools of foam. All standing westward, smoke haze at each funnel lip, after rifles glittering in early sunlight, signal halyards full. The Blenheim was the last in column. She remained in sight the longest, growing smaller. Blenheim was the last one swallowed in the vastness of the ocean and the cloudless sky.

That way the gray ships steam away, and those who serve them lock away in tightly dogged compartments what they have of joyful promise, hoping they will find it, still intact, if ever they return. Maybe that's what Chico did. When the long tour ended, Chico was the first one leaping to the float in San Diego sunlight from the liberty boat. He came striding



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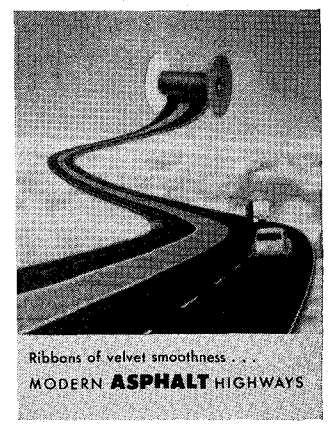

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up the ramp, heading straight for that bench. She was there, all right. She stood up at once.

"Chico!" she said in that fluting voice he remembered. "You look wonderful in whites. Ribbons and all." She saw the crow and the rate stripes on his arm. "Chico, you made first class!"

"Damn right!" said Chico. He gave her his cigarettes and his matches, as if he had never left. She lit one and gave it back. "Damn right!" said Chico, and they both sat down. "Ain't in the Blenheim any more. USS Theodore Parkinson. Fine new destroyer leader. You see her? The big one?" Chico pointed across the water. "That one there. She joined the homebound division in Pearl. I got transferred to her there." Chico grinned. "I got me a ten-day leave."

"Oh, I'm glad."

"Parkinson's skipper got selected captain way ahead of his time. Just heard it yesterday at sea. He's got detaching orders. Ship's throwing a farewell party for him. Wardroom and enlisted people. I want you should come on board."

"Now?"

"Now. ComCruDesPac is in the ship for the party already. New commanding admiral of Pacific cruisers and destroyers. That's his flag two-blocked at the yardarm." Chico sounded proud. "Maybe I'll see him. He'll recognize me." Chico's eyes were glowing. "Admiral Forest and me were ——"

"No!" The word slashed at him with ferocity. "No!" She was on her feet, hands tightly clenched. At the sound of an admiral's name, blue, blazing hatred leaped out from her eyes. She stood there, shaking with it. "Officers! They aren't human! That's him! I'll never forgive him! Never! He killed Charley! With the guns of his own ——"

"Ain't true." Chico was towering over her, his dark eyes wide. "Ain't true."

"It is true! He was a captain then. Is that why he's an admiral now?"

"Ronnie, sit down." Chico's voice had a hollow sound. "Now I know at last what you mean. I was there," he said. Chico's eyes were deep, sad pools of memory. "Sit down." She didn't stir, consumed by unforgiving hatred. She wouldn't look at him. Till suddenly his voice slapped at her harshly, "You—sit down!"

Then he was quiet beside her, face all twisted, trying to hunt out words. How do you tell a girl about the bleak, forbidding coast of Korea five thousand miles away? How do you let her hear the chatter of the wind against a tin can's splinter shield in darkness, signal halyards drumming, racing cloud aloft? How do you make her understand what three dark silhouettes offshore could mean to what was left of two marine platoons, pinned down and isolated on a blood-stained, hostile shore?

"There were a hundred and fifteen people on that beach," the voice of Chico's memory began to murmur. "Thirty-one of them wounded. Three ships of Desron Twelve went up from Hamhung Bay to get them off. I was in the Blaney. Captain Forest was squadron commodore. He came aboard my can for the operation, my old skipper in USS Beeler. He recognized me. He remembered Okinawa. He wanted a messenger he could trust, he told Commander Gorse, the Blaney's skipper. He asked for me. I was with him all the time."

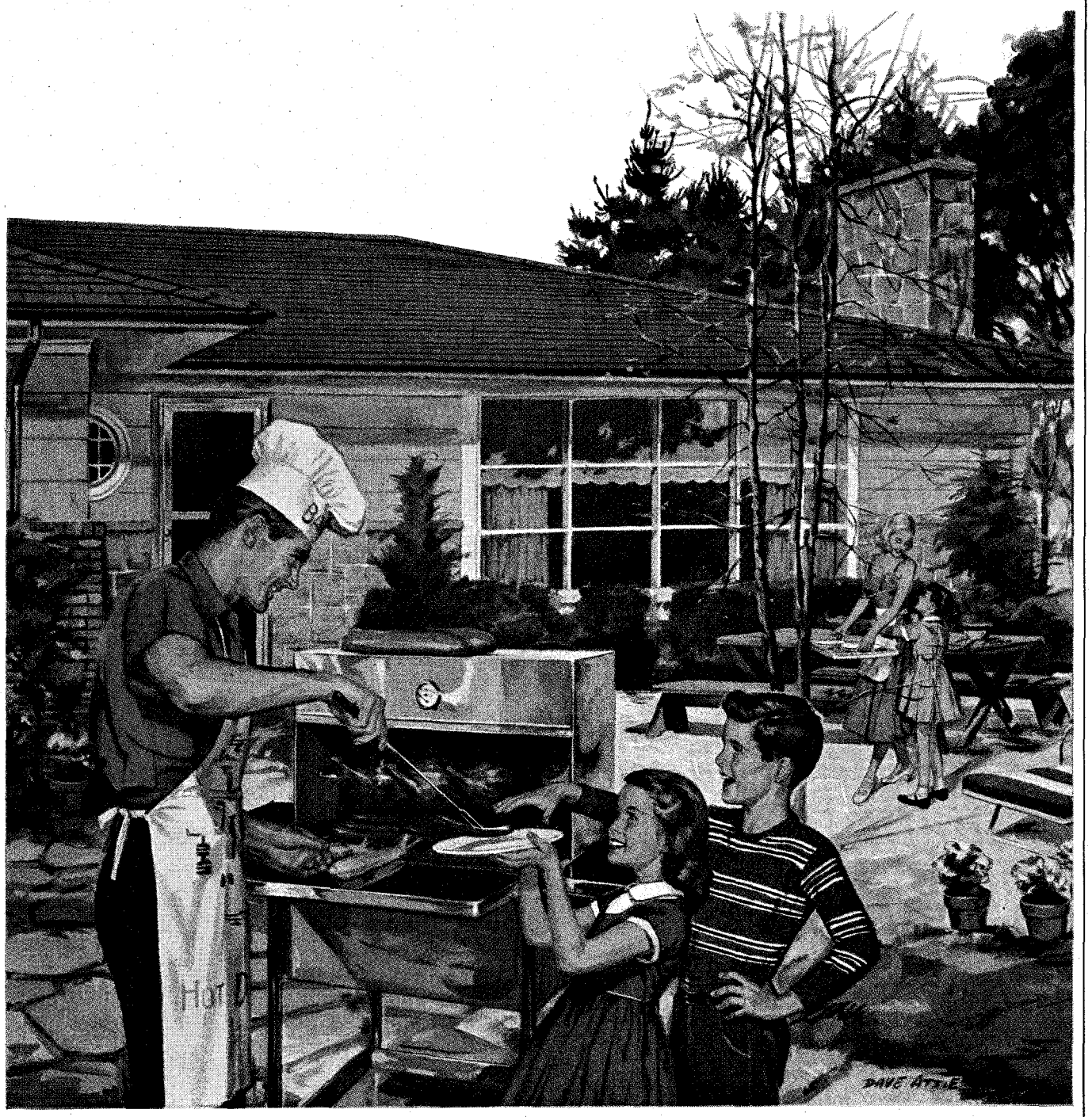
Chico's voice droned on. The Navy voice, flowing from the scarred, enlisted Navy face. Its sad and subtle power swallowed San Diego sunlight. In its spell that foreshore of the homeland vanished. Dark seas loomed instead, fitful starlight glinting on white crests of toppling ocean hills. Three ships of Desron Twelve in column off a rugged coast below the Hwangdan Cape. Command pennant rapping in the cold night wind at the signal yard aloft in USS John Blaney. Captain Forest in Blaney. Harry Chicone in Blaney too.

In Combat Information Center, Lieutenant Commander Rodney, Blaney's exec, returned from his mission to that beach, was reporting to Captain Forest and Blaney's skipper. Those three loomed large against the chart table in that place of shadows. Radar people peered intently at the dim-lit, sweeping scopes. Mutter of ranges and bearings. Ritual of a cabalistic trade. Voice crackling now and then on the TBS and the intercom. Chico was handing a mug of steaming coffee to the haggard-eyed exec.

"Thanks, son." The exec raised his eyes to Captain Forest. "No trouble with the rubber boat," he said. "Spoke to a Captain Jacobs. Surviving marine officer in command."

"I asked you to bring him off."

"Wouldn't come, sir. Says if they try to disembark with that battery of Seventy-sixes still zeroed in on the beach, they'll all be slaughtered. And if they don't get off, his people will fry where they are. He wouldn't come. He says he intends to fry with them." No one answered. Blaney's exec passed a palm across his cheek. "Battery is just beneath the brow of that hill." He stabbed a finger at the chart. "Captain Jacobs knows it. So do we. Four guns, he thinks, maybe five. They've had three air strikes at it. Napalm and high explosive. When the flyboys left, the Gooks sent one round splashing smack on the beach to show they still were there. Tried it ourselves this afternoon. Tossed



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out almost two hundred rounds. They never answer the fire. Refuse to betray the position. You know what happened, sir. When the bombarding column turned away, they slammed a single round down. Square on the beach again, fast. We couldn't spot it. Let us know they still were there. Captain Jacobs is positive their artillery is in a camouflaged cave or caves. Frontal assault is useless, sir. Even if they managed to overrun the guns, there'd be damn few left for us to take off."

Lieutenant Commander Rodney gulped his steaming coffee. Captain Forest's deep voice rumbled from his chest, "Direct hits would do it. The battery must be silenced. Pin-point fire. Nothing else."

"Yes, sir. Captain Jacobs said the same." The exec's eyes narrowed. He swallowed hard. "He says he knows how. Requests permission to try."

"Go on."

"One man, sir. Volunteer. Knows the terrain. Made patrols. Alone, he can get up close. Maybe less than fifty yards. He'll set a pile of gas-soaked faggots at one flank of the battery caves. Put a fuse train to it. By the time it starts to burn, he'll be at the other end of the gun emplacements, ready to set off another bonfire there. Give us a clean, straight line of position. Pin-point fix. We could slam the salvos right on top of ——"

"Of him!"

"Well, yes, sir. On top of him too."

"Does Captain Jacobs intend to go himself?"

"He didn't say, sir. I didn't ask. They are guarding our radio frequency. Maybe the Gooks are too. So all he wants is a Roger. If you concur, the time would be zero four hundred, sir. I think that's all."

Stillness then in CIC. Stillness undisturbed by crackling static from an open mike, by one low voice that droned a radar bearing. In that place of ghostly light and shadow, no one stirred. Decision always comes like this, and one man always bears it. Captain Forest, squadron commodore, large and silent, eyes a little narrowed, head tipped back, stood in solitude. Small, fateful moments ticked away. He looked at no one. There was no help there. His voice was singularly quiet when he spoke, "Give him an affirmative."

So, in ink-black night, three ships of Desron Twelve stood slowly north and east in column, and the sea wind knifed against the splinter shield of leading USS John Blaney. That's where Captain Forest stood, glasses against his chest. And Chico stood behind him. Somewhere westward where the land loomed, one man prowled a rugged slope, alone with terror, holding death a careless thing to offer for his brothers. Sea noise slapped the Blaney's swinging hull. The signal halyards stuttered. Commander Gorse stood silently beside his commodore.

"That man deserves the highest commendation," Captain Forest said to Blaney's skipper. "I intend to see he gets it." He turned his head. "Chicone! I asked you to get the name of that man from CIC for me."

"Yes, sir. They asked." Chico's eyes looked strange. "It's a lieutenant, sir. A lieutenant of marines. He ——"

"Blast it! What's his name?"

"Forest, sir." Chico drew himself erect. "Lieutenant Charles C. Forest, Jr.," Chico's sad voice said.

The commodore was staring at him. Commander Gorse spun round. He stared at Chico too. The Blaney dipped her head into the ground swell, sent a collapsing spatter of sprays aboard. The old, familiar noise, the chatter of the night wind, never touched essential stillness. It remained intact.

"Fifteen minutes, sir," the talker droned.

They stood like that on Blaney's bridge, engulfed in stillness, central in the core of it. Was this how Abraham, the patriarch, considered what was asked of him? His son, Isaac, on the altar and the sacrificial knife in his own hand upheld? The commodore turned slowly, facing forward, wanting no one any longer to observe the anguish in his eyes.

"Ten minutes, sir."

"If you'd permit it," Commander Gorse said softly, "I—I request permission, sir, to take over the tactical command."

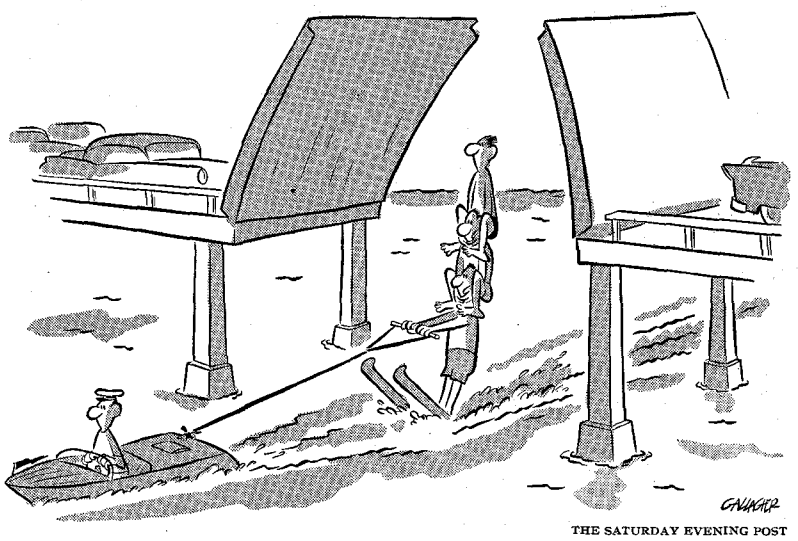
"Negative!" The word spat out of Captain Forest's agony. He knew what Blaney's skipper meant, offering relief to him of the responsible, the final thrust, the way a messenger from heaven did for Abraham. Then his quiet voice said, "You are not God's angel."

"Five minutes, sir."

The ships of Desron Twelve slipped slowly through the water, accurate in time and space. A feeble glimmer showed up suddenly in darkness, far off where the land hills blackly loomed against the sky. Instants later, in a line across that same dark hill, another point of light began to glow. The gun mounts rumbled. All the 5-inch rifles trembled, snouting shoreward, steadied, locked down on the target. And across the water now the flames leaped up, two blazing beacons marking where the gun emplacements were, marking where a boy was tossing freely to destruction all the hope he had so he could offer hope to others.

Captain Forest's hands were on the splinter shield, the knuckles showing white. His voice was hollow. "Open fire!" he said.

The guns spewed tongues of flaming thunder. Sheets of weird light flailed the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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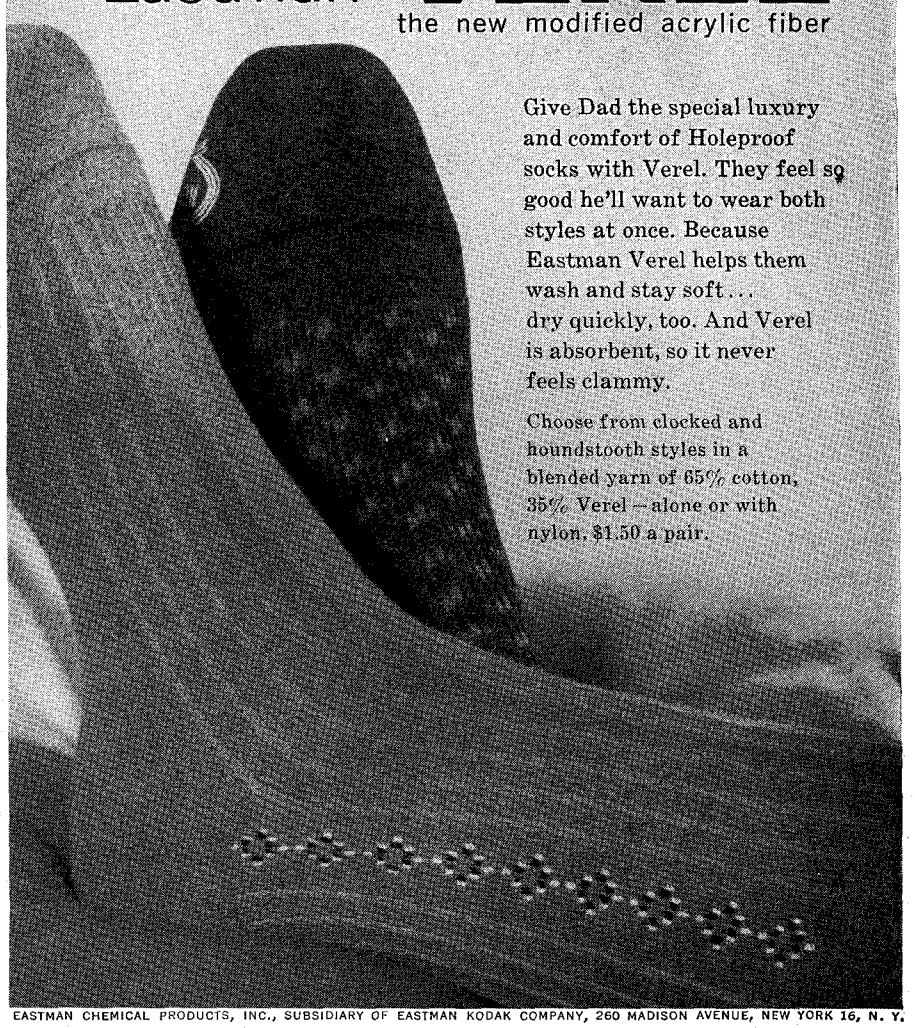

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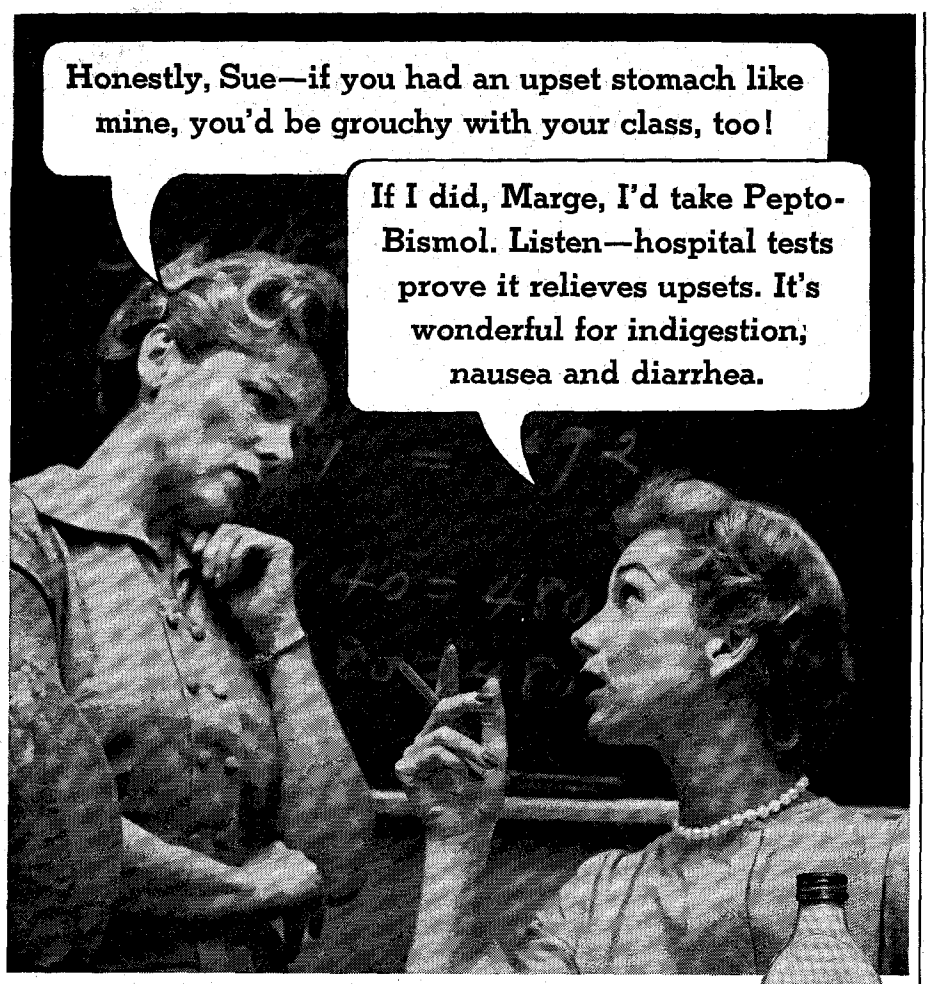
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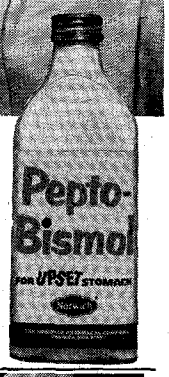

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decks, stabbed out across black water. Salvos crashed down on the land, erupting with explosion bursts. When the column of bombardment turned away at last, the squadron commodore still stood there by the splinter shield of Blaney. He was fumbling for his cigarettes, his head a little bowed. His hands were shaking. Chico saw it. He stepped forward. In silence, Chico handed one of his to Capt. Charles C. Forest. It was lit.

"Thank you, son."

That's how it happened, southward of the Hwangdan Cape. In the pale, cold dawn the men came safely off that blood-stained beach. The raw-eyed men, the wounded. All of them. All except Lt. Charles C. Forest, Jr. He alone remained. Hostage to their fortune. Burden lifted. Dreadful burden at its end. Captain Forest bore it still. . . .

That's what Chico told the girl with flaxen hair, droning to her on a bench in San Diego sunlight. He was drained now. He was empty. Still, against the warmth and quietness, he told her, "Takes a lot to be an officer. To be a good one. Takes an awful lot. Maybe that's why he's an admiral."

She sat beside him, proud head bent. She sat in silence. Chico's dark eyes blinked. He waited. He was waiting for a sign. Would her hatred end? If it didn't, then his own self-hatred wouldn't either. Chico would be lost again. She would be too. They'd be in bondage still. If the forgiveness came from her, he could at last forgive himself. He blinked again, his big paws patient on his knees.

Until he heard her voice say gently, "I must see him, Chico. I must tell him I am sorry. Can you take me to him now?"

He did. That's why he climbed the ladders with her in Destroyer Leader USS Theodore Parkinson, telling Buzzman in the passageway they had to see the admiral. That's how it happened that a beat-up, three-hash-mark bos'n's mate—only first class, at that!—and a long-legged girl with flaxen hair were asked for coffee into the cabin of a two-star flag. Buzzman didn't understand it. He was sure destroyer people were all half nuts. Maybe the orderly was right. But behind the closed door of that sailor room, the girl spoke simply, telling him the things she had to. And the big man listened and a slow smile touched his steel-gray eyes. He looked as if a weight had at last been lifted from him.

"I am grateful that you came. Thank you, Ronnie, my dear. I have always hoped you would." His large head turned. "Chicone, I'm glad you brought her." The sad fire flashed between them, the way it had before. It went out at once. "I see, Chicone," Admiral Forest said, "I see your hands are not trembling any more."

"No, sir." Chico was reaching forward, holding a lighted match to the admiral's cigarette. The admiral's hands were resting on the table's edge. They shook a little. He controlled it well. "No, sir," Chico said. "Whenever they did, Ronnie put her hand on mine. It stopped the trembling right away. Don't hardly bother me at all no more."

"Will you do something for me, admiral?" The girl's voice fluted clearly. "I hope to be married soon. I would think it a very great honor if you would give the bride away."

Admiral Forest looked at her sharply. Then he looked back at Chico. His eyes began to dance. "Chicone?" he murmured. "You?"

"I ——" Chico sat at an admiral's table, gaping. "I dunno, sir," he blurted. "I ain't had nerve enough to ask her yet."

"Blast it, you fool! She's just got done asking you!"

"Ronnie, I ——" Chico forgot all about the admiral. He was looking at her, the hope and the longing in his eyes. "You ever take a look at my face? You ever take a good look, Ronnie?"

"I looked, Chico. I took a good look long ago."

"Chicone," Admiral Forest's large voice boomed, "so help me, if you don't marry her, I'll bust you all the way back to seaman recruit!" He chuckled. "But the day you do, you've made chief again."

Then Chico and Ronnie were standing. Chico in sparkling whites, all the ribbons on his chest. Chico at straight and proud attention. They were ready to leave, those two. It was time they left together. The admiral was about to stand up. He meant to show them to his door. Before he did, the girl stepped toward him, reaching down. She put her hand on his.

"Thank you, sir," she said.

Looking at Ronnie's hand on his, he felt its warmth and its tenderness. His steel-gray eyes, the stern, the dedicated Navy eyes, were touched by gentleness when he looked up again.

"Chicone, it worked for you," Admiral Forest said. His voice was grave. "Maybe it will work for me." THE END

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Gamest Fish in the Pond

(Continued from Page 36)

"But there are bass in it," I insisted, striving to make my voice firm. "Big ones. We were just unlucky enough to come here when they were in their summer sulks, that's all. But that is a condition which can change quickly. Any minute they could start hitting."

"You've been feeding me that line for hours!" Hayden grumbled. "What I want to know is when's that big minute coming? Next Thanksgiving? Next Christmas? Or maybe you mean next ——"

Blue jays suddenly clamored in a thicket on the bank alongside us, cutting Hayden short. They made such a commotion that Hayden and I, forgetting our own differences, craned our necks to discover the cause.

Apparently one of the jays had fallen into the bad graces of his four companions. Ganging up on him, these now drove him from the thicket. As he chattered his denials, the unpopular jay hopped to a high limb to shriek his protests. His vociferous self-defense, however, failed to impress the others, whose buffeting wings and stabbing bills soon forced him to retreat to a perch nearer the water. Routed from there, the outcast made another desperate stand on a bush drooping low over a bed of pond lilies. His pursuers, spying our canoe, flew off.

But the jay on the drooping bush was too overwrought to be concerned with Hayden and me. Full of vocal glee at the departure of his rude companions, the jay bobbed up and down on his slender perch like a diver on a springboard. At times his brilliant tail feathers nearly brushed the water.

Unhappily his glee was not long to endure, for suddenly the water underneath his tail boiled; a sound similar to a horse yanking his hoof out of sucking mud followed the boiling; particles of spray flew skyward, and out of the spray leaped a chunky black bass. Gills flaring, his jaws snapped shut in mid-air. He missed the jay's tail by the thickness of a piece of tissue paper.

In terror, the jay hopped a yard into the air. There he hovered as he stared at the unanticipated enemy. What he saw wasn't to his liking. With a cry of alarm, the jay whirled and flapped to a retreat across the lake. Still the bass gave chase, rising above the surface of the water twice as he sought to pounce on the shadow cast by the fleeing jay.

"Wow!" cried Hayden, now beside himself with excitement. "Did you see the size of that bass?"

"He's an old lunker, all right," I said. Then, delving into my tackle box, I produced a noisy top-water plug. "Here, put this on your line and cast it to the edge of those lilies. That bass'll be back. He's so riled up now he might strike."

The plug settled near the lilies. Hayden let it rest on the surface for perhaps a minute. Then he reeled in slack line and gave his rod a hard twitch. The plug spoke, saying "Blurp." Hayden rested it a few more seconds and then made it talk again.

This time the lake under Hayden's plug exploded, an upheaval accompanied by a sound you could duplicate by smacking the flat side of a board against a pool. Broken waters were hurled far and wide. Some of them drenched the leaves of the bush where the jay had perched. Hayden's plug wasn't around there any more. It had been carried to a point fifteen feet away, as we knew when the bass, making another gill-rattling leap, revealed it hanging from his lower jaw.

We had four more glimpses of the plug before that sky-reaching bass was led to the net. In between leaps this six-pounder tried to rid himself of the hook by alternating long, boring runs, course-switching lunges and thrashing rolls. Before the tussle was half over, the sparkle in Hayden's eyes matched that of the sunbeams.

"Say, dad," he asked after his bass had been creeled, "have you ever seen a black bass try to catch a blue jay before?"

From thirty years of fishing for black bass, I could tell him that they not infrequently attack birds. Once I saw a bass jump at, and catch, a bobolink heedless enough to perch on a stalk of cattail bending its head over Chauncey Pond, in Central Massachusetts. Another bass, a resident of Connecticut's Bantam Lake, enjoyed a more elegant meal when he snatched two baby wood ducks that had only a few seconds before dropped out of their nest. I was on this same lake one evening at dusk when a bass made a lunge at a bat skimming over the water for insects. The fish succeeded in striking a wing tip.

Before that floundering bat could organize himself for an escape, the bass pounced again and secured a fatal hold. A kingfisher that had just dived and caught a minnow was more fortunate. Although the rush of a bass forced him to drop his meal, the kingfisher escaped without injury.

Black bass often assault the smaller members of the mammal world. Rats, mice, young squirrels and baby muskrats are in danger of being gulped into oblivion when mischance places them in or around waters inhabited by sizable bass. I was once watching a young gray squirrel crawling toward an acorn along a branch of an oak which a gale had toppled into a pond. His belly was only a few inches above the water. Then suddenly a bass leaped, missing him narrowly. The squirrel retreated, only to be cut off by the lunge of a second bass. He turned indecisively, his undoing. The first bass rocketed upward and tore the squirrel from the branch. The muddy bubbles that riled the water suggested that that pair of bass had a ripsnorting battle over the division of the spoils.

Reptiles are far from safe when big bass are on the feed. Snakes half as long as a man's arm are seized and swallowed; in fact, forays against the reptile kingdom are carried even farther. Every once in a while the gullet of a deep-bellied southland bass reveals an infant alligator.

The aggressive disposition of the black bass hasn't gone unheralded. Among millions of anglers, bass are overwhelming favorites, even trout running a poor second. At least two thirds of the freshwater fishing tackle manufactured in the United States has been designed basically with bass in mind. Probably the greatest compliment ever paid them issued from the pen of James A. Henshall, a Cincinnati physician and ardent angler. Doctor Henshall authored, in 1881, the Book of the Black Bass, a volume which projected bass into the limelight of the angling world. In it was the oft-quoted description of the fighting quality of the black bass, "Inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

Probably the most convincing demonstration of the lionheartedness of black bass comes when the water temperatures of spring rise to between sixty and sixty-five degrees. This is the season for nest building and spawning, duties which occupy the full attention of the males.

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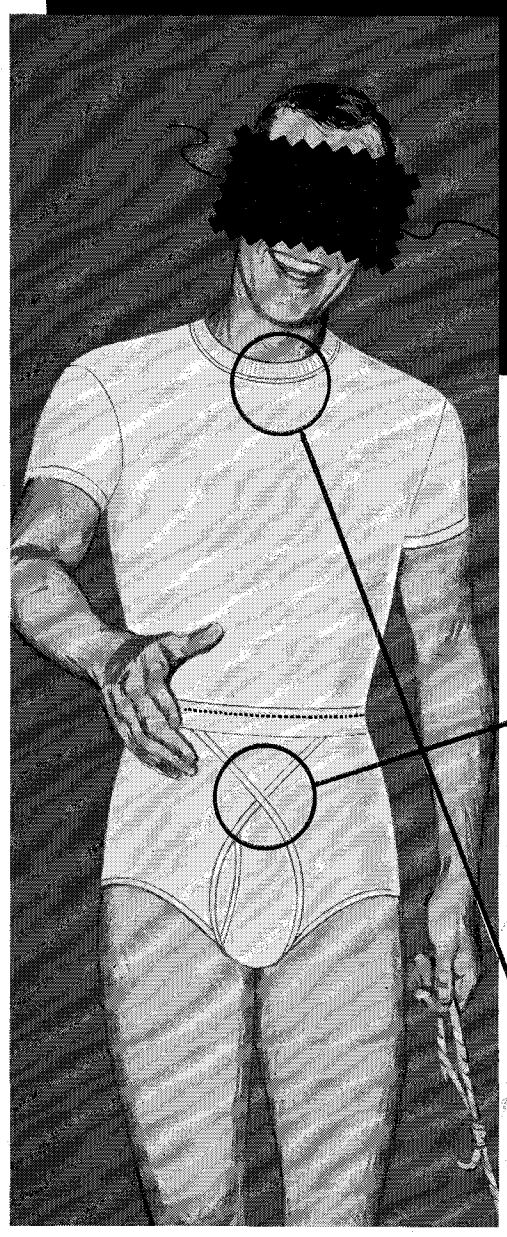

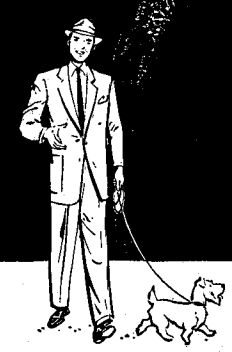

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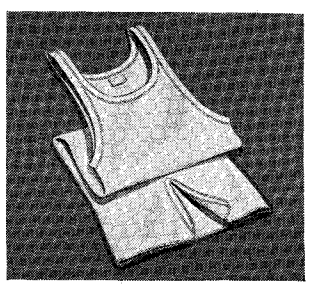

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are the responsibility of the male bass. His future wives have no choice whatever in the matter. Generally he chooses a spot in water which averages between two and four feet in depth, shallow enough to be warmed by the sun. The bottom may be either soft mud or loose gravel, although in waters crowded by a heavy bass population, a nest-building future father will be satisfied with a mass of dead leaves, roots or other vegetation.

Once he has made up his mind as to location, the male bass moves in and, with sweeping movements of his tail, clears an area of two or three feet of silt and debris, a chore which requires a day or two. In any event, he will not be satisfied until no stones, loose sticks or other alien matter mars his nest, so immaculate a housekeeper does he become. I've seen spawning areas in which there were as many as a dozen male bass working at their nests side by side, sometimes not more than a yard apart. Never have I seen any of these industrious fellows pay the slightest attention to another.

This policy of nonaggression doesn't apply, however, to other creatures or objects. It is at this season that the father bass is in his most bellicose frame of mind. Should a dead leaf or a twig drop over his nest, he will attack it savagely. He will also turn bouncer when other breeds of fish stray too close, including such formidable predatory types as pickerel and pike. Wading dogs may be rushed at, and now and then the boots of an angler, seeking early-season game, will be struck by an outraged black bass into whose nest he has unwittingly trespassed. That is why many states, particularly those of the heavily fished East, close the fishing season on black bass until spawning days are over. The male guardians of the spawning beds now strike too recklessly at intruding objects, including lures.

A certain raccoon that I knew showed a flagrant disregard for Connecticut's conservation laws which protect black bass on their spawning beds. This fellow was a pet that was allowed to roam at large over the grounds of Deer Lake, a children's summer camp which boasts of excellent bass water. One day I saw him climb out along an oak branch which hung low over a spawning bed. From there he watched the water below intently for a few minutes. Then, lowering one of his forepaws, he swished lightly at the surface.

Almost at once, there was a commotion below as a big bass boiled into action and flew upward in a spectacular leap, completely exposed. There was a lightning thrust of paw, a flying tackle, a crippling bite, a bear hug. Soon both coon and bass came splashing to shore.

Barring calamity, however, the male bass soon has his nest presentable and ready for the visit of a female ripe for spawning. Unlike many other males, the bass doesn't sally forth to search for a mate, for he is confident that the ladies will seek him out. It is a faith which is always rewarded, sometimes fourfold.

Lady black bass approach the waiting nests cautiously, keeping their distance until they've seen a display of masculine vigor they deem satisfactory. To gain approval, the male spreads his fins and struts in a piscatorial version of a peacock. If he succeeds in convincing her of his prowess, the female, half driven and half guided by him, moves into the nest and there they join in a courtship "dance," a ritual which begins with graceful approach and retreat, and then develops into slow, circular sweeps of the nest until, side by side, she deposits the eggs he fertilizes with his milt. From 2000 to 12,000 eggs are placed in the nest during a single courtship, and their weight may be as much as a fourth of the female's. After the spawn has been ejected, the male edges the female out of the nest, fans the eggs and waits for another caller.

There is little rest for the male bass even after the spawnings are completed. For a week or more he remains on duty as the protector of the nest, a job requiring constant vigilance. Most other fish look upon bass eggs as one of nature's best sources of caviar and, unless driven off, will filch them. Bottom-rooting fish, such as carp and bullheads, stir up silt which cuts off the oxygen supply from the eggs. That means more fanning for the male. Sometimes water temperatures drop enough to render the eggs sterile. Should this happen, the father starts another brood.

The mother bass continues to have no maternal worries even after the young are hatched. Requiring no feeding, they come into the world with built-in pantries in the form of egg-yolk sacs attached to their bodies. On these they feed, huddled together in the nest in what looks like a dense cloud until the sac is consumed. During this helpless stage they are guarded zealously by the father, which abandons its role of kindly parent only after they become old enough to seek for themselves insects and other forms of animal life. He abandons the role savagely, for now he seeks to devour his young, an about-face which scatters them into the protection of dense vegetation and shoal water. Those that survive grow to a size of ten inches in two or three years, depending on the abundance of food.

As we know it today, the general designation "black bass" includes the three leading branches of the family—largemouths, smallmouths and spotted bass, all of which are related to the smaller and less-rambunctious sunfish, crappies and rock bass. When Doctor Henshall coined his famous inch-for-inch, pound-for-pound statement, he had the smallmouth in mind. Many anglers still agree with him and give the smallmouth an edge over the largemouth as a scrapper; others don't. There are also thousands who have difficulty distinguishing the three species of black bass, so nearly identical are they in appearance and so much do local water conditions and food supplies affect coloring and shape. Positive identification requires careful examination and a knowledge of geographical distribution and habitat.

Smallmouths aren't present in the Gulf States. More discriminating about the waters in which they dwell, they prefer lively streams and cool lakes with bottoms of gravel; and many anglers, equally discriminating, engage the services of bush pilots, or embark on strenuous canoe portages, in order to reach them in the remote waters of our Northern states and Canada. There are, however, many waters populated by both smallmouths and largemouths. In these, the simplest way to distinguish the smallmouth from the largemouth is by determining whether the mouth extends behind a line drawn vertically down from the eye. If it doesn't, the fish is a smallmouth. Spotted, or Kentucky, bass may also be distinguished from largemouths by the same vertical line, and they are also marked more vividly with spots on their upper sides. Anglers who are in doubt as to whether they've caught a smallmouth or a spotted bass settle the argument by rubbing a thumb along the tongue of the fish in question. If the tongue is rough, the bass is of the spotted variety. Spotted bass, incidentally, aren't found north of Lower Illinois.

The three species of black bass vary considerably in size. In this, the largemouth has a big edge. Caught in Georgia in 1932, the record largemouth weighed twenty-two pounds, four ounces. The kingpin smallmouth, landed in Kentucky in 1955, registered eleven pounds and fifteen ounces. Measuring thirty-two and one-half inches, the champion largemouth was more than five inches longer than the smallmouth titleholder. Spotted bass, on the other hand, rarely grow beyond fifteen inches in length.

To the majority of bass fishermen, the largemouth is the best known. That is because he is more plentiful, widespread and easier to reach. The largemouth is probably the most hardy and adaptable of our fresh-water game fins, a type capable of thriving under water conditions found in most latitudes of continental United States. In northern lakes where ice freezes a yard thick, he buries himself in muddy bottoms and, taking a cue from the groundhog, hibernates the winter away, as does the smallmouth. The largemouth, however, is better equipped to thrive in brackish bayous and steaming cypress swamps where water temperatures climb to around ninety degrees. Here he requires only a few lily pads or hyacinths for protection. Nor does it daunt the largemouth if a little brine is mixed with his home waters, as Virginia's Back Bay, a 25,000-acre bassing Eldorado, has proved. Largemouths have become so abundant in this part of the Old Dominion that fishery biologists estimate that its waters can easily withstand twenty-five times the current fishing pressure.

Often the waters the largemouth inhabits seem unattractive. But the largemouth has chosen them because on their fertile black bottoms grows vegetation which nourishes and shelters small marine life and the larvae of such insects as the dragonfly, a staple for young bass. Mud is the home of the crawfish, a luscious crustacean that crawls backward. Here the calico frog creeps over arrowweed after insects, his feeding movements stirring the semaphores which tip off his presence to lurking bass. Smaller fish invade those areas to gorge on larvae and insect hatches and are, in turn, devoured by largemouths.

Both the largemouth and the smallmouth are much more widely distributed today than they were years ago. Records show that, less than a century ago, they were strangers to most waters of the New England states. Massachusetts, borrowing from New York's Lake Champlain, introduced them into the Bay State in 1860. New York obtained her start as a bassing state around 1825, when the Erie Canal linked the Hudson River with the Great Lakes. The Potomac River received her first colony of bass in 1854. In that year Gen. William W. Shriver brought thirty of the fish from the Ohio drainage of West Virginia in a perforated bucket which was suspended in the reserve water tank of one of the Baltimore & Ohio's wood-burning locomotives. Surviving that rigorous journey, this group of scaled pilgrims played an important role in founding the vast bass fishery of the Middle Atlantic states. Later on, as transportation expanded westward, bass moved with it. California now furnishes some of the best bass fishing.

The widespread distribution of black bass occurred largely because of changes wrought by man. When I was as young as my son, Hayden, bass were strangers to the waters of my section of Connecticut. The sovereigns of our inland waters were the native speckled brook trout. They flourished in streams which ran cool and clear through wooded areas not yet heavily deforested and which formed deep pools as they meandered through meadows and marshes. There the trout found cover abundant enough to furnish sanctuary, a high water table in periods of drought, and water temperatures cool enough for survival. Farmers in those days never got the notion that felling the mossy old oaks, maples and birches of wetlands, clearing vines and underbrush, and building dams to impound quick waters contributed much to the improvement of the landscape. That didn't start to come about until rusticating New Yorkers and Jerseyites, buying up the farms and improving them with ideas borrowed from Central Park, came along. I was in my teens when that trend began.

Vivid in my boyhood recollections is a jewel of a trout brook which wound through the hinterland of the nearby town of Killingworth. It was to this brook that one of my (*Continued on Page 138*)

"Edith, I want a girl who likes me for what I am—unemployed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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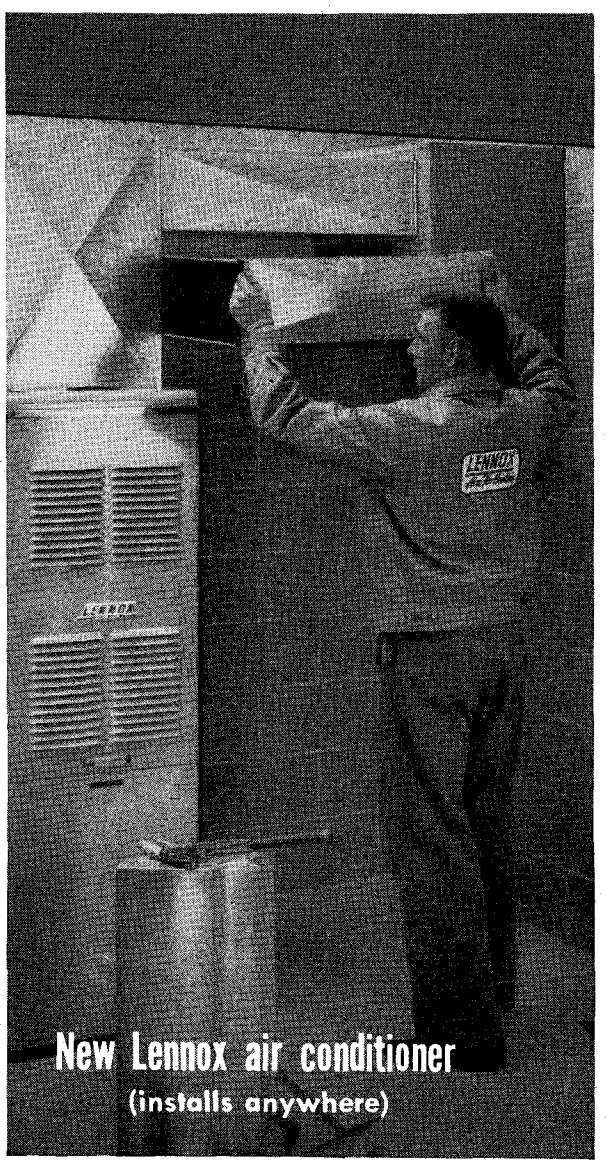

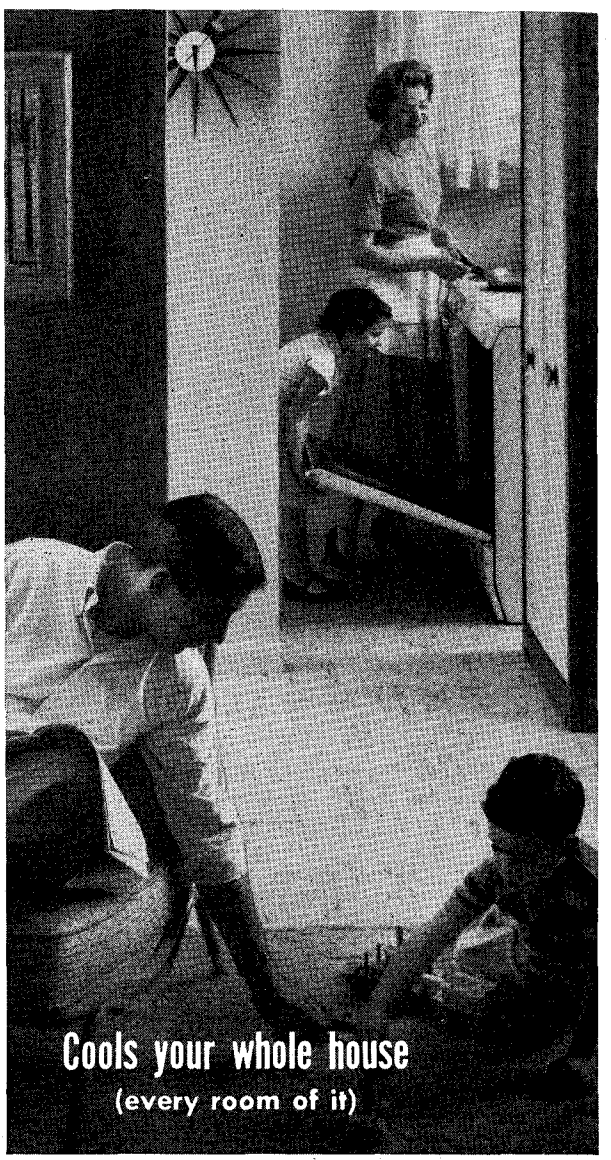

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It's the amazing new Lennox Stowaway Air Conditioner . . .

now available for custom-installation by your local Lennox Comfort Craftsman

Why enjoy air conditioning in just *part* of your house for just *part* of the day or night? You can afford better than that—now!

Lennox, world leader in the science of conditioning air, has developed a remarkable new air-cooled *whole-house* air conditioner that's surprisingly economical to install, operate and maintain. *It costs no more over the years you enjoy it than you spend on cigarettes—even if your family smokes as little as two packs a day!*

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Called the Lennox Stowaway, this new air conditioner has been specially designed for low-cost installation in any home—no matter how it's designed or heated. It requires no plumbing, no water tower, no expensive wiring; can be neatly "stowed away" in an attic, basement or crawl space, or outside on a roof or concrete slab. If you have a warm air heating system of any make, you're really lucky, of course, because you can then use your furnace ducts and registers. But since the Lennox Stowaway air conditioner requires only the simplest type of ductwork, it can also be economically installed in homes with hot water, steam or radiant heat; or with a space heater, wall heaters or floor furnace.

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And what about operating costs? To cool and dehumidify the air throughout your house, the Stowaway uses definitely *less electricity* than many other air-cooled air conditioners of similar capacity. Two compressors assure a constant comfortable balance of temperature and humidity. Lennox Stowaway units of 2-ton, 3¼-ton capacities—also 5-ton single-compressor model—are now available for custom-installation by your Lennox Comfort Craftsman. See him today, or write Lennox, Marshalltown, Iowa for information.

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(*Continued from Page 136*) neighbors, chugging over dusty roads in a Franklin car, had taken me several times for creels of specklers. Unfortunately for me, that neighbor moved away, and several seasons went by without my sampling the joys of wetting a line in its trout-rich pools. Then, at long last, I became old enough and rich enough to own a bicycle. One of my first journeys was to the brook.

I arrived to find that things had undergone a drastic change. My surprise was staggering when, instead of the brook flowing through the meadow, I encountered a large pond. I stood on its concrete dam and stared in wonderment. Then, collecting myself, I began fly casting along the edges, catching only a few of the pickerel that were beginning to colonize those waters. Not a single trout did I raise.

Finally, I took a position on a sloping bank which ended at a shaded cove and worm-fished with a floater in the hope that I could collect a few bullheads for supper. My decision to try float fishing turned out to be a milestone of my angling life, for it resulted in a brawl with a black bass, my first.

My rod was lying on the bank alongside me as I, propped against a tree, idly stared at the quiet waters. Without a tremor of warning, my cork floater suddenly plummeted out of sight. An instant later the line tightened and followed it. Then the rod was yanked violently. It tumbled down the bank and landed in the water with a loud splash.

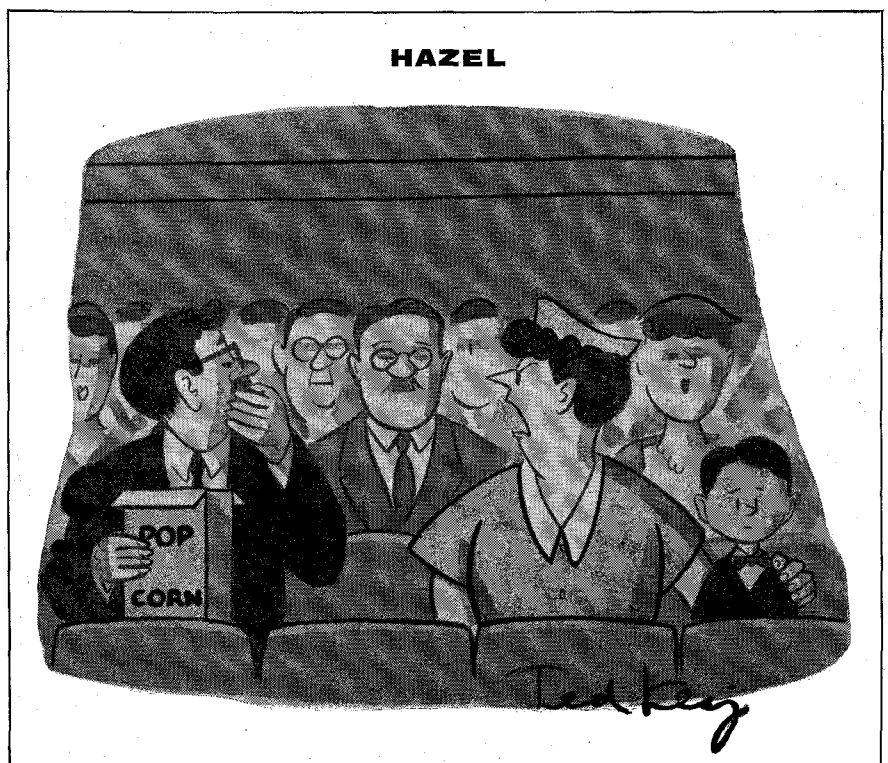
The next splash was even louder. I made it when I jumped into the pond and clawed frantically at my rod. Successful in grabbing it, I stood up, chest-deep in water, and raised the straining rod high above my head. That was the moment when the bass that had grabbed my bait took to the air. Although the unaccustomed sight nonplused me a bit, I hung onto my rod and played the bass as he jumped, lunged and rolled. After a while I managed to tire that cavorting fish, a five-pounder, sufficiently to slip my fingers under his gills and heave him far up the bank. Then, wet and bedraggled, I extricated myself from mud halfway up to my knees and panted in admiration over my prize. No longer did I brood darkly over lost trouting grounds.

Since that memorable day I've learned that black bass have a flair for getting anglers into fiendish predicaments by striking at inopportune times. Several times I've seen one strike while an angler, his plug riding on the water, was unraveling a bird's nest in his reel. I've seen them snap rods in two by hitting when slack line was wound around the tip. One day I lost a favorite plug which bore the honorable scars of battle when an unnoticed snarl in the reel caused a backlash and a parted line. The plug flew fifty feet, landing among lilies. As I began paddling to retrieve it, out came a bass, grabbed the plug and departed.

A water spaniel was accompanying his master when a mishap caused their canoe to overturn. Encumbered by the rod he had clung to, the man called the spaniel to him, placed the rod in the animal's mouth and dispatched him toward shore, for the dog had been trained to swim after and retrieve sticks. In his confusion, however, the angler had forgotten to reel in the line and the lure which ran out of the tip of the rod. When the spaniel had nearly reached shore, a black bass struck. Although the force of the fish's lunge gave him several uncomfortable moments and a few head duckings, the spaniel was a plucky and determined dog. He hung onto the rod until his master could reach him and land the bass.

The activity which black bass cram into their lives is exceeded only by that of the multitudes of anglers who go after them with rod and reel. A true bass fisherman actually never stops fishing. Off season, he pores over lore on the influence of winds, solunar periods and water temperatures. Diligently he studies articles and photographs in outdoor magazines for techniques which will improve his own. Like a jeweler appraising gems, he passes many a winter evening hefting and examining plugs that float and sink, spoons that dive and gyre, and spinner combinations which function like whirligigs.

By the time the first hint of warm weather is in the air, he has made up his mind which of the new, expertly engineered lures he needs for his tackle box and, as in a trance, drifts into sporting-goods stores to acquire them. So many lures are manufactured for bass today that it is virtually impossible for an angler to own a sample of each, let alone carry them to the fishing grounds.



"Louder. We can hear the dialogue."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is also impossible to find anything which flies, crawls, walks or swims that resembles many of the best bassing lures. That doesn't make much difference, however, as the best ones were designed to imitate the antics of the creatures upon which bass feed. Floating surface models are given action with stiff twitches of the rod and quick cranks of the reel. The resulting racket would scare many fish out of their wits, but it only excites bass. Undersurface lures, such as spoons and sinking plugs and spinner combinations, are reeled with varying tempos, mostly offbeat; and the deep-runners attract their game with bounces and rises.

Wags have said that many of the lush color combinations found on bass lures were contrived to catch fishermen rather than fish. This is only partly true, for there is evidence that bass, though nearsighted, are color-conscious. I became convinced of this after a friend of mine set up a glass water tank in which he placed a sizable bass. He had borrowed the idea from an experimental laboratory dedicated to settling the undying argument as to whether bass can tell colors apart. He wired it up in such a way that the fish could be given a light charge of electricity. Then he dropped a goldfish into the tank. Every time the bass made a lunge at the goldfish, he was given a shock. Finally he gave up. Later other fish were dropped, and these the bass was allowed to devour comfortably. He grew fat on minnows, whose shade varied from silver to brown, without any subsequent electric charge, but he never again molested a goldfish.

The fact that bass show a marked preference for certain colors is often demonstrated on the fishing grounds, as the late George Sessions Perry, a Texas basser who thoroughly understood the art of leading black bass to their doom, once proved to me. A heavy largemouth had struck at, and narrowly missed, one of his red-and-white plugs. George immediately changed to a silver plug of the same model, cast it several times, and then exchanged it for another of identical shape enameled black and yellow. Finally, he switched back to the original red-and-white job. The bass rose and inhaled it almost instantly.

"It'll work nine times out of ten," explained George. "If you get a miss on a certain color combination, the thing to do is parade other colors before the fish for a while. Then you'll get him when you serve up the original colors."

During the past decade the spinning rod, which combines the qualities of the bait caster and the fly rod, has come into extensive use in bass fishing. And there are select groups who prefer the fly rod—baited, perhaps, with wet or dry fly or maybe a popping bug. But the most widely used tackle is still the short bait-casting rod and the multiplying reel.

Despite the popularity of artificial lures, the use of such natural baits as minnows, crawfish, worms, frogs, lamprey eels, young mice, grasshoppers and hellgrammites is still widespread. Nor have modern rods of split-bamboo sections, metal alloys and glass entirely replaced the long cane meat pole. The leisurely way of fishing for bass still prevails in all our states.

The ever-widening range of the black bass has put into use more natural baits. Earthworm culture has become a sizable business. Country boys still earn folding money gathering frogs, crawfish and hellgrammites to sell to anglers. Scattered through parts of the South and Southwest are minnow-rearing pools doing a thriving business under the name of minnow farms or minnow ranches. One enterprising Texan, during the season when grasshoppers threaten to black out the street lights, goes about with a huge vacuum machine. He has sucked millions of 'hoppers into the tank. They are then bottled and sold to bass fishermen all over the country.

Like the sales of paraphernalia to aid in catching black bass, black-bass fishermen are showing numerical increase each season. This fact is borne out by figures gathered from sales of angling licenses, tackle, gear and accessories, and from boat rentals and lodgings from coast to coast. It has been a steady upswing, noticeable from the Thousand Islands section of New York and Canada's St. Lawrence River to California's Clear Lake and Lake Havasu; from Florida's Lake Okeechobee to the Grand Lake flowage of Maine, and across the Gulf States to Louisiana's moss-draped 8000 square miles of bayou and river fishing. Tennessee's TVA system of water impoundments has created in that region what has since become known as the "Great Lakes of the South" and stepped up the volume of black-bass fishing to astonishing proportions.

Reservoir lakes similar to those of the TVA have also wrought great changes in other parts of the country, including the Southwest, whose once-parched prairie lands now have sections that bass fishermen refer to as anglers' paradises. Lake Texoma, covering 26,000 acres in Texas and 69,000 in Oklahoma, is one of several water-gathering projects, including Spavinaw and Grand lakes, other bassing meccas. More are in the works or scheduled. And Lake Mead, Roosevelt Lake, and Conchas and Elephant Butte reservoirs have, over vast stretches of Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada, replaced coyotes and jack rabbits with black bass.

Despite the important role such gigantic power and irrigation projects have played in building up black-bass populations, there are many thousands of smaller ones which, both by accident and by design, also have helped. Among these are irrigation ditches, canals, water-filled quarries, holes left by strip lignite mines and small farm ponds which, with the aid of the Fish and Wildlife Service, have been stocked with black bass. Farm ponds dot the country. Even Montana, long known as a trout state, has more than 8000 such bassing ponds on her ranches.

How black bass got a finhold in waters which aren't mentioned on the stocking lists of state and Federal governments is anybody's guess. Undoubtedly some were stocked privately; in other cases, the fish used connecting water lanes for entry. But I'm willing to bet that a goodly percentage got their start because some fisherman, eager to inject life into an otherwise dull piece of water, slipped them in surreptitiously, as with Turtle Slough.

I was trout fishing in Connecticut's Eight Mile River a week or so before the bass season opened. My fly lighted on a spot where it was attacked by a big buck bass. Many lively minutes followed, and I was leading the bass to the net when an old-timer drove up.

"Don't throw him back," he said. "I'll put him where he'll do more good than here."

The old man dumped the bass into a burlap sack, dipped the sack into the river and tossed it, still dripping, into his car. "Have a look at Turtle Slough a few weeks from now," he said as he drove off.

I followed his advice and was treated to the sight of that big bronze backer, none the worse for his ten-mile ride in a wet sack, leaping for an unlucky butterfly. Did I try to catch him again? No—not then, at least. First I went to another pond and caught several of the opposite sex to give him company.

Nowadays, though, I try to catch him. So far, all I've caught has been several of his children and one of his wives.

THE END

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From this day forward... the daily sound of her footsteps . . . her laughter . . . will be just echoes in the house. But so will the breathless words she whispered as she left: "Thanks, Dad, for a wonderful wedding!"

A "wonderful wedding". . . a college education . . . when you're planning these things for your children, remember, there's no sounder place to save for them than your Insured Savings and Loan Association.

These days, people put more dollars into Insured Savings and Loan Associations than into any other type of savings institutions. The returns are excellent . . . and your savings carry the insurance provided by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, an agency of the U. S. Government. Add regularly to your present account or open a new one at your Insured Savings and Loan Association.

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"Oh, how sun, wind and rain can dull hair, dry scalp and bring out terrible dandruff," says TV's popular *Miss Debbie Haley*. "But I don't worry! I use Fitch regularly." Only Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo is specially made and guaranteed to remove loose dandruff with *one* lathering—or money back!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

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Tests prove gentle Fitch also *brightens* hair up to 35% as it removes dulling dandruff flakes. Helps recondition hair, leaves it easier to manage and wave. Use new milder Fitch every time you wash your hair—not just to remove loose dandruff!

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Today, get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If not delighted with the thrilling way it brightens hair and removes embarrassing dandruff with one lathering... return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also be sure to ask at Barber or Beauty Shop for a professional Fitch Shampoo.

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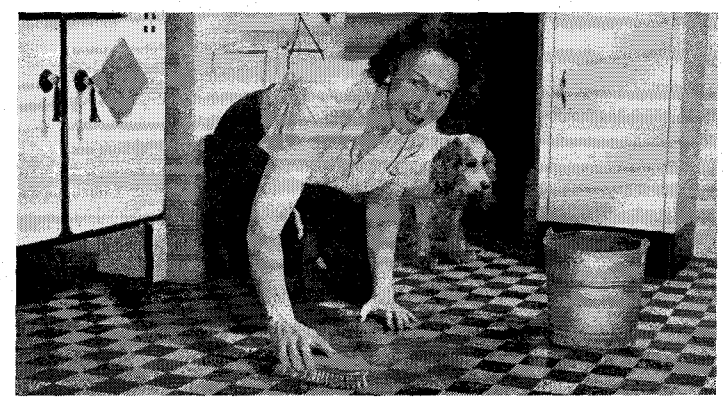
Keeping Posted

The Navy Replenishes an Author

Last fall author Jacland Marmur remarked to a naval officer friend in San Diego that his brain was depleted of seagoing story ideas and needed a refill. The friend knew that Vice Admiral Robert L. Dennison, commander of the First Fleet, relishes this author's blue-water stories in the Post; so presently Marmur was astonished to have Dennison phone him and ask him to go out with the U.S.S. Wilkinson, one of our new destroyer leaders, on a fleet-air-defense exercise off California. Marmur joyfully accepted and a result is on page 30. After the air was successfully defended, Rear Admiral Chester Wood, cruiser and destroyer commander, took over the Wilkinson as his flagship and (with Marmur on the signal bridge) led seventy-four other combat craft in Fleet Review past the cruiser St. Paul, where the Secretary of the Navy and Admiral Dennison "took the honors." Afterward, in the wardroom, Marmur was surprised to find off-duty officers gazing raptly at a replay of the review on television. One of them exclaimed, "That was some show! Sure wish I could have been there!" He had been downstairs nursing the engines.

In 1920, Marmur left home (Brooklyn), tried to get a newspaper job in San Francisco, couldn't, then got a job on a tramp steamer, and for years, before becoming a landsman again, was a professional seafarer—and a ditto story writer. Yet he never did quite gain a master mariner's ticket. Color-blind.

This is Creative Activity?



This picture of Margo Fischer (How to Hire a Maid, page 28) is not a gag. A veteran scrubber, she. "When I was in show business, I was in hotels so much that having my own New York apartment is still a little like playing house." She was with the Chicago Theatre ballet; or maybe you saw her later, billed just as "Margo," in solo concerts in New York and on tour. Now she's in writing business, where she finds that making like a charwoman stimulates creativity. For some zany reason, she gets her best ideas while down on all fours swabbing the deck.

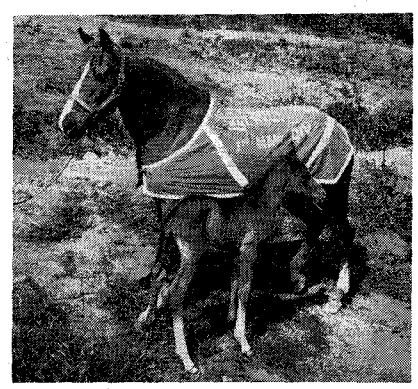
Always Mind a Professor

While the sixty-one-day Portsmouth, Ohio, telephone strike was going on last fall, Evan Hill told his journalism students at Ohio State University that it was a good magazine story and urged some of them to use an available travel scholarship and go research it. When none volunteered, he went himself, and that'll teach 'em. He's on page 32.

In the photo, Hill and Company are having a winter holiday at their vacation home in Newport, New Hampshire. Before World War II, Hill joined the infantry in Juneau, Alaska, where he was doing newspaper work; four years later (he was wounded in France) he returned to Alaska to take his old job back, met a SPAR photographer from New England, and made haste to marry her. After which he changed his mind about living in Alaska, his wife changed hers about being a photographer, and the children are named Lucinda and Peter.

A Nice Little Follow-Up Item

In the April 17, 1954, Post, Col. Andy Geer, U.S.M.C.R., described Sergeant Reckless, the 1st Marine Division's legendary horse mascot who carried ammunition under fire to front-line gun crews in Korea; when Reckless emigrated to the U.S., Geer wrote Red Carpet for Sergeant Reckless (Oct. 22, '55, Post), and Reckless now is headed for the movies. Well, last month Andy Geer got a phone call from Camp Pendleton, California, where Reckless had been pastured with other horses, announcing that the Sergeant, who is a lady, had that day foaled a son, name of Fearless. That day was also Geer's own birthday!



NEXT WEEK'S POST:
The Deep South Says "Never!"

How strong is Southern resistance to desegregation? John Bartlow Martin, above, one of America's great reporters, brings you the most complete report yet made on this explosive question.

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